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THE CHILD

By Bertha Gerneaux Woods

When Mary sang to him, I wonder if
His baby hand stole softly to her lips,
And, smiling down, she needs must stop her song
To kiss and kiss again his finger-tips.

I wonder if, his eyelids being shut,
And Mary bending mutely over him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,
For very depth of love grow wet and dim.

Then did a sudden presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thorn-strewn street?
And did she catch her breath and hide her face
And shower smothered kisses on his feet?

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THE VICE-CONSORT

By Frank R. Stockton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

THIS story is told by Mrs. Rosa Kershaw, who, although not the heroine of the tale, is so intimately concerned in so many of its happenings that it has been thought well to let her tell it in her own words and in her own way.

It may be remarked that Mrs. Kershaw is a comparatively young woman; very pretty to look at; of an animated nature, and with a mind thoroughly imbued with an anxious desire to do her duty in this world in the manner in which that duty shows itself to her. She considers her husband, Mr. Bernard Kershaw, to be not only the handsomest, but the best man in the world. But, notwithstanding this high opinion of him, she cannot refrain from believing that if he were to place a little more value upon some of her statements and opinions, he would be still better.

Before I was married I used to feel that all we have to do in this world is to grow up like grass or clover blossoms, and to perform our parts by being just as green, or as sweet-smelling, as our natures allow. But I do not think this way now. Along comes a cow and our careers are ended. Of course we cannot get out of the way of our fate, any more than grass can get out of the way of a cow, but it often happens that we can accommodate ourselves to our misfortunes. We can be content to being nibbled close; we can spring up again from the roots, or we can patiently wait until we blossom again, the next summer.

It was about a year after I was married that I began to think about such things. We were spending a fortnight at the country house of one of my old friends, Mrs. Cheston, and although Bernard was away most of the time, fishing with Mr. Cheston, we were enjoying ourselves very much. There was a village, not far away, where there were some very nice people, so that we had a good deal of pleasant social life, and it was not long before I became quite well acquainted with several of the village families.

One day Mrs. Cheston gave me a luncheon, to which she invited a party of ladies, and after they were all gone we two sat on the piazza and talked about them. Two or three of our guests I had not met before, and in the course of our talk Emily mentioned the name of Margaret Temple.

"Temple," said I; "which one was that? I do not recall her."

"You were talking to her for some time," she replied. "I think she was telling you about the mountains."

"Oh, yes," said I, "she was pointing out those passes through which people go into the next county. She sat at the other end of the table, didn't she? She was dressed in black."

"No," said Emily, "she was not dressed in black. She never wears black. I think she wore a brown dress with some sort of light trimming."

"Oh, well," said I, "I did not notice her dress, and when I do not notice people's clothes I nearly always think they dress in black. Is she nice?"

"She is very nice indeed," said Emily; "everybody thinks that."

"I wish I had seen more of her," said I.

Emily did not answer this remark, but a smile came on her face, which presently grew into a little laugh. I looked at her in surprise.

"What is there funny about Miss Temple?" I asked.

"Really there is nothing funny about her," she replied, "but I often laugh to myself when I think of her."

I suddenly became very much interested in Miss Temple. "Tell me why you do that?" I said. "I always like to know why people laugh at other people."

Emily now became very sober. "You

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"Mrs. Kershaw," she exclaimed, "are you going to ask me to marry your husband if you should happen to die?"
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must not think," she said, "that there is anything ridiculous about Margaret Temple. There is not a finer woman to be found anywhere, and I do not believe there is anybody who laughs at her, excepting myself, but you know I am very apt to see the funny side of things."

"And so am I, so am I!" I exclaimed. "Do tell me about Miss Temple. It is so seldom there is anything amusing about a really nice person."

Emily was silent for a moment and then she said, "Well, I do not know that there is any real harm in telling you what makes me laugh. A good many people know all about it, but I would not, for the world, have Margaret Temple find out that I told you."

I assured her with great earnestness that if she would tell me, I would never breathe it to any living soul—never.

"Very well," said Emily, "I will trust you. As I said, it really isn't funny, but it is just this: It is a positive fact that five married ladies—I am certain of this number and it may be more—have gone to Margaret Temple, during the past few years, and each one has asked her to become her husband's second wife, in case she should die."

I did not laugh; I exclaimed, in amazement: "Why did they all ask her? I did not notice anything particularly attractive about her."

"I think that is the point," said Emily. "I do not think a woman is likely to want her husband to take an attractive woman for his second wife. If she has a chance to choose her successor, she would like her husband to have a really nice person, good in every way, but not one with whom he would be likely to fall

I do not believe I ever before greeted him so affectionately.—Page 651.

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"Aren't you glad that George is coming?"—Page 652.

violently in love. Don't you see the point of that?"

I replied that it was easy enough to see the point, but that there was another one. "You must remember," said I, "that husbands are generally very particular; if one has had a young and handsome wife, he would not be likely to be satisfied with anything less."

Emily shook her head. "I am older than you, Rosa, and have had more opportunity of noticing widowers. There are a great many things for them to think about when they marry a second time: their children, their positions, and all that. I believe that if a man and his wife discussed the matter, which they would not be likely to do, they would be very apt to be of the same mind in regard to the sort of person who ought to come in as number two. For my part I do not wonder at all that so many women have cast their eyes on Margaret Temple as a person they would like to have take their places when they are gone. For one thing, you know, they would not be jealous of her:

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this is very important. Then they would be as certain as anything can be certain in this world, that their children, if they had any, as well as their husbands, would be in most excellent hands. Often, when I have been thinking about her, I have called Margaret Temple the Vice-Consort, but I have never told anyone this. Please remember."

So far I had not seen a thing to laugh at, but I was deeply interested. "How came all this to be known?" I asked. "Has Miss Temple gone about, telling people?"

"Oh, no, indeed, she is not that sort of a person. A good many of the village ladies know it, and I am sure they have heard it from those prudent ladies who were providing for their husbands' futures. People talk about it, of course, but they are very careful that nothing they say shall reach Margaret Temple's ears."

"Tell me about some of the people," I said, "who want to secure Miss Temple as a successor. Do they all feel as though they were likely to die?"

"Not all of them," answered Emily. "There is Mrs. Hendrickson, who was obliged to go to Arizona on account of her father's property. He was very rich and died not long ago. Her husband has to stay home to attend to his business, and she could not take her little baby, and, although she is just as healthy as anybody, she knew all the dangers of railroad travelling, and of all sorts of things in that far-away place, and before she packed her trunk she went to Margaret Temple and asked her to promise that if she died out there, she, Margaret, would marry Mr. Hendrickson. This I know for certain, for she told me herself."

"Did Miss Temple promise?"

"That I did not hear," replied Emily. "Mrs. Hendrickson was in a great hurry, and perhaps she did not intend to tell me, anyway. But I do not believe Margaret absolutely refused, at least it would not have been prudent for her to do so. The Hendricksons are rich, and he is a fine man. There would be nothing in the way of such a match."

"Except the return of the wife," I remarked.

Emily smiled. "And then there was poor Mrs. Windham," she continued: "everybody knew she asked Margaret. She left a son about eight years old, who is very delicate, but the poor woman has not been dead long enough for anything to come of that; but I do not believe anything ever will. There are people who say that Mr. Windham drinks, though I have never seen any sign of it. Then there is another one, and no matter what you may hear people say about these things, you must never mention that I told you this—Mrs. Barnes, the rector's wife, has spoken to Margaret on the subject. She looks very well, so far as I can judge, but there is consumption in her family, and she is almost bigoted in regard to the duties of a rector's wife. She tries just as hard as she can to fill the position properly, herself, and she knows Mr. Barnes would never be satisfied with anyone who did not agree with him as she does about the responsibilities of a rector's wife."

"Does Margaret Temple agree with him?" I asked.

"I do not know, for I never talked with her on the subject," replied Emily, "but she is very apt to think what is right. Besides, it is believed that Mrs. Barnes has not only spoken to Margaret, but to the rector himself, and if he had not thought the plan a good one, Mrs. Barnes would have dropped it; and, from things I have heard her say, I know she has not dropped it."

Emily looked as though she were about to rise, and I quickly exclaimed: "But that is only three. Who are the others?"

"One of them," said she, "is Mrs. Clinton. There is nothing the matter with her, physically, but she is very rich and prudent and careful about everything that belongs to her, while her husband is not a business man at all and never has anything to do with money matters of importance. There are three children, and she has reason to feel anxious about them should they and their property be left in the charge of Mr. Clinton, or to the tender mercies of some woman who would marry him for the sake of his wealth. You can see for yourself that it is no wonder she casts her eyes upon Margaret. I believe Mrs. Clinton could die happy if she could see her husband and Margaret Temple promise themselves to each other at her bedside."

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"That seems to me to be horrid," said I, "but of course it would be extremely sensible. And the other one?"

"Oh, that matter does not amount to much," said Emily. "Old Mrs. Gloucester lives at the other end of the village and she does not visit much, so you have not seen her. Her husband is old enough, dear knows, but not quite so old as she is. She is very much afraid that she will die and leave him with nobody to take care of him, for they have no children. They are very well off, and I dare say she thinks it would be a good thing for Margaret as well as for the old gentleman."

"That is shameful," said I; "it would be the same thing as engaging a trained nurse."

Emily laughed. "I never heard how Margaret received this remarkable proposition," she said, "but I hope she was angry."

It is not surprising, after this conversation, that I took a great interest in Margaret Temple; and when she called, the next morning, I had a long and undisturbed talk with her, Mrs. Cheston being out. I am very fond of analyzing human character—I often do it while I am riding in the street-cars—and it was not long before I had made up my mind as to what sort of a woman Margaret Temple was. I set her down as what may be called a balanced person. In fact, I thought at the time she was a little too well balanced; if some of her characteristics had been a lit-

"What is the matter, Rosa?" he exclaimed.—Page 654.

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"Do you mean," I cried, "that you would make him a better wife than I do?"—Page 656.

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tle more pronounced, I think she would have been more interesting. But I liked her very much and I remember I was almost as well pleased when she was talking to me as when she was listening; and I am sure there are very few persons, men or women, of whom I can say this.

After a time I began to wish that Miss Temple lived near our home, because she would be such an admirable person for a friend and neighbor. Then, suddenly, without any warning, there flashed through me the strangest feeling I ever had in my life. I must have turned pale, for Miss Temple asked me if I did not feel ill. I soon recovered from the effects of this strange feeling and went on talking, but I was very glad when Mrs. Cheston came home and took the conversation out of my hands.

For two or three days after this my mind was very much troubled, and Bernard thought that the air of that part of the country did not agree with me and that I ought to go to the seashore; but this I positively refused to consider. There could be no seashore for me until a good many things had been settled. It was at this time that I first began to think that we cannot grow up fresh and green, and blossom undisturbed; and about untimely cows coming along.

To make the state of my mind clearly understood, I must say that there is a hereditary disease in my family. I had never thought anything about it, for there had been no reason why I should; but now I did think about it, and there did seem to be reason. My grandfather had had this disease, and had died of it. To be sure he was very old, but that did not matter, he died of it, all the same. It never troubled my father, but this made no difference, so far as I was concerned; for I have always heard that hereditary diseases were apt to skip a generation, and if this one skipped there was nobody for it to skip to but me, for I have no brothers nor sisters.

The more I thought on this subject the more troubled my mind became, and at last I believed it to be my duty to speak to Bernard, although I did not tell him all my thoughts, for I had had a good many that were not necessarily connected with hereditary diseases. I was positively amazed at the way my husband received what I told him. I had expected that perhaps he might pooh-pooh the whole thing, but he did nothing of the kind. He became very serious, and talked to me in the most earnest way.

"Now, Rosa," said he, "I am glad you told me about this, and I want to impress it upon your mind that you must be very careful. In the first place you must totally give up hot spirits and water. You must not drink more than two glasses of wine, or three at the utmost, at any of your meals. When you get up in the morning, you must totally abstain from drinking those mixtures that are taken by some people to give an appetite for breakfast. At night, you must try to do without any sort of punch, or toddy, to make you sleep. If you will take this advice and restrict yourself to water and milk, and not over-rich food, I think you may reasonably expect to live longer than your grandfather did, although, from what I have heard of your family history, I cannot imagine why anyone should want to do that."

Of course I was angry at all this, for I saw then that he was making fun of me, and I said no more to him, as he was not in the right frame of mind to listen to me. But I did not stop thinking.

I now became very intimate with Miss Temple. I began to like her very much, and I think she liked me. I continued to study her, and I became convinced that she was a woman to whom a very fastidious man might be attracted—I do not mean that he would fall in love with her, but that he would be perfectly satisfied with her. In fact, I summed up her character by assuring myself that in every way she was perfectly satisfactory. I have known other women who were more charming, but they all had faults; and I do not see how anyone could have found fault with Miss Temple.

One day we had taken a long walk and were on our way home when I began to talk to her about my own affairs. I thought I knew her so well, in a general way, that the time had come for me to find out some things more definitely. I began, in an off hand but cautious manner, to talk about Bernard. I alluded to his love of out-door sports, and mentioned that I thought it my duty frequently to speak to

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him in regard to the terrible consequences which might follow a false step when he was out fishing, and that I thought it necessary to repeat this advice very often, for it was my opinion he paid very little attention to it. I also made several other allusions to his indisposition to take care of himself, and remarked how very necessary it was for me to look after his health. I mentioned his great carelessness in regard to flannel, and told her that it was often quite late in the autumn before he would make any change in his clothing.

Then I spoke of his domestic habits, and, as I saw Miss Temple seemed much interested, I talked a good deal about them. He was the most loving husband in the world, I said, and was always anxious to know what he could do for me—more than he was already doing; but when we were in the city he did like to go out in the evenings, and I thought he went to his club too often.

"Of course," I said, "I do not speak to him about it, for I would not want him to think I desired him to deny himself the company of other gentlemen; but the habit of club attendance is one that may grow on a man, especially a young one, and there are a good many other things that may result from it, such as excessive smoking. So I thought it well to offer him additional inducements for spending his evenings at home, and I began a regular system of reading aloud. It proved very beneficial to both of us, for I chose good, standard books, and although he sometimes went to sleep, that was to be expected, for Bernard is a hard-working man. As for myself I like this reading aloud, very much, although at first it was rather tiresome, as I have never been used to it."

Then I asked her if she liked reading aloud. "It is such a good way," I said, "of giving pleasure to others at the same time that you are pleasing yourself." She smiled and said she was very fond of reading aloud.

After that I changed the subject to churches and preachers, for I did not want her to think I was saying too much about my husband, and I asked her who was the best preacher in the village. When she said it was Mr. Barnes, I asked her if she went to his church. She answered that she did, and then I told her that I was also an Episcopalian, but that Bernard's parents were Methodists. I did not think, however, that this would make much difference, for when he began to go regularly to church I was sure he would rather go with me than to travel off somewhere by himself.

I did not suppose that Miss Temple would care so much about what I was saying, but she did seem to care, and listened attentively to every word.

"You must not think I am talking too much about my family affairs," I remarked, "but doesn't it strike you that a really good wife ought to try, just as hard as she can, to be on good terms with her husband's family, no matter how queer they may be? I mean the women in it, for they are more likely to be queer than the men. For if she does not do this," I continued, "the worst of the trouble, if there is any, will come on him; he will have to take sides, either with his wife or his sisters—and mother, too, if he happens to have one—and that would be sure to make him unhappy, if he is a good-hearted man such as Bernard is."

At this Miss Temple burst out laughing, and it was the first time I had ever heard her laugh so heartily.

"Mrs. Kershaw," she exclaimed, "are you going to ask me to marry your husband if you should happen to die?"

I must have turned as red as the most scarlet poppy, for I felt my face burn. I hesitated a little, but I was obliged to tell the truth, and so I stammered out that I had been thinking of something of the kind.

"Oh, please don't look so troubled," said she. "Several persons have spoken to me on the same subject, but I never should have dreamed that such an idea would come into your head. I think it is the funniest thing in the world." And then she laughed again.

I was greatly embarrassed and all I could say was that I hoped I had not offended her.

"Oh, not in the least," she said. "I am getting used to this sort of thing and I can bear it."

This remark helped me very much, for I resented it. "I do not see what there is to bear," I said. "Such a man as Bernard—and then I have special reasons——"

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"Oh, yes," she interrupted, quickly, "each one has a special reason. But there is one general reason that is common to all. Now tell me, Mrs. Rosa Kershaw," and, as she spoke, she took both my hands, and looked steadily into my face, "were you not about to ask me to marry your husband in case of your death, because you could think of it without being jealous of me, and because you are afraid he might marry someone of whom you would probably be jealous if you knew of it?"

She looked at me in such a kind, strong way, that I was obliged to confess that this was my reason for speaking to her about Bernard. "I cannot exactly explain," I added, and my face burned again, "why I should think about you in this way, but I hope you will not suppose——"

"Oh, I shall not suppose anything that will be disagreeable to you," she said, and she looked just as good-humored as possible.

For a little while we walked in silence and I tried hard to think of what would be proper for me to say next, when suddenly she stopped.

"We are not far from the house, now," she said, "and before we get there I want to set your mind at rest by telling you that if you should die before your husband, and if nothing should happen, at any time or in any way, to interfere with such a plan, I will marry Mr. Kershaw and will take good care of him. I have never made such a promise to anyone, but I do not mind making it to you. I need not ask you not to say anything to Mr. Kershaw, need I?"

I was stunned and could barely answer, "Oh, no."

Fortunately for me Miss Temple did not stay to supper; I do not think I could have borne to see her and Bernard together. It was bad enough as it was. I felt greatly humiliated; I could not understand how I could have done such a thing. It was worse than selling a birthright—it was giving away the dearest thing on earth!

I trembled from head to foot when Bernard came home from fishing. I do not believe I ever before greeted him so affectionately. My emotion troubled him and he asked me if I were ill, and if I had been lonely and bored while he was away. He was just as good as good could be, and began to talk again about going to the seashore. I did not object this time, for I could not know what would be best for us to do.

In the evening, after everyone else had gone indoors, I begged him to sit longer on the piazza and to smoke another cigar. He was quite surprised because, as he said, I had never asked him to do such a thing before and had rather discouraged his smoking. But I declared I wanted to sit with him, in the moonlight, all by ourselves, and so we did until his cigar was finished.

For the first hour of that night I did not sleep a wink, my mind was so troubled. I felt as though I were not really Bernard's wife, but some sort of a guardian angel who was watching over him to see that somebody else made him happy. After having been in the depths of grief for a long while I became angry.

"She shall never have him," I said to myself. "I will make it the object of my life to live longer than he does. My grandfather lived to be much older than ordinary men, and why should not I have as long a life? Perhaps it was the things he ate and drank and his jovial disposition that gave him such longevity. If I were sure of this I would be willing to take hot drinks at night and wine at dinner. No, Bernard must not be left behind!" It was while making up my mind very firmly about this that I fell asleep.

The next morning I was possessed with an overwhelming desire to go to see Miss Temple. Why I should do so, I could not tell myself. I certainly did not want to see her; I did not wish to speak to her; I did not want her to say anything to me, but I felt that I must go, and I went. She received me very pleasantly and did not say one word about our conversation of the day before. There were a good many things I should have liked to say, but I did not know how, unless she gave me the opportunity. But she did not, and so it happened that we talked only about something she was sewing—I do not know whether it was a shirt-waist or an army blanket. In fact, I did not hear one word she said about her stupid work, whatever it was, I was so busy re-studying her face, her character, and everything about her.

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I now found she was much more than satisfactory—she was really good-looking. Her eyes were not very large, but they were soft and dark; her voice was clear and sweet. I had noticed this before, but until now I had not thought of it as an objection. There were a good many other things that might be very attractive to a man, especially to one with half-healed sorrows. I acknowledged to myself that I had been mistaken in her, and I did not doubt she had deceived a good many other people in that neighborhood.

When I rose to leave she stood for a moment looking at me as though she expected me to say something on the subject which was certainly interesting to her as well as to me. But now I did not want to talk and I gave her no chance to say anything. I walked rapidly home, feeling as jealous of Margaret Temple as any woman could feel of another.

I was glad, that day, that Bernard liked to go fishing, for my mind was in such a condition that I did not think of anything that might happen to him—at least, anything but just one thing, and that was awful. Emily Cheston supposed I had a headache and I let her think so, for it gave me more time to myself. I looked at the thing that threatened to crush all my happiness, on every possible side. Early in the morning a ray of relief had come to my troubled mind, and this was that I did not believe he would have her, anyway, but no such ray shone now.

I knew, as I had not known before, what a power she might have over a man. Widowers are generally ready enough to marry again, but no matter what they think about it, they mostly wait a good while, for the sake of appearances. But this would be different; when a man knows that his wife had selected someone as her successor—and he would be sure to know this, the woman would see to that—he would not feel it necessary to wait. He would be carrying out his dead wife's wishes, and, of course, in this there should be no delay. Oh, horrible! When I thought of myself as Bernard's dead wife, and that woman living, I actually kicked the stool my feet were resting on. I vowed in my mind the thing should never be. I felt better after I had made this vow, although I had not thought of any way by which I could carry it out. Certainly I was not going to say anything to Bernard about it, one way or another.

That evening, prompted by a sudden impulse, I went up to Bernard, and looking into his face, I declared that I would never leave him.

"What!" he exclaimed, "has anyone been asking you to leave me?"

"Of course not," said I, a little irritated—he has such queer ways of taking what I say—"I mean I am not going to die before you do. I am not going to leave you in this world to take care of yourself."

He looked at me as though he did not understand me, and I do not suppose he did, although he only said: "I am delighted to hear that, my dear girl. But how are you going to manage it? How about that hereditary disease you were talking of the other day?"

"I have nothing to say about that," I answered, "but if I live as long as my grandfather did, I do not believe that your being a little older than I am, will—I mean that you will not be left alone. Don't you understand?"

Bernard looked at me for a moment, but he did not laugh. "You are the dearest little woman in the world," he said, "and I believe you would do anything to make me happy—you would even be willing to survive me, so that I should never lose you. But don't let us talk any more about such doleful things. We are both going to live to be a great deal older than your grandfather. Now I will tell you something pleasant: I had a letter this morning, just as I was starting out. I put it in my pocket and did not have time to open it until we were eating our lunch. It is from my brother George, who is going to England next month, you know, and as he wants to see something of us before he starts, he intends to spend a few days in the village so that he can be with us. He is coming to-morrow."

A ray of hope shot into my heart, so bright that I could almost feel it burn.

"Well," said Bernard, "what have you to say to this? Aren't you glad that George is coming?"

"Glad!" I replied, "I am more than delighted."

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Bernard looked at me as though he did not understand this extraordinary ecstasy, but, as he was used not to understanding me, I do not suppose he thought it worth while to bother himself about it.

George was a fine young fellow and, next to Bernard, I thought he was the best man in the world. It will be remembered that I had no brother, and George was always as kind and brotherly as he could be. I had been fond of him, even before I was married; in fact, I knew him quite well before I became acquainted with Bernard, and I was always glad to see him. But I had never been so delighted to think he was coming as I was then. My face must have shown this, for Bernard laughingly said:

"You must be awfully glad to see George."

"I am glad," I answered, and as I spoke I thought that if he knew everything he would understand why my eyes glistened, as I am sure they did.

The reason of my great joy was that a plan had suddenly come into my mind. George had once spoken to me about marrying, and he had told me just what kind of a wife he wanted, and now, as I remembered what he had said on the subject, it seemed to me he had been describing Margaret Temple. He wanted a wife who was good-looking, but not a belle, and she must be sensible and practical, a good housekeeper and a charming hostess. Besides, she must be intellectual and fond of books, and appreciate art, and all that. Moreover, he had said he would like her to be just about a year older than himself, because he thought that was a good proportion in a young couple. It was apt to make the man look up to his wife a little, which might not be the case if he were the elder. I remember that when he told me this I wished very much that I were a year older than Bernard.

Now, as I said before, all this seemed as though he had been talking of Miss Temple, and I, knowing her so well, could see other points than those he mentioned in which she would suit him as no other woman could. If George would fall in love with Miss Temple, and there was no earthly reason why he should not—for Bernard told me he was going to make him stay a week—then everything would be all right; all my anxieties, my forebodings, and my jealousies would be gone and I should be as happy as I was before I met that dear girl, Margaret Temple.

This was not all idle fancy; my plan was founded on good, practical ideas. If George married Margaret everything would be settled in an absolutely perfect way. Even if I should die, Bernard would not need to marry anybody; in fact I did not believe that in this case he would want to. He would go to live with George and Margaret; their home would be his home and he would always have both of them to take care of him and to make him happy in every possible way in which anybody could make him happy. In my mind's eye I could see him in the best room in the house, with all sorts of comforts and luxuries about him—our present comforts and luxuries would make a great show gathered together in one room—and then I saw Margaret and George standing at the open door asking if there was anything he would like and what they could do for him. As this mental picture came before me my eyes involuntarily went around that room to see if there was a picture of me on the wall, and there it was, with no portrait of any other woman anywhere about.

In a flash the whole thing became so horrible to me that I threw myself on the bed and began to cry convulsively. Bernard heard me and came upstairs, and I was obliged to tell him I had a sudden pain. He does not like sudden pains and sat down and talked to me a good while about what I had been eating. Before long, however, I grew calm and was able to think about my plans in a common-sense, practical way. Truly there could be nothing better for my present comfort and Bernard's future happiness; Margaret and George to take care of him and my image undimmed in his heart. I felt like one who had insured his life for the benefit of a loved one, so, no matter what might happen to him, he would have, as long as he lived, the joy of knowing how he had provided for the loved one.

When George came, the next day, he was just the same splendid old George, and I do not believe anyone ever re-

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ceived a warmer welcome from a sister-in-law than I gave him. Bernard made a little fun of me, as usual, and said he believed I would rather see George than him.

"Nonsense," said I, "I am always glad to see you, but I am especially glad to see George."

Bernard whistled and looked at me in the same queer way that he looked at me when he once had said laughingly that he believed if I had never met him I would have married George, and I had answered that if I had been sure he did not exist, it might have been a good thing for me to marry George.

Miss Temple did not come to the house that morning, as she so often did, but I asked Emily to send over and invite her to tea, for I did not wish to lose any time in the carrying out of my plans. It was about the middle of the afternoon when Bernard and his brother came in from a walk. I had been anxious to see George because I wanted to talk with him about Margaret before he met her. I was going to speak very guardedly, of course, but I knew it would be well to prepare his mind, and I had made up my mind exactly as to what I was going to say.

I artfully managed so that George and I walked over the lawn to a bench in the shade of a big tree where there was something or other—I entirely forget what it was—which I said I would show him. Mr. and Mrs. Cheston and Bernard were on the piazza, but I did not ask them to join us.

We sat down on the bench and, in a general sort of a way I asked him what he had been doing, meaning presently to bring up the subject of Margaret, for I did not know what time she might drop in. But George was just as anxious to talk as I was, and being a man he was a little more pushing, and he said:

"Now, little Rosa, I am so glad you came down here with me, for I have something on my mind I want to tell you, and I want to tell it myself, before anybody else interferes. It is just this—I am engaged to be married, and as soon as I get back from England I am going to——" And then he opened his eyes very wide and looked hard at me. "What is the matter, Rosa?" he exclaimed. "Don't you feel well?"

In one instant all my plans and hopes and happy dreams of the future had dropped to the ground and had been crushed into atoms.

"Well?" said I, and I think I spoke in a queer voice, "I am very well. There is nothing the matter with me. What is her name?"

He told me, but I had never heard it before, and it was of no more importance to me than the buzzing of a bee.

"It will be very nice," I said, "and now let us go up to the house and tell the others."

I think that for a woman who had just received a blow such as had been dealt to me, I behaved very well indeed. But I was cold and, I expect, pale. I listened to the others talk, but I did not say much myself and as soon as I could make some excuse I went up to my room. There I threw myself into a great chair and gently cried myself to sleep. I did not sob loudly because I did not want Bernard to come up again. When I woke I had a dreadful headache and I made up my mind I would not go down to tea. I could do no good by going down, and, so far as I was concerned, it did not matter in the least whether Margaret was there or not. In fact, I did not care about anything. Let George marry whoever he pleased. If I should die, Margaret Temple had promised to take care of Bernard. Everything was settled and there was no sense in making any more plans, so I got ready for another nap, and when Bernard came up I told him I had a headache and did not want any tea.

That evening Bernard sat and looked at me without speaking, as was sometimes his habit, and then he said:

"Rosa, I do not understand this at all, and I want you to tell me why you were so extravagantly glad when you found my brother George was coming here, and why you were so overcome by your emotions when you heard of his engagement?"

"Oh, Bernard!" I cried, "if it were anybody else, I might tell everything, but I cannot tell you." I am very sure I spoke truly, for how could I have told that dear man what I had said to Margaret Temple; how jealous I had been

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of her afterward; how I had planned for her to marry George, and that after my funeral he should go to live with them; about my picture on the wall, and all the rest of it? It was simply impossible. And if he did not know all this, how could he understand my feelings when I heard that George was engaged?

I could not answer him, I could only sob and repeat what I had said before, that if it were anybody else I might speak, but that I could never tell him. Soon after that he went downstairs and when it was that he came to bed I do not know.

Bernard was never cross with me—I do not believe he could be if he tried, but the next morning he was very quiet, and soon after breakfast he and Mr. Cheston and George went fishing. If the incidents of the day before had not occurred I suppose they would have done something in which Emily and I could have joined, but some sort of a change had come over things and it was plain enough that even George did not want me. So I sat alone under the tree where George had told me of his engagement, feeling very much troubled and very lonely.

I wanted to tell everything to somebody, but there was no one to tell. It would be impossible to speak to Emily—she would have had no sympathy with me; and if I should tell her everything I had planned I knew she would laugh at me, unmercifully. I think it would have pleased me best to speak to George than to anyone else, he had always been so sympathetic and kind, but now things were changed and he would not care to interest himself in the affairs of any woman except the one to whom he was engaged. It was terrible to sit there and think that there was not a person in the world, not even my husband, to whom I could look for sympathy and comfort. If I had not been out in the open air where people could have seen me I should have cried.

Happening to look up I saw someone on the piazza. It was that horrible Margaret Temple, and as she gazed about from side to side, she saw me under the tree. I tried to take no notice of her, but she stepped down from the piazza and came walking across the lawn toward me. If I had been a man, I should have cursed my fate; not only was I deprived of every comfort, but here came the disturber of my peace to make me still more unhappy.

I do not remember what she said when she reached me, but I know she spoke very pleasantly; nor do I remember what I replied, but I am sure I did not speak pleasantly. I was out of humor with the whole world and particularly with her. She brought a little chair that was near by and sat down by me. She was a very straightforward person about speaking and so she said, without any preface:

"Have you told your husband of that arrangement you made with me, if he should survive you?"

"Of course I have not!" I exclaimed. "Do you think I would tell him a thing like that, especially when I said I would not? The fact is," I continued, and it was very hard for me to keep from crying as I spoke, "I am just loaded down with trouble and I cannot tell anybody."

"I knew you were troubled," she replied, "and that is the reason I came this morning. Why can't you tell me what is the matter?"

At first this made me angry and I felt like bouncing off to the house and never speaking to her again, but in the next instant I changed my mind. It would serve her right if I told her everything, and so I did. I made her feel exactly how I had felt when I had thought of her in my place, and how I had determined that it should never be. Then I went on and told her all my plans about George and herself, and how Bernard was to board with them if I died; I made the story a good deal longer than I have made it here, and I finished by telling her of George's engagement and how nothing had come of the whole thing except that Bernard had supposed that I thought too much of George and had gone away that morning as cold as a common acquaintance, and that I felt as though my whole life had been wrecked, and that she had done it.

It was easy to see that she was not affected as she should have been by what I said. In fact, she looked as though she wanted to laugh, but her respect for me prevented that.

"I do not see," she said, "how I have wrecked your life."

"That may be so," I answered, "but

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it is because you do not want to see it. I should think that even you would admit that it is enough to drive me crazy to see any woman waiting and longing for the day which would give her that which I prize more than anything else in the world. And to think what you are aspiring to! None of the old left-overs that other people have offered to you, but Bernard Kershaw, the very prince of men! I do not wonder you were so quick to promise me you would take him."

She jumped up and I thought she was going away, but she did not go and turned again toward me, and remarked, just as coolly as anybody could speak: "Well, I do not wonder, either. Mr. Kershaw is a most estimable man, and if nothing should happen in any way, or at any time, to interfere, in the case of his surviving you, I shall be happy to marry him. I think I would make him a very good wife."

At this I sprang to my feet, and I am sure my eyes and cheeks were blazing. "Do you mean," I cried, "that you would make him a better wife than I do?"

"That is a question," she said, "that is not easy to answer, and needs a good deal of consideration"—and she spoke with as much deliberation as if she were trying to decide whether it would be better to cover a floor with matting or carpet—"for one thing I do not believe I would nag him."

"Nag!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean by that? Do you suppose I nag him?"

"I do not know anything about it," she answered, "except what you told me yourself, and what you said was my reason for agreeing so quickly to your proposition."

"Nag!" I cried, but then I stopped. I thought it would be better to wait until I could think over what I had said to her before I pursued this subject. "But I can tell you one thing," I continued, "and that is that you need not have any hopes in the direction of Mr. Kershaw. I am going to tell him everything just as soon as he comes home, even about you and George, and I am going to make him promise that no matter what happens he will never marry you."

I think these words made some impression on her, for she answered, very quickly: "I am not sure that it will be wise to tell him everything, but if you are determined to do so I must insist that you will tell him something more, and that is that I am engaged to be married, and have been for nearly a year."

"And you have been deceiving all these anxious wives?" I cried.

"I never made promises to anyone but to you," she answered, "and I would not have done that if I had not liked you so much."

"You have a funny way of liking," I remarked.

She merely smiled and went on: "And I should not have told you of my engagement, if I had not thought it would be safer to do so, considering the story you are going to tell your husband."

"And it is because I consider it safer that I am going to tell him that story," I replied.

That afternoon, as soon as I was alone with Bernard—I did not give him any time to show me any of his common-acquaintance coolness—I told him the whole thing, from beginning to end. He listened so earnestly that one might have thought he was in church, but when I came to the part about his boarding with George and Miss Temple he could not help laughing. He excused himself, however, and told me to go on. He looked very happy when I had told him my story, and no one would have supposed that he had ever assumed the air of mere acquaintance.

"You are such a good little wife!" he exclaimed, "and you are always trying to do things to make me happy, but you must not take so much labor and anxiety upon yourself. I want to help you in every way that I can, and in such a case you ought to let me do it."

"But how could you help me in the troubles I have been telling you about?" I asked.

"Easily enough," he answered. "Now, if you had taken me into your confidence I would have told you that I consider Miss Temple too tall a woman for my fancy."

"She is," I said. "I did not think so at first, but I can see it now, plainly."

"Then again, she is too practical-minded."

"Entirely too much so," I agreed.

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"And in other respects she is not up to my standard," continued Bernard. "So I think, Rosa, that if you should ever take up such a scheme again we should act together. I am sure my opinion would be of great advantage to you in helping you to select someone who should take up the work of making me happy when——"

"You are perfectly horrid!" I exclaimed, and I stopped his mouth.

I never learned to like Margaret Temple. To be sure, I thought seriously of some things she had said, but then people can consider things people say without liking the people who say them.

I pity her husband.

TWO SONNETS

By Richard Hovey

TO MARNA

WHAT use are words to tell you of my love?
It is my trade to make words do my will,
To change my mood and passion like a glove
And feign the utter scope of good and ill.
And if truth speak out clear in every tone
You will applaud and say it is my art;
So have I all men's voices but my own,
And to serve them I leave unserved my heart.
I, who am speech for all men's hopes and fears,
Must leave my love unspoken in its need
Until the whim of the disdainful years
Toss me a test to answer with a deed.
And if that golden chance I never know
And die unproved—then Fate will have it so.

HIS REPROACH

ARE you too tender-hearted to be true?
True to your love, to me, and your own soul?
Will you for pity give what is love's due
And leave love lorn and begging for a dole?
Then pity is a thief, that steals love's purse
To squander in dishonest charity;
Then love is outcast, with the exile's curse
Who sees his varlets loot his seigneury.
Is love so hard it recks not where I lie,
While pity melts at aught that he endures?
I deserve nothing, save that you ensky
No other with those vesper lips of yours—
I deserve nothing; but your love of me
Deserves of you the courage to be free.

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JOHNNY BEAR

By Ernest Seton-Thompson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

JOHNNY was a queer little Bear cub that lived with Grumpy, his mother, in the Yellowstone Park. They were among the many Bears that found a desirable home in the country about the Fountain Hotel.

The steward of the Hotel had ordered the kitchen scrapings to be dumped in an open glade of the surrounding forest, thus proving, throughout the season, a daily feast for the Bears, and their numbers have increased each year since the law of the land has made the Park a haven of refuge where no wild thing may be harmed. They have accepted man's peace offering and many of them have become so well known to the hotel men that they have received names suggested by their looks or ways. Slim Jim was a very long-legged thin Blackbear; Snuffy was a Blackbear that looked as though he had been singed; Fatty was a very fat lazy Bear that always lay down to eat; the Twins were two half-grown, ragged specimens that always came and went together; but Grumpy and little Johnny were the best known of them all.

Grumpy was the biggest and fiercest of the Blackbears, and Johnny, apparently her only son, was a peculiarly tiresome little cub, for he seemed never to cease either grumbling or whining. This probably meant that he was sick, for a healthy little Bear does not grumble all the time. Indeed, Johnny was the most miserable looking specimen in the Park. He had only three good legs, his coat was faded and mangy, his limbs were thin, and his ears and paunch were disproportionately large. His whole appearance suggested dyspepsia. Yet his mother thought the world of Johnny. She was evidently convinced that he was a little beauty and the Prince of all Bears, so, of course, she quite spoiled him. She was always ready to get into trouble on his account, and he was always delighted to lead her there. Although such a wretched little failure, Johnny was far from being a fool, for he usually knew just what he wanted and how to get it, if teasing his mother could carry the point.

It was in the summer of 1897 that I made their acquaintance. I was in the Park to study the home life of the animals, and had been told that in the woods, near the Fountain Hotel, I could see Bears at any time, which of course I scarcely believed. But on stepping out of the back door five minutes after arriving I came face to face with a large Blackbear and her two cubs.

I stopped short, not a little startled. The Bears also stopped and sat up to look at me. Then mother Bear made a curious short "*Koff Koff*" and looked toward a near pine-tree. The cubs seemed to know what she meant, for they ran to this tree and scrambled up like two little monkeys and when safely aloft they sat like small boys holding on with their hands, while their little black legs dangled in the air, and waited to see what was to happen down below.

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The mother Bear, still on her hind legs, came slowly toward me, and I began to feel very uncomfortable indeed, for she stood about six feet high in her stockings and had apparently never heard of the magical power of the human eye.

I had not even a stick to defend myself with and when she gave a low growl, I was about to retreat to the hotel, although previously assured that the Bears have always kept their truce with man. However, just at this turning-point the old one stopped, now but thirty feet away and continued to survey me calmly. She seemed in doubt for a minute, but evidently made up her mind that, "although that human thing might be all right she would take no chances for her little ones."

She looked up to her two hopefuls, and gave a peculiar whining "*Errr-Errr*," whereupon they, like obedient children, jumped, as at the word of command. There was nothing about them heavy or bear-like as commonly understood; lightly they swung from bough to bough till they dropped to the ground and all went off together into the woods.

This was a delightful peep into Bear home-life, and would have been well worth coming for, if the insight had ended there. But my friends in the hotel said that that was not the best place for Bears. I should go to the garbage-heap, a quarter mile off in the forest. There they said I surely could see as many Bears as I wished (which was absurd of them).

Early the next morning I went to this Bear's Banqueting Hall in the pines and hid in the nearest bushes.

Before very long a large Blackbear came quietly out of the woods to the pile, and began turning over the garbage and feeding. He was very nervous, sitting up and looking about at each slight sound, or running away a few yards when startled by some trifle. At length he cocked his ears and galloped off into the pines, as another Blackbear appeared. He also behaved in the same timid manner, and at last ran away when I shook the bushes by trying to get a better view.

At the outset I myself had been very nervous, for of course no man is allowed to carry weapons in the Park, but the timidity of these Bears reassured me and thenceforth I forgot everything in the interest of seeing the great shaggy creatures in their home life.

Soon I realized I could not get the close insight I wished from that bush, as it was seventy-five yards from the garbage-pile. There was none nearer; so I did the only thing left to do: I went to the garbage-pile itself and, digging a hole big enough to hide in, remained in it all day long, with cabbage-stalks, old potato peelings, tomato-cans, and carrion piled up in odorous heaps around me. Notwithstanding the evidence of countless flies it was not an attractive place. Indeed it was so unfragrant that at night when I returned to the Hotel I was not allowed to come in, until after I had changed my clothes in the woods.

It had been a trying ordeal, but I surely did see Bears that day. If I may reckon it a new Bear each time one came I must have seen over forty. But of course it was not, for the Bears were coming and going. And yet I am certain of this: there were at least thirteen Bears, for I had thirteen about me at one time.

All that day I used my sketch-book and journal. Every Bear that came was duly noted and this process soon began to give the desired insight to their ways and personalities.

Many unobservant persons think and say that all Negroes or all Chinamen, as well as all animals of a kind, look alike. But just as surely as each human being differs from the next so surely each animal is different from its fellow, otherwise

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how would the old ones know their mates or the little ones their mother, as they certainly do? These feasting Bears gave a good illustration of this, for each had its individuality; no two were quite alike in appearance or in character.

This curious fact also appeared: I could hear the Woodpeckers pecking over one hundred yards away in the woods, as well as the Chickadees' chickadeeing, the Blue jays blue-jaying, and even the Squirrels scampering across the leafy forest floor, and yet I *did not hear one of these Bears come*. Their huge padded feet always went down in exactly the right spot to break no stick, to rustle no leaf, showing how perfectly they had learned the art of going in silence through the woods.

All morning the Bears came and went or wandered near my hiding-place without discovering me, and except for one or two brief quarrels there was nothing very exciting to note. But about three in the afternoon it became more lively.

There were then four large Bears feeding on the heap. In the middle was Fatty, sprawling at full length as he feasted, a picture of placid ursine content, puffing just a little at times as he strove to save himself the trouble of moving, by darting out his tongue like a long red serpent, farther and farther in quest of the tidbits just beyond claw reach.

Behind him Slim Jim was puzzling over the anatomy and attributes of an ancient lobster. It was something outside his experience, but the principle, "in case of doubt take the trick," is well known in Bearland, and it settled the difficulty.

The other two were clearing out fruit-tins with marvellous dexterity. One supple paw would hold the tin while the long tongue would dart again and again through the narrow opening, avoiding the sharp edges, yet cleaning out the can to the last taste of its sweetness.

This pastoral scene lasted long enough to be sketched, but was ended abruptly. My eye caught a movement on the hill-top whence all the Bears had come, and out stalked a very large Blackbear with a tiny cub — Grumpy and Little Johnny.

The old Bear stalked down the slope toward the feast, and Johnny hitched along-side, grumbling as he came, his mother watching him as solicitously as ever a hen did her single chick. When they were within thirty yards of the garbage-heap, Grumpy turned to her son and said something which, judging from its effect, must have meant: "Johnny, my child! I think you had better stay here while I go and chase those fellows away."

Johnny obediently waited, but he wanted to see, so he sat up on his hind legs with eyes agog and ears acock.

Grumpy came striding along with dignity, uttering warning growls as she approached the four Bears. They were too much engrossed to pay any heed to the fact that yet another one of them was coming, till Grumpy, now within fifteen feet, let out a succession of loud coughing sounds and charged into them. Strange to say they did not pretend to face her, but, as soon as they saw who it was, scattered and all fled for the woods.

Slim Jim could safely trust his heels and the other two were not far behind, but poor Fatty, puffing hard and waddling like any other very fat creature, got along but slowly, and, unluckily for him, he fled in the direction of Johnny, so that Grumpy overtook him in a few bounds and gave him a couple of sound slaps in the rear which if they did not accelerate his pace at least made him bawl and saved him by changing his

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direction. Grumpy, now left alone in possession of the feast, turned toward her son and uttered the whining "*E-rrr Er-r-r Errrr.*" Johnny responded eagerly. He came "hopity-hop" on his three good legs as fast as he could and, joining her on the garbage, they began to have such a good time that even Johnny ceased grumbling.

He had evidently been there before now, for he seemed to know quite well the staple kinds of canned goods. One might almost have supposed that he had learned the brands, for a lobster-tin had no charm for him as long as he could find those that once were filled with jam. Some of the tins gave him much trouble, as he was too greedy or too clumsy to escape being scratched by the sharp edges. One large fruit-tin had a hole so large that he found he could force his head into it, and for a few minutes his joy was full as he licked into all the farthest corners. But when he tried to draw his head out, his sorrows began, for he found himself caught. He could not get out and he scratched and screamed like any other spoiled child, giving his mother no end of concern, although she seemed not to know how to help him. When at length he got the tin off his head, he revenged himself by hammering it with his paws till it was perfectly flat.

A large syrup-can made him happy for a long time. It had had a lid so that the hole was round and smooth; but it was not big enough to admit his head, and he could not touch its riches with his tongue stretched out its longest. He soon hit on a plan, however. Putting in his little black arm he churned it around, then drew out and licked it clean; and he did this again and again until the can was as clean inside as when first it had left the factory.

A broken mouse-trap seemed to puzzle him. He clutched it between his fore paws, their strong inturn being fully reflected in his hind feet, and held it firmly for study. The cheesy smell about it was decidedly good, but the thing responded in such an uncanny way when he slapped it, that he kept back a cry for help only by the exercise of unusual self-control. After gravely inspecting it with his head first on this side and then on that, and his lips puckered into a little tube, he submitted it to the same punishment as that meted out to the refractory fruit-tin, and was rewarded by discovering a nice little bit of cheese in the very heart of the culprit.

Johnny had evidently never heard of ptomaïne poisoning, for nothing came amiss. After the jams and fruits gave out he turned his attention to the lobster and sardine cans and was not appalled by even the army beef. His paunch grew quite balloon-like, and from much licking his arms looked thin and shiny as though he was wearing black silk gloves.

It now occurred to me that I might be in a dangerous place for the first time. For it is one thing surprising a Bear that has no family responsibilities and another stirring up a bad-tempered old mother by frightening her cub.

Supposing, I thought, that cranky little Johnny should wander over to this end of the garbage and find me in the hole, he would at once set up a squall, and his mother, of course, would think I was hurting him, and without giving me a chance to explain might forget the rules of the Park and make things very unpleasant.

Luckily all the jam-pots were at Johnny's end; he stayed by them and Grumpy stayed by him. At length he noticed that his mother had a better tin than any he could find, and as he ran whining to take it from her he chanced to glance away

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up the slope. There he saw something that made him sit up and utter a curious little "*Koff Koff Koff Koff.*"

His mother turned quickly and sat up to see "what the child was looking at." I followed their gaze, and there, Oh, Horrors! was an enormous Grizzly Bear. He was a monster, he looked like a fur-clad omnibus coming through the trees.

Johnny set up a whine at once and got behind his mother. She uttered a deep growl, and all her back hair stood on end. Mine did too, but I kept as still as possible.

With stately tread the Grizzly came on. His vast shoulders sliding along his sides and his silvery robe, swaying at each tread, like the trappings on an elephant, gave an impression of power that was appalling.

His whole appearance suggested dyspepsia.

Johnny began to whine more loudly, and I fully sympathized with him now, though I did not join in. After a moment's hesitation Grumpy turned to her noisy cub and said something that sounded to me like two or three short coughs. "*Koff — Koff — Koff —.*" But I imagine that she really said, "My child! I think you had better get up that tree, while I go and drive the brute away."

At any rate that was what Johnny did, and this what she set out to do. But Johnny had no notion of missing any fun. He wanted to *see* what was going to happen. So he did not rest contented where he was hidden in the thick branches of the pine, but combined safety with view by climbing to the topmost branch that would bear him, and there, sharp against the sky, he squirmed about and squealed aloud in his excitement. The branch was so small that it bent under his weight swaying this way and that, as he shifted about, and every moment I expected to see it snap off. If it had been broken when swaying my way, Johnny would certainly have fallen on me, and this would probably have resulted in bad feelings between myself and his mother; but the limb was tougher than it looked, or perhaps Johnny had had plenty of experience, for he neither lost his hold nor broke the branch.

Meanwhile, Grumpy stalked out to meet the Grizzly. She stood as high as she could and set all her bristles on end; then growling and chopping her teeth she faced him.

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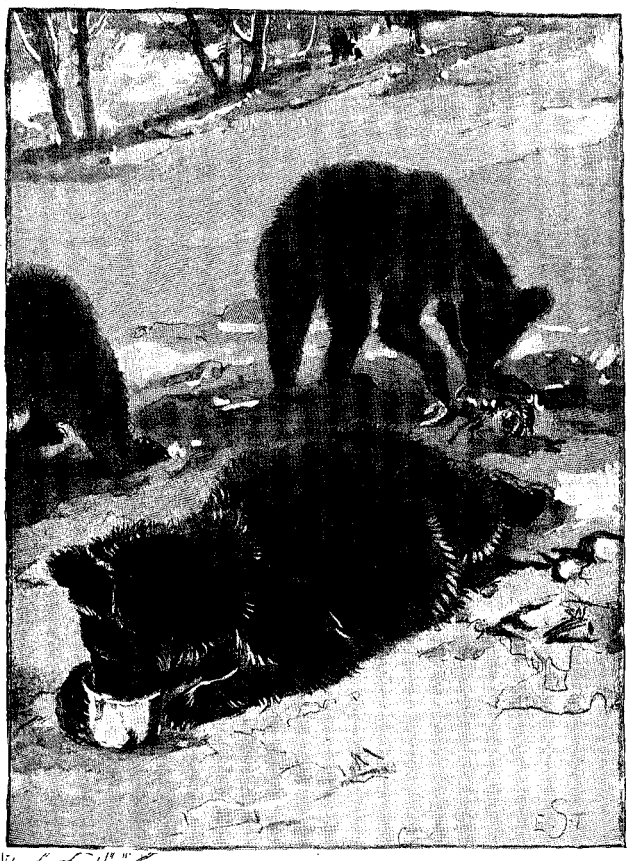
The Grizzly, so far as I could see, took no notice of her. He came striding toward the feast as though alone. But when Grumpy got within twelve feet of him she uttered a succession of short coughy roars and, charging, gave him a tremendous blow on the ear. The Grizzly was surprised; but he replied with a left hander that knocked her over like a sack of hay.

Nothing daunted, but doubly furious, she jumped up and rushed at him.

Then they clinched and rolled over and over, whacking and pounding, snorting and growling, and making no end of dust and rumpus. But above all their noise I could clearly hear little Johnny, yelling at the top of his voice, and evidently encouraging his mother to go right in and finish the Grizzly at once.



During this pastoral scene old Grumpy stalked down the slope and Johnny hitched along-side.

Why the Grizzly did not break her in two I could not understand. After a few minutes' struggle, during which I could see nothing but dust and dim flying legs, the two separated as by mutual consent—perhaps the regulation time was up—and for awhile they stood glaring at each other; Grumpy at least much winded.

The Grizzly would have dropped the matter right there. He did not wish to fight. He had no idea of troubling himself about Johnny. All he wanted was a quiet meal. But no! The moment he took one step toward the garbage-pile, that is, as Grumpy thought toward Johnny, she went at him again. But this time the Grizzly was ready for her. With one blow he knocked her off her feet and sent her crashing onto a huge upturned pine-root. She was fairly staggered this time. The force of the blow and the rude reception of the rooty antlers, seemed to take all the fight out of her. She scrambled over and tried to escape; but the Grizzly was mad now. He meant to punish her and dashed around the root. For a minute they kept up a dodging chase about it; but Grumpy was quicker of foot and somehow always managed to keep the root between herself and her foe, while Johnny, safe in the tree, continued to take an intense and uproarious interest.

At length, seeing he could not catch her that way, the Grizzly sat up on his haunches and while he doubtless was planning a new move, old Grumpy saw her chance, and making a dash, got away from the root and up to the top of the tree where Johnny was perched.

Johnny came down a little way to meet her, or perhaps so that the tree might

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not break off with the additional weight. Having photographed this interesting group from my hiding-place, I thought I must get a closer picture at any price and for the first time in the day's proceeding I jumped out of the hole and ran under the tree. This move proved a great mistake, for here the thick lower boughs came between, and I could see nothing at all of the Bears at the top.

I was close to the trunk and was peering about and seeking for a chance to use the camera when old Grumpy began to come down, chopping her teeth and uttering her threatening cough at me. While I stood in doubt, I heard a voice far behind me calling :

"Say, Mister! You better look out, that ole bar is liable to hurt you."

I turned to see the cowboy of the Hotel on his horse. He had been riding after the cattle and chanced to pass near just as events were moving quickly.

"Do you know these Bears?" said I, as he rode up.

"Wall, I reckon I do," said he. "That there little one up top is Johnny; he's a little crank, an' the big un is Grumpy, she's a big crank. She's mighty onreliable, but she's always strictly ugly when Johnny hollers like that."

"I should much like to get her picture when she comes down," said I.

"Tell ye what I'll do, I'll stand by on the pony an' if she goes to bother you I'll reckon I can keep her off," said the man.

But Johnny wanted to see.

He accordingly stood by, as Grumpy slowly came down from branch to branch, growling and threatening. But when she neared the ground she kept on the far side of the trunk, and finally slipped down and ran into the woods without the slightest pretence of carrying out any of her dreadful threats. Thus Johnny was again left alone. He climbed up to his old perch and resumed his monotonous whining :

"*Wah—Wah—Wah*—etc." (Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!)

I got the camera ready and was arranging deliberately to take his picture in his favorite and peculiar attitude for threnodic song, when all at once he began craning his neck and yelling, as he had done during the fight.

I looked where his nose pointed and here was the Grizzly coming on straight toward me—not charging, but striding along, as though he meant to come the whole distance.

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I said to my cowboy friend, "Do you know this Bear?"

He replied, "Wall! I reckon I do. That's the ole Grizzly. He's the biggest bar in the Park. He generally minds his own business, but he ain't scared o' nothin'; and to-day ye see he's been scrapping, so he's liable to be ugly."

"I would like to take his picture," said I. "And if you will help me I am willing to take some chances on it."

"All right," said he, with a grin. "I'll stand by on the horse, an' if he charges you I'll charge him and I kin knock him down once, but I can't do it twice. You better have your tree picked out."

A syrup tin kept him happy for a long time.

As there was only one tree to pick and that was the one that Johnny was in, the prospect was not alluring. I imagined myself scrambling up there next to Johnny, and then Johnny's mother coming up after me, with the Grizzly below to catch me when Grumpy should throw me down.

The Grizzly came on and I snapped him at forty yards, then again at twenty yards and still he came quietly toward me. I sat down on the garbage and made ready —eighteen yards— sixteen yards—twelve yards—eight yards and still he came— while the pitch of Johnny's protests kept rising proportionately. Finally at five yards he stopped, and swung his huge bearded head to one side, to see what was making that aggravating row in the tree top, giving me a profile view, and I snapped the camera. At the click he turned on me with a thunderous

G—R—O—W—L

and I sat still and trembling, wondering if my last moment had come. For a second he glared at me and I could note the little green electric lamp in each of his eyes. Then he slowly turned and picked up a large tomato-can.

"Goodness," I thought, "is he going to throw that at me?" But he deliberately licked it out, dropped it and took another, paying thenceforth no heed whatever either to me or to Johnny, evidently considering us equally beneath his notice.

I backed slowly and respectfully out of his royal presence, leaving him in possession of the garbage, while Johnny kept on caterwauling from his safety-perch.

What became of Grumpy the rest of that day I do not know. Johnny, after bewailing for a time, realized that there was no sympathetic hearer of his cries,

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and therefore very sagaciously stopped them. Having no mother now to plan for him he began to plan for himself, and at once proved that he was better stuff than he seemed. After watching, with a look of profound cunning on his little black face, and waiting till the Grizzly was some distance away, he silently slipped down behind the trunk, and, despite his three-leggedness, ran like a hare to the next tree, never stopping to breathe till he was on its topmost bough. For he was thoroughly convinced that the only object that the Grizzly had in life was to kill him, and he seemed quite aware that his enemy could not climb a tree.

Another long and safe survey of the Grizzly, who really paid no heed to him whatever, was followed by another dash for the next tree, varied occasionally by a cunning feint to mislead the foe. So he went dashing from tree to tree and climbing each to its very top, although it might be but ten feet from the last, till he disappeared in the woods. After, perhaps, ten minutes his voice again came floating on the breeze, the querulous habitual whining which told me he had found his mother and had resumed his customary appeal to her sympathy.

Johnny set up a whine and got behind his mother.

It is quite a common thing for Bears to spank their cubs when they need it, and if Grumpy had disciplined Johnny this way, it would have saved them both a deal of worry.

Perhaps not a day passed that summer without Grumpy getting into trouble on Johnny's account. But of all these numerous occasions the most ignominious was during my temporary absence.

I first heard the story from three bronzed mountaineers. As they were very sensitive about having their word doubted and very good shots with the revolver, I believed every word they told me, especially when afterward fully endorsed by the Park authorities.

It seemed that of all the tinned goods on the pile the nearest to Johnny's taste were marked with a large purple plum. This conclusion he had arrived at only after most exhaustive study. The very odor of those plums was the equivalent of ecstasy in Johnny's nostrils. So when it came about one day that the cook of the Hotel baked a huge batch of plum-tarts, the tell-tale wind took the story afar into the woods where it was wafted by way of Johnny's nostrils to his very soul.

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Of course Johnny was whimpering at the time. His mother was busy "washing his face and combing his hair," so he had double cause for whimpering. But the smell of the tarts thrilled him; he jumped up, and when his mother tried to hold him he squalled, and, I am afraid, he bit her. She should have cuffed him, but she did not. She only gave a disapproving growl and followed to see that he came to no harm.

With his little black nose in the wind Johnny led straight for the kitchen. He took the precaution, however, of climbing from time to time to the very top of a pine-tree lookout, while Grumpy stayed below.

Then they clinched.

Thus they came close to the kitchen, and there, in the last tree, Johnny's courage as a leader gave out, so he remained aloft and expressed his hankering for tarts in a woe-begone wail.

It is not likely that Grumpy knew exactly what her son was crying for. But it is sure that as soon as she showed an inclination to go back into the pines, Johnny protested in such an outrageous and heartrending screeching, that his mother simply could not leave him, and he showed no sign of coming down to be led away.

Grumpy herself was fond of plum-jam. The odor was now of course very strong and proportionately alluring; so Grumpy followed it somewhat cautiously up to the kitchen-door.

There was nothing surprising about this. The rule of "live and let live" is so strictly enforced in the Park that the Bears often come to the kitchen-door for pickings, and, on getting something, they go quietly back to the woods. Doubtless Johnny and Grumpy would each have gotten their tart but that a new factor appeared in the case.

The hotel people had brought a new Cat from the East. She was not much more than kitten, but still had a litter of her own, and at the moment that Grumpy reached the door, the Cat and her family were sunning themselves on the top step. Pussy opened her eyes to see this huge shaggy monster towering above her.

The Cat had never before seen a Bear; she did not know what a Bear was. She knew what a Dog was and here was a bigger, more awful, bobtailed, black dog than ever she had dreamed of, coming right at her. Her first thought was to fly for her life. But her next was for the kittens. She must take care of them. She

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must at least cover their retreat. So like a brave little mother she braced herself on that doorstep, and spreading her back, her claws, her tail, and everything she had to spread, she screamed out at that Bear an unmistakable order to

S T O P

The language must have been "Cat," but the meaning was clear to the Bear; for those who saw it maintain stoutly that Grumpy not only stopped, but she also conformed to the custom of the country and in token of surrender held up her hands.

However, the position she thus took made her so high that the Cat seemed tiny in the distance below. Old Grumpy had faced a Grizzly once, and was she now to be held up by a miserable little spike-tailed skunk, no bigger than a mouthful? She was ashamed of herself, especially when a wail from Johnny smote on her ear and reminded her of her plain duty, as well as supplied his usual moral support.

"Stop," shrieked the Cat.

So she dropped down on her front feet to proceed.

Again the Cat shrieked "S T O P."

But Grumpy ignored the command. A scared mew from a kitten nerved the Cat, and she launched her ultimatum—which ultimatum was herself. Eighteen sharp claws, a mouthful of keen teeth had Pussy, and she worked them all with a desperate will when she landed on Grumpy's bare, bald, sensitive nose, just the spot of all where the Bear could not stand it, and then worked backward to a point outside the sweep of Grumpy's claws. After one or two vain attempts to shake the spotted fury off old Grumpy did just as most creatures would have done under the circumstances; she turned tail and bolted out of the enemy's country into her own woods.

But Puss's fighting blood was up. She was not content with repelling the enemy, she wanted to inflict a crushing defeat, to achieve an absolute and final rout. And however fast old Grumpy might go, it did not count, for the Cat was still on top working her teeth and claws like a little demon. Grumpy, always erratic, now became panic-stricken. The trail of the pair was flecked with tufts of long black hair and there was even bloodshed (in the fiftieth degree). Honor surely was satisfied, but Pussy was not. Round and round they had gone in the mad race. Grumpy was frantic, absolutely humiliated, and ready to make any terms; but

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Pussy seemed deaf to her cough-like yelps, and no one knows how far the Cat might have ridden that day had not Johnny unwittingly put a new idea into his mother's head by bawling in his best style from the top of his last tree, which tree Grumpy made for and scrambled up.

This was so clearly the enemy's country and in view of his re-inforcements that the Cat wisely decided to follow no farther. She jumped from the climbing Bear to the ground, and then mounted sentry guard below, marching around with tail in the air, daring that Bear to come down. Then the kittens came out and sat around and enjoyed it all hugely. And the mountaineers assured me that the Bears would have been up the tree yet, had not the cook of the Hotel come out and called off his Cat; although this statement was not among those vouched for by the officers of the Park.

Then pussy launched her ultimatum.

The last time I saw Johnny he was in the top of a tree bewailing his unhappy lot as usual, while his mother was dashing about among the pines, "with a chip on her shoulder," seeking for someone —any one—that she could punish for Johnny's sake, provided, of course, that it was not a big Grizzly or a mother Cat.

This was early in August, but there were not lacking symptoms of change in old Grumpy. She was always reckoned "onsartain," and her devotion to Johnny seemed subject to her characteristic. This perhaps accounted for the fact that when the end of the month was near, Johnny would sometimes spend half a day in the top of some tree, alone, miserable, and utterly unheeded.

The last chapter of his history came to pass after I had left the region. One day at gray dawn he was tagging along behind his mother as she prowled in the rear of the hotel. A newly hired Irish girl was already astir in the kitchen. On looking out she saw, as she thought, a calf where it should not be, and ran to shoo it away. That open kitchen-door still held unmeasured terrors for Grumpy, and she ran in such alarm that Johnny caught the infection, and not being able to keep up with her, he made for the nearest tree, which unfortunately turned out to be a post, and soon—too soon—he arrived at its top, some seven feet from the ground, and there poured forth his woes on the chilly morning air, while Grumpy

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apparently felt justified in continuing her flight alone. When the girl came near and saw that she had treed some wild animal, she was as much frightened as her victim. But others of the kitchen staff appeared, and recognizing the vociferous Johnny, they decided to make him a prisoner.

A collar and chain were brought, and after a struggle, during which several of the men got well scratched, the collar was buckled on Johnny's neck and the chain made fast to the post.

When he found that he was held, Johnny was simply too mad to scream. He bit and scratched and tore, till he was tired out. Then he lifted up his voice again to call his mother.

She did appear once or twice in the distance, but could not make up her mind to face that Cat—so disappeared, and Johnny was left to his fate.

He put in the most of that day in alternate struggling and crying. Toward evening he was worn out, and glad to accept the meal that was brought by Norah, who felt herself called on to play mother, since she had chased his own mother away.

When night came it was very cold; but Johnny nearly froze at the top of the post before he would come down and accept the warm bed provided at the bottom.

During the days that followed, Grumpy came often to the garbage-heap, but soon apparently succeeded in forgetting all about her son. He was daily tended by Norah, and received all his meals from her. He also received something else, for one day he scratched her when she brought his food, and she very properly spanked him till he squealed. For a few hours he sulked. He was not used to such treatment. But hunger subdued him, and thenceforth he held his new guardian in wholesome respect. She, too, began to take an interest in the poor motherless little wretch, and within a fortnight Johnny showed signs of developing a new character. He was much less noisy. He still expressed his hunger in a whining "*errr errr errr*," but he rarely squealed now, and his unruly outbursts entirely ceased.

By the third week of September the change was still more marked. Utterly abandoned by his own mother, all his interest had centred in Norah, and she had fed and spanked him into an exceedingly well-behaved little Bear. Sometimes she would allow him a taste of freedom, and he then showed his bias by making, not for the woods, but for the kitchen where she was, and following her around on his hind legs. Here also he made the acquaintance of that dreadful Cat, but Johnny had a powerful friend now, and Pussy finally became reconciled to the black woolly interloper.

As the Hotel was to be closed in October, there was talk of turning Johnny loose or of sending him to the Washington Zoo, but Norah had claims that she would not forego.

When the frosty nights of late September came, Johnny had greatly improved in his manners, but he had also developed a bad cough. An examination of his lame leg had shown that the weakness was not in the foot, but much more deeply seated, perhaps in the hip, and that meant a feeble and tottering constitution.

He did not get fat, as do most Bears in fall, indeed he continued to fail. His little round belly shrank in, his cough became worse, and one morning he was found very sick and shivering in his bed by the post. Norah brought him indoors, where the warmth helped him so

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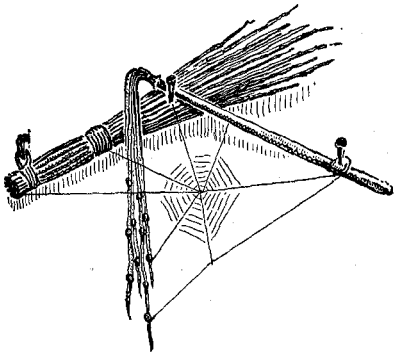
much that thenceforth he lived in the kitchen.

For a few days he seemed better, and his old time pleasure in *seeing things* revived. The great blazing fire in the range particularly appealed to him and made him sit up in his old attitude, when the opening of the door brought the wonder to view. After a week he lost interest even in that, and drooped more and more each day. Finally not the most exciting noises or scenes around him could stir up his old fondness for seeing what was going on.

He coughed a good deal, too, and seemed wretched, except when in Norah's lap. Here he would cuddle up contentedly, and whine most miserably when she had to set him down again in his basket.

A few days before the closing of the Hotel, he refused his usual breakfast and whined softly till Norah took him in her lap, then he feebly snuggled up to her, and his soft "*errr errr*" grew fainter, till it ceased. Half an hour later, when she laid him down to go about her work, little Johnny had lost the last trace of his anxiety to see and know what was going on.



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DOUX PAYS
DECORATIVE PANEL IN THE HOUSE OF M. LÉON BONNAT

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

BY JOHN LA FARGE

WITH REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOR

PUVIS DE CHAVANNES died in full possession of a fame that has reached all countries, and with the good fortune of being represented by monumental work at the greatest possible distance from the centre of his reputation. One of his very last paintings covers the wall of the Boston Library.

It seems strange, in view of the very general recognition of his importance, that for many years he was especially not recognized in his native France, except of course by that class of people who, however slowly, determine the probable intellectual value of an artist or a writer. Those of us here in the United States, in 1861, who thought of him as we do to-day, were not aware of the objections made to his method of art, nor of the various indignities heaped upon him by the enterprising critics who found it convenient to choose him especially as an immovable object of attack. He was accused of bad drawing, weak intentions, want of clearness in his allegories. There was, for instance, no such logic in his

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ideal figures as would allow a literary man to recognize at once what they were meant for; owing to his failure to copy certain conventional attributes which are the trademarks of ideas, according to the discipline of certain schools. Nor did his allegories refer exactly to the wants of the moment. The fashion in allegory, or in meaning, might come in or go out, and the figures of Chavannes stood as much removed from these conventionalities as the Greek figures whom we are obliged to label with their names by a process of elimination. Nothing could be farther from literary ideas than his simple types of meaning. They were all rebuilt from an inner consciousness and appreciation of what is purely plastic, and an intention as general as the very words which we use to designate general ideas. In a certain sense, therefore, his allegories and representations of ideas are nearer to the representation of these ideas than the allegorical figures of most painters. They resist the wish of the critic to bring them to a definite limitation, in the same way that all general ideas have resisted the attempts at classifying them, made by thinkers from the time when man first divided his thoughts.

The very manner in which he has avoided the enclosing of a definition has probably had a great deal to do with his gradual appreciation by intelligences living outside of the practice of plastic art. The literary mind, the poet, the writer has found in Puvis de Chavannes a stimulus or an excuse for other methods of feeling. Because the writer and the literate began to like him, the artists living in technique alone, and their coadjutors, objected to him as painting literature. But it was not so—no writing, no verse, no phrase could claim to be the origin of the life of his figures. They were parallel to literary expressions which remain entirely outside the meaning of plastic art. Like nature, they read differently according to the looker-on, though they lived in an artificial nature of pure peace and serenity.

As he explains it, his intention was, "to make" of his "visions a complete transposition of natural laws, and to try to move in a direction parallel with them." Of course this definition of his intention is in reality that of all artists who lean toward the ideal; and it is only the rank realist who would unwisely object to his meaning. But with Puvis the general intention is carried out logically. To many of us artists, with whom the illusion of appearance is a perpetual enchantment, he is too easily removed from the small matters that please the eye and help in their representation the passage from the real to the dream. He dreams, if I may so say, with a determined sequence, unwilling to wake and disturb the plausibility of the image that he has been constructing for himself. Just as children may go to bed with a firm intention of dreaming in the same way that they did before, and of continuing a secret life known to themselves, quite logical in its improbability. And Puvis de Chavannes inherits the racial tendency to logic on one side—the so-called Latin—as he inherits through his Burgundian ancestors the healthy tendency to rejoice in outside nature and its delineation. So when he worked, as he has said, he "made no studies from nature for his landscapes." He looked much; he recorded, and then everything was a matter of logic: "When one knows the logic of a being *(la logique d'un être)*, one knows how that being must behave in every way. So when one knows the nature, the habits, and the make, let us say, of a given tree—a poplar—one can never forget its pictured anatomy *(anatomie figurée)*."

And though it may be the landscape of dreamland, his landscape is perhaps the most astonishing part of his work. It is decidedly the landscape of that particular dream; and its lines, its disposition, its color are woven into the story so as to be inseparable from the action of the people who live within it. In that way, at least in general intention, he is fully the equal of the greatest masters, and might be considered a very doctor or teacher of what landscape means.*

Compare the landscape of the "Lovely

*This necessity for a true bond between the figure and the landscape has been felt always, I think, by the greater figure painters. It may even have led some of them to a suppression of landscape, because of the sensitiveness to the inappropriate introduction of accidental form or line. Mr. François Millet, the son of the great painter, was telling me but yesterday of his father's saying on his death-bed, that he had not been enough of a landscape painter. In his words, he had "not completed his harvest;" and the dying painter described scenes of peace and rest which he had desired to express.

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Land" (Doux Pays), its spread of fairy sea and dreamy mountain and graceful foliage, to the dreary, homely background of the Sainte Geneviève, an idealization of the tame environs of Paris touched by the tragedy which has so often oppressed the capital; the stranger at the gates; misery and revolution within, and no hope but that eternal Providence which has for centuries protected the Central City—according to its prophetic device and motto: the ship at sea, and the words, *Fluctuat nec Mergitur* (it rocks yet it sinks not). The firmness of logic, the quiet persistence of will of Chavannes protected him through his representations of earth and light and space; and he avoided, as carefully as others seek them, those beauties of nature which were too great in scale to pass through his organization and become through him mere manners of expression of feeling. This is the logical, the Spartan side of this very noble mind, and seems to me infinitely touching.

These are his very words in his letters to a young friend in Italy: "The lands that you have visited are unknown to me; but from what you tell me of them, I have seen their analogies, and they have slightly oppressed me. Man must preserve the feeling of his power over creation; and to do a great deal with little is quite another enjoyment than to drag one's self in pursuit of certain beauties which are not made to the scale of man." (Written in 1877.)

"The sight of such lovely countries must give you riches of many kinds. As for me, my dear child, my part in the battle is well determined, and well limited, and I bring my supplies from nowhere else but France. I too have seen a great yellow river, but it was made of all the muds of the province of La Bresse. And yet some flowering bushes and perfumed groves were ravishing. All this is nothing but chamber-music compared to the powerful harmonies that must have struck you; but it has also its own grandeur, and its calm grace is very penetrating."

This simple view of nature, this personal, poetic art, helps to explain the control of Puvis over his representation, and shows also how reasonably adjusted to the life of his figures are his landscapes, how connected with the spirit of the native land, not with its accidents. It is, then, apparent how his personages themselves, whose choice and evolution come out of a similar feeling, unite with the landscape of their creator, and bring to us ideas unlike the images of classic art, but parallel to them (though living on a lower plane), in that same intermingling with nature attained so easily by Greek and Oriental, and only rescued through great effort and enormous genius by the northern Italian and the Florentine.

Some have thought that they saw in Puvis de Chavannes a recurrence to ancient Italian tradition; but I should suppose that they are wrong, and have mistaken analogy for derivation. Of course a character so sensitive as his absorbed a great deal of what he saw. So, although he only tried Delacroix's studio (for Delacroix at that time had just given up teaching), and although he only tried occasionally the studio of Couture, yet this slight experience has left a distinct trace in his very method of painting. Some of the characters in that beautiful vision of "Peace" at Amiens are distinct reminiscences of these two men, from whom, however, he separated for most different reasons. In the same painting, the nude woman with her back turned, who is carrying fruit, has something which recalls the Venetians, as is eminently right where the back of woman is a theme of beauty. This, I maintain, is as it should be; for Puvis used these few reminiscences in an adornment of his subject at first sight original and new and unforeseen.

As I said before, something of Couture remained—some angularity, the direction toward flatness in painting; perhaps even some tricks of touch, as in the beautiful heads of the Sorbonne. But as is natural, and one might almost say unavoidable, the influence of Delacroix permeated that moment—that moment of his first development. Most of us have forgotten the very existence of a young painter who, just then a pupil of Ingres, had been converted to the general teaching of Delacroix, and bravely attempted to fuse the learning acquired under his master in the hot flame of the inspired artist. I refer to Théodore Chassériau, whose half-destroyed paintings on the walls of the Cour des Comptes are now being photographed and engraved, in view of the day of their early disappear-

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ance. In these fragments may be seen perhaps a something similar to what Puvis at first developed. But as we all more or less—all artists of to-day—have been affected, whether we show it or not, whether we like it or not, by the principal minds of our time, so Puvis is in reality saturated by Delacroix.

I had felt this more or less, and rather by the analogies of preference in spacings, but one of the very last works of Chavannes, in which, as an old man, he turns back to early loves, proves the distinct filiation in a manner visible to almost any student. Look, for instance, at any reproduction of the drawing for the Æschylus of the Boston Library, and ask yourself whether the whole of it, as a design, is not in reality a design of Delacroix's. In the painting this may not be visible. The rich color of the earlier master is so associated with his name that the paler tones of Puvis seem to escape the relationship. But the whole landscape notion; the figure of Æschylus woven into the foreground, himself a spectator of the scene; the drawing of the laurel-bush at his feet, the blue spaces of sea and air beyond him, in which flutter the bird-like figures of the chorus of the Oceanides; the elementary rock upon which Prometheus lies—everything, I believe, even to the choice of the draperies, would allow this to pass for a drawing by Delacroix copied by some admirer, with a little more habit of hand, and also, it might be said, with a mind less full of complications and hesitancies.

So also analogies and reminiscences have been attributed to him as derived from the early Italians and the frescoes of Tuscany; but I think that can only be, as I have explained above, because, naturally, his mind must have been touched more or less by the examples of that monumental decoration to which he devoted his later life, and because of the resemblance of his aim and intention in many cases.

In conversation with him on my own return from Italy, I was surprised at his apparent lack of information concerning the details of the work of many famous Italian painters, which, however, his eyes must have seen if not his mind. This is what he wrote in 1887, in a private letter: "Once upon a time—and it was very long ago, alas!—I passed through the principal cities of Italy and the land of Naples, but without any profit, because my mind and my eyes were yet closed to all that I have so loved since then. Hence, we shall only be able to talk of what you have seen in a general way—which, perhaps, after all, may not be the worst way. Of all the ancient painting which has moved you I only know a few fragments, but in what little I have seen I have found supreme worth (*la vertu suprême*): clearness of subject, exquisite measure in gesture, in everything *tact*. The study of these works cannot tie up originality of any kind. The clearest teaching derived from them is that they have as a basis sincerity of sentiment. They delight and they touch without troubling. They have the look of ease. They give themselves without restriction, allowing you to understand what an artistic mind, well-balanced and helped by study, can draw from the simplest of all spectacles. They make you happy and anxious to look again at Nature, who shows her treasures to those who love her, respect her, and listen to her. . . .

"You will come back with a vision cleared, saturated, fortified by the daily sight of artistic beauties of the greatest intensity; paintings that have weathered with time, landscapes of the deepest tone, etc. I wonder what you will think before my own visions."

One of the very great differences between Puvis and those Italians who knew enough of the technique of painting—namely, of drawing, of color, of tone, of perspective, to be brought near him—that is to say, eliminating the very early ones, such as the great Giotto and his fellow-painters—is that his simplification is barer than theirs. There is a voluntary choice of bareness or want of interest in certain details, which with the Italian is filled up by realisms whose intention, after all, is the same; the realism and the small details are used for these secondary points. It is in that, I think, that one feels especially the modern side and a direction of mind which to me seems too logical. But there may have been optical reasons for this direction.

Let me make my meaning plain, because this is one of the evident defects—if they may be so called—of Puvis de Chavannes:

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we keep continually forgetting that a master is a man who knows how to blend his weakness and his failures with his strength. Perhaps all great work is full of defects. The Greek verses of the famous artist Parrhasius define the excellency of the great work of art :

"To those who listen to false statements I say these things, and I have said long ago that by this hand of mine the boundaries of this art have been discovered, and the limits have been fixed never to be passed — but nothing irreproachable is born begotten of mortals."

For the artists who may care for the actual text of our illustrious predecessor, I give the Greek :

Εἰ καὶ ἄπιστα κλύουσι, λέγω τάδε ; φῆμι γὰρ ἤδη
Τεχνῆς εὑρῆσθαι τέρματα τῆσδε σαφῆ
Χεῖρος ὑφ' ἡμετέρης—ἀνυπέρβλητος δὲ πέπηγεν
Οὖρος—ἀμώμητον δ' οὐδὲν ἐγένετο βροτοῖς.

Those who are at all shocked by Puvis de Chavannes's defects will remember among them the baldness of certain passages in his work ; for instance, the summary representation of drapery in his later manner ; the indifferent and impersonal countenances of his secondary figures ; the paucity of their gesture, however well that gesture may emphasize the movement of the main characters.

As our eye travels naturally to the least interesting spaces, and we cannot *leave out* absolutely in painting, as we do in writing, most artists have been very careful of the more trivial and uninteresting points of their story. The Italian used portraits for a filling in ; the Venetian adorned his drapery and painted most carefully and elaborately bric-à-brac which had no other meaning than to fill in. Puvis followed another logic, the opposite manner of meeting the same difficulty, and it may be that he had not sufficient training as a painter, nor enough of virtuosity in execution to accept such an enormous addition of work, which after all was to be nothing but a perfunctory filling in.

If we take the small reproductions of some of his baldest representations, this defect disappears, because the amount of space left uncertain is to the physical eye very small. And the fact that he painted in a light key, which spreads surfaces and makes them look larger, has added to the annoyance. In the small reproductions a sort of tone and appearance of color is given to the spaces that appear monotonous and pale in the full work. It might be that physically he saw tones in a deeper manner than the average man, and that the whole painting assumed a richer effect to him. I give this explanation for what it is worth, but the small copies printed with these lines will bear out, I think, the possibility of such a theory.

Nor can we escape from our period, which in the arts has grown indifferent to the pleasure of the eye resting on surfaces of texture and color. English painting of the last century seems like satin and velvet compared to the drab and gray linen of the French painters of to-day. And then, also, with this logical turn of mind, Puvis may have wished to recall the monotonous tones of the gray colorless buildings in which he placed his work. But for all that there is a certain delicacy of color in these pale keys that he likes, which is purely personal, and none of his imitators seem to understand. He cannot be learned from directly as a technician. His defects would be outrageous in the average man unsupported by a high feeling similar to his, and unable to rival the more poetic sides of his creations.

But of course he has helped the appreciation of what the painting on the wall should be : its clinging to the surface, and its being easily taken in with the wall in the same key. Notwithstanding this peculiar excellence, now fully appreciated—perhaps over-appreciated—it was a long time before the architects were anxious to have Puvis adorn their walls. Not only did the great architectural influences neglect him, as they have neglected what was great and monumental in French art, but only such a refined critic as Mr. Bonnat, the painter, thought of ordering from Chavannes a decoration for his private rooms. I refer to the " Lovely Land," the " Doux Pays," as painted on the walls of Mr. Bonnat's home. None of Puvis's wealthy admirers, none of the very eminent architects, seem to have thought of giving a practical expression to their admiration.

For the public works of France this neglect was more natural. The École, as they call it, the school, is entangled with

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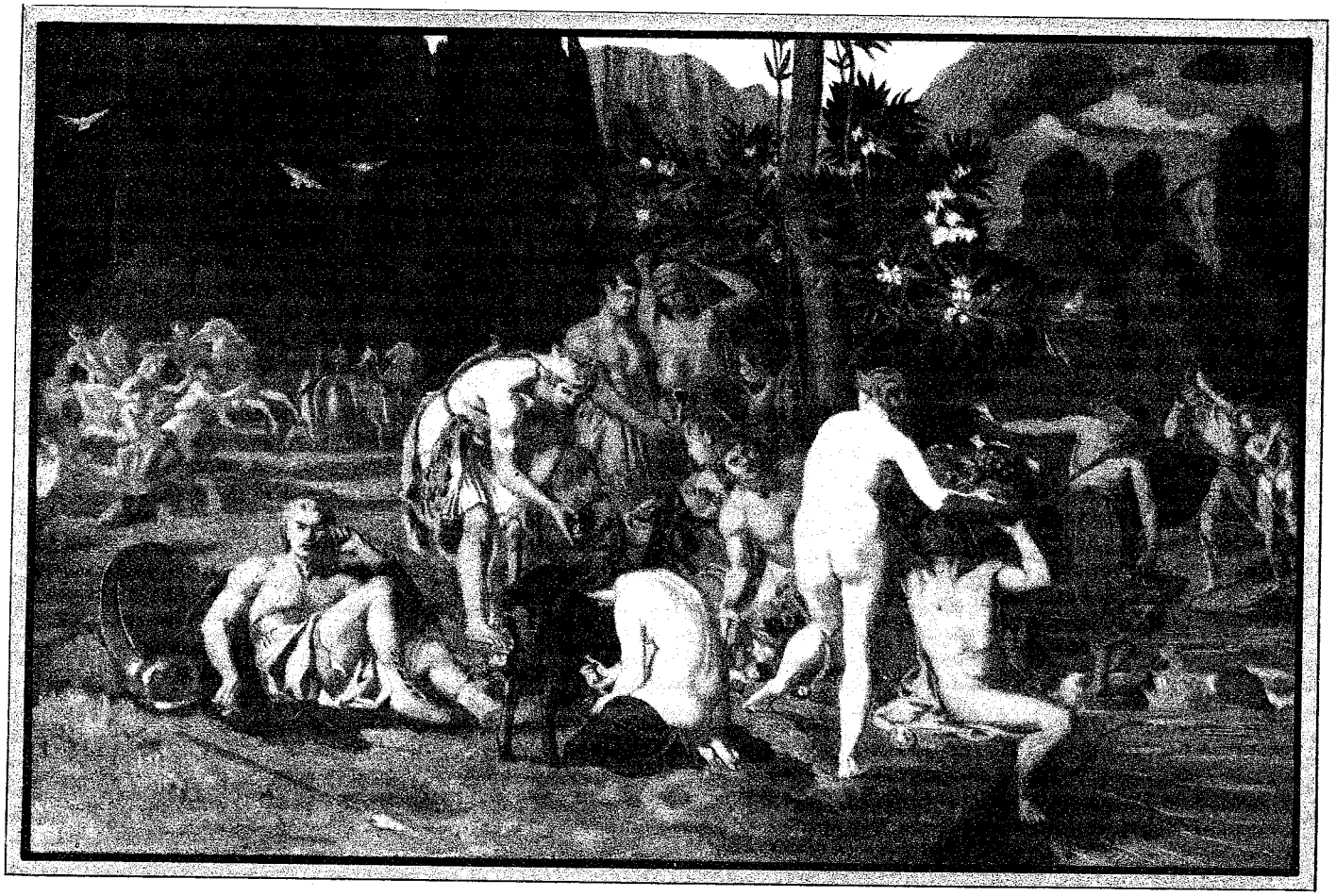

Peace. In the Musée de Picardie, Amiens.

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Centre Section of the Hemicycle of the Sorbonne, Paris.

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Government necessities : distributions of work must be made right and left, as a manner of appeasing the commercial question. That is the bad side of the influence of the government school. The three or four greatest of French monumental painters—Delacroix, Corot, Millet—were considered to be in opposition to the second-hand teachings of the school, and the great chance of the nineteenth century in monumental art was tossed away by the people who had charge of it.

If Puvis had not been able to paint for nothing, his paintings also would not have appeared on the walls of France's public buildings. His little fortune, however, allowed him to wait patiently for further recognition, and to take what he could get at prices which seem absurd compared to the enormous amounts of money spent elsewhere on the results of the art of painting.

It is true that his paintings are really out of place in the modern architecture of France, and however well they may look, for instance, in the Pantheon, it is only necessary to consider the outrageous architectural framing to his big painting in the Sorbonne to realize how much more architectural his ideas of design were than those of the architects whose buildings he adorned.

It is, I suppose, this equilibrium of lines and spaces, this beautiful sense of external architectonics, which has gradually led to his recognition as a master. On these arrangements of lines and spaces he has brocaded his stories, and the looker-on has embroidered his own sentiments, more or less in accordance with the precise meaning of the painter and the supposed meaning of the personages of the picture ; for these were only faintly traditional, and never carried a second-hand tag of meaning.

This gradual result of acquiescence and personal interest is analogous to the effect of great architectural decorations, such as the façades or frontings of successful architectural buildings, which tell a slightly separate tale to each admirer, though, necessarily and of intention, under a given direction. With Puvis, this direction is always repose and peace.

This repose, this peace, contrasted daily more and more with the exaggerated realism, the theatrical arrangements and dramatization of the art of his time, and perhaps he became more and more simplified as the art around him became more busy and complicated.

Whether others knew it or not, his work was always a relief, a breathing-space. The architecture surrounding him increased in ugliness and brokenness, as in his work the architectural laws of equilibrium, repose, and proportion were more and more affirmed. This contradiction to his surroundings—this constant appeal to the ideals of all plastic art—have been approved and admired by the rising influences of to-day, which turn perhaps, even when dumb and uncertain, to forms of idealism as a relief from the realistic and technical servitudes of yesterday.

For though technique is inseparable from the work of art, the work of Puvis is based on the greater laws of technique, and is indifferent to the lesser clevernesses which have usurped the name.

So also is the work of Puvis based on tradition, though he was opposed by the professional conservators of tradition. As he says :

" Be on your guard—distrust tradition. Tradition is only a guide. You will have to choose : there is a tradition of error as there is a tradition of truth, and man knows to his sorrow which of the two is the more active. Go not to the most brilliant, the most skilful, the most surprising enchanters, but to the sincerest, the simplest—to those who have not thought of astonishing you but of charming you. Love them and understand them. Far from taking you away from nature, they will continually bring you back to her."

Therefore Puvis is not revolutionary. He may occasionally appear so from his discarding lesser truths, so that we feel more the general intention than the actual anecdotic fact. So in this reproduction of the floating figures of the paintings in Boston, their general movement is more felt than the actual, accurate, exact movement which carries them onward. But as he said : " True art lives only by sacrifice" —sacrifice of the less important truths to the more important ones—the sacrifice of much accumulation of knowledge to the more important knowledge of the main meaning and intention. At a time when

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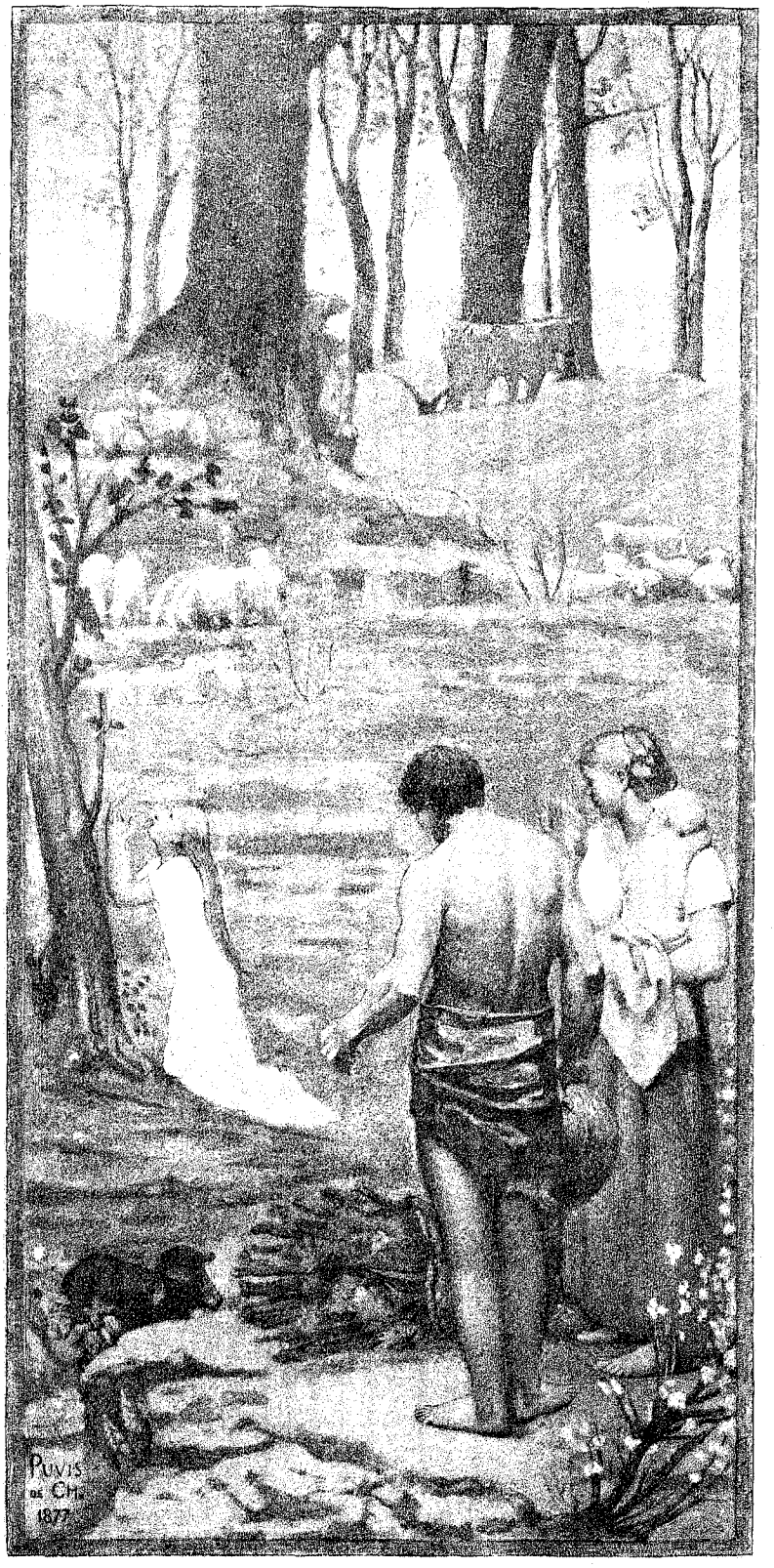

The Child Saint Genevieve at Prayer.

From the series in the Pantheon, Paris, illustrating the life of Saint Genevieve.

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Saint Genevieve Watching Over the Sleeping City.
From the series in the Pantheon.

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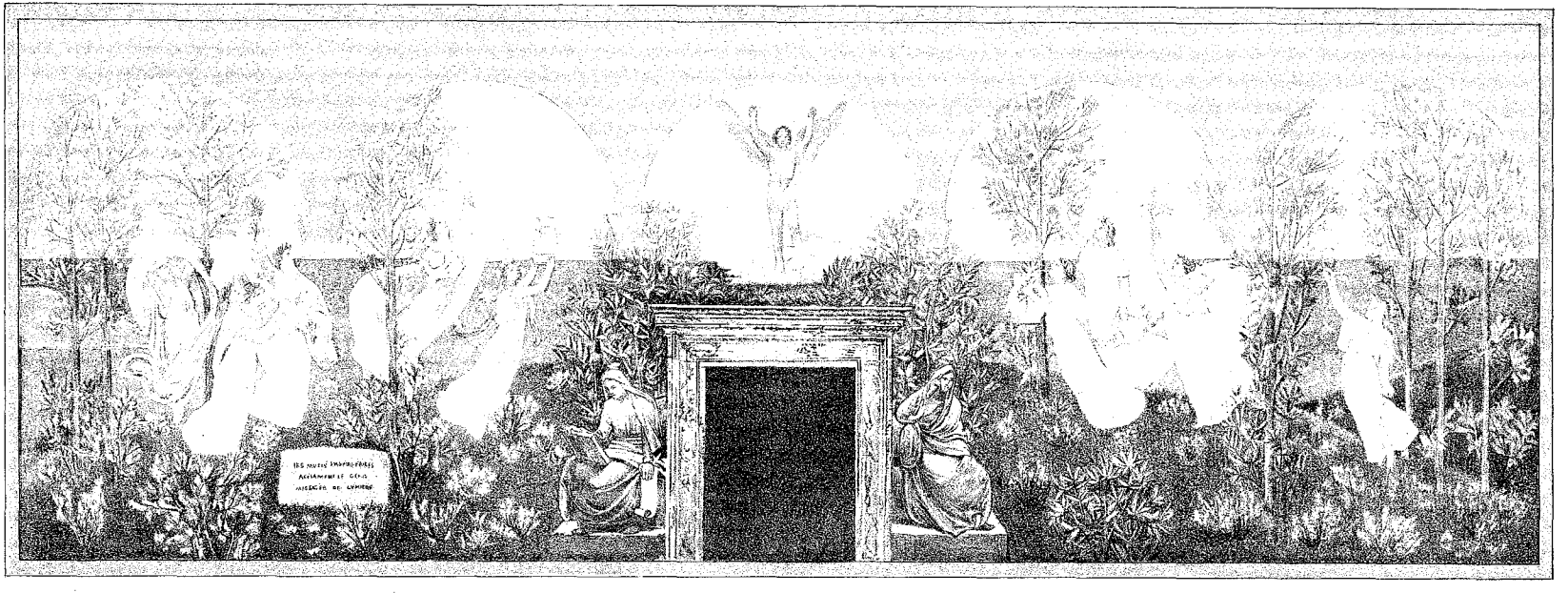

The Muses Welcoming the Genius of Enlightenment—Boston Library.

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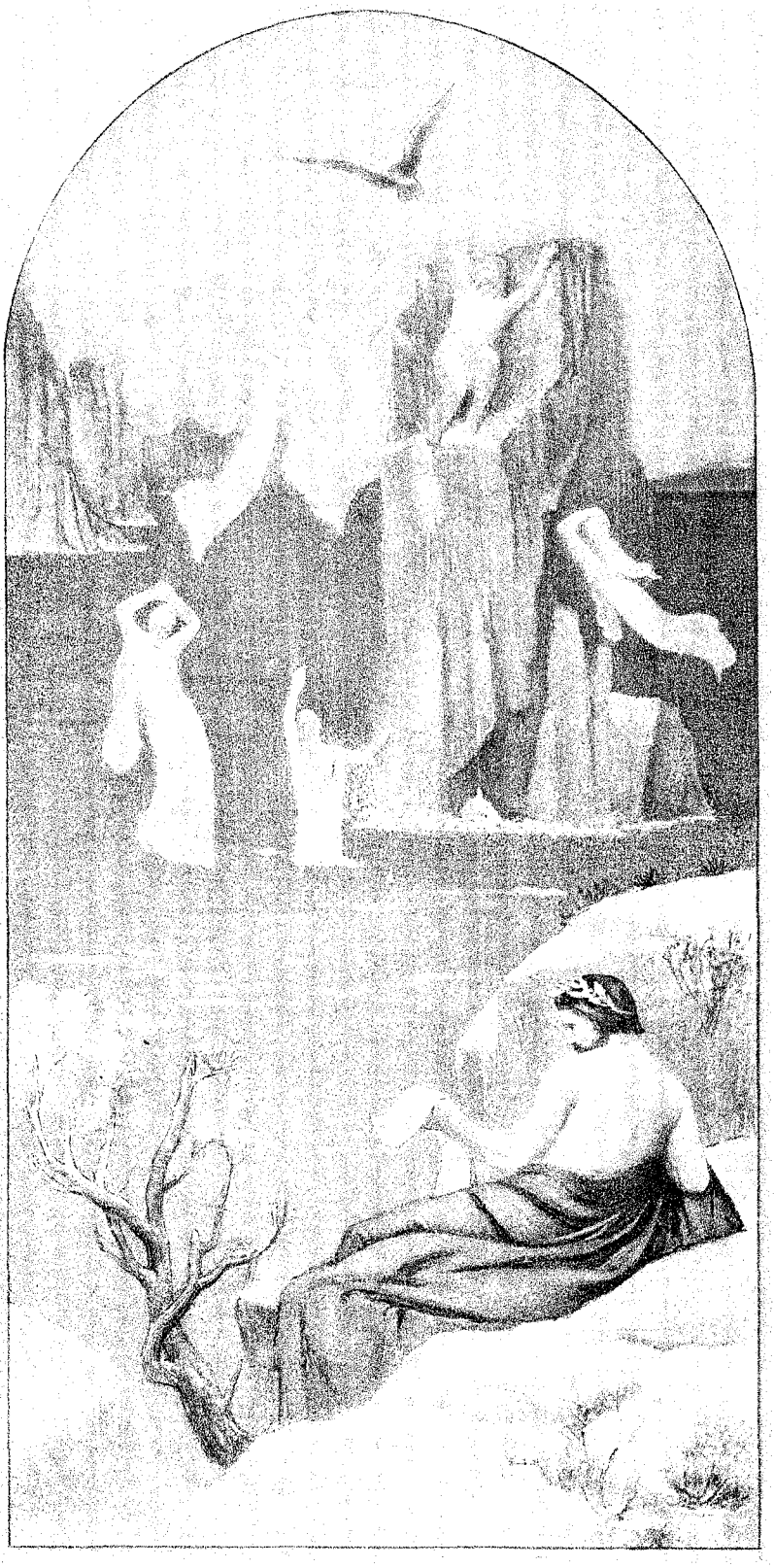

Dramatic Poetry—Æschylus—Boston Library.

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what we call a study is made as it were commercially—that is to say, without too much blame, meant for use; Puvis writes to a young friend: "You speak of the use of the model; I adjure you to make studies for study only. During the nine years of my being refused at the exhibitions I did nothing else."

The life of Puvis de Chavannes is only represented to the outside world by his painting. He lived as simply as he painted. He was not a sentimentalist, but a healthy-minded and somewhat hard-working son of Burgundian France. Never a bohemian, he was still a friendly companion, and preserved before praise or blame the same unmoved and polite exterior. It was only in the last year of his life that this calm acquiescence in things as they are was disturbed to outside view. He had married very late, and his wife died only a little time before him. It is said that only then did Puvis show the despair that carried him off. His life, even as a teacher, begins and ends with his paintings. I like to recall, when I think of such a man, the Chinese or Japanese story, as you may wish, of a famous Chinese painter who lived in Japan far back—ever so far back—and who painted there sublime religious pictures. "But getting old, he went home to China to die, and at the end he betook himself to landscape. Everyone knew that he was so engaged, and that he was at work on a great painting—some screen perhaps—a subject representing mountain scenery, such a retreat as a man might wish to end in when he had given up the world. This was known to his pupils, but no one was allowed to see it, until at length, by some sort of command, he offered to show it to the emperor and the court. Of course it was criticised; fault was found with the technique; and the composition; and the feeling; and the reality; and whatever else does not suit other people. The old painter listened without answering. He bowed in acknowledgment to the people present, and then, to quote the text, 'As he had created this work of art for his final abode,' he stepped into the picture and disappeared within the images that he had painted. And the painting also faded from before the spectators.

"The moral of this story, good for all of us artists and all of us critics, is natural enough—that the art of the painter is his final abode. If it be really his, he is safe within it—safe from praise as he is safe from blame."

All is comparative. Jean François Millet had attained a certain success, and consequently, some notice by his paintings of nude female figures. As we all know, these pictures were refined and chaste, but Millet overheard some talk about them which, to his mind, classed him as a painter of nude subjects. Thereupon, resenting this as an indignity, he gave up abruptly that doubtful path in art, and, turning away from city life, began the representation of the country and of the peasant, by which we know him. The success that seemed to Jean François a manner of degradation and unmanliness, seems to many an artist a sufficiently practical ideal. Nor do I intend to judge any such direction; it is only that the story came back to me, with the consideration of Puvis de Chavannes and his aims.

The life of Puvis's art—that which has kept it steady and will remain past the variations of technique—is moral character; that good sense and that peace of mind which distinguished his person are both the basis and the effect of his work. But there was besides, and it shone for the public and for the outside world in his works, a great nobility and elevation of mind. This, of course, cannot be acquired by the practice of any technique. The last time I met him, he asked how I accounted for the great technical cleverness and capacity of the American painters. I explained to him that we are naturally inventive and fond of machinery—that is to say, of technique; that we are a nation specially distinguished in the application of mechanical arts; and I assured him that a moment would come when in the technique of painting we should not only equal the French but should be superior to them. But, I said; there is one point in which we cannot promise to equal you, and one which would always carry you far beyond anything that we can do, if only your nation still can produce the moral training and the mental elevation that have belonged to Delacroix, Corot, Rousseau, and Millet. No other nation has shown this through art to modern times.

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A common smile illumined the faces of the bystanders.—Page 686.

THE LION'S MOUTH

By Alice Duer and Henry Wise Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

I HAD begun to follow, with an interest that was rapidly approaching mental vertigo, the amazing evolutions of that latest farcical importation—"The Turkish Bath," when I heard a rustle of skirts, a murmur from the man next me that it was of no importance, and felt the heel of a lady's boot planted squarely on my toe. Looking up, I saw that for the second time in a twelvemonth, Mrs. Peter Hexham had excited the enmity of a nature whose unvarying sweetness is a matter of comment to my friends and a source of satisfaction to myself.

Either the lady's memory or her manners were at fault, for she betrayed no recollection of our first and only meeting. Perhaps I had better reason than she to remember the occasion, when, one evening at Cannes, at her instigation, I had held a table spellbound with my censure of an anonymous romance, while the fact of my *vis-à-vis* being its author was a secret in which the whole company shared—myself excepted. It was she, who, with the ostensible design of leading me to firmer ground, induced me to comment on the moral obliquities of the heroine, though it was not until coffee that Jimmie Giddings was kind enough to inform me that the whole incident of the slippers was notoriously founded on the

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history of the lady whom I had had the honor of escorting down to dinner.

The fact that I had thus made a fool of myself twice in one evening could bring me to but one conclusion: I had to thank rather her malevolence than her reputed inanity. My uncharitableness may be pardoned to a lady whose faculty for entangling both herself and others in such social contretemps was only equalled by her husband's truculence in extricating her—a characteristic of Mr. Hexham which was to be brought to my attention before the evening was over.

At the end of the act I went out for a cigarette. The thrill of the warning bell, and the sound of an altercation at the other end of the lobby reached me at the same instant, and my feeling was scarcely one of surprise when I immediately recognized the tones of one of the disputants to be those of Hexham. I heard the murmur of men's voices, and the scuffle of feet on the marble flagging, and turned to see Hexham, visible head and shoulders above the rest, striking out. Immediately afterward, a young man plunged headlong into an immense gilt easel plastered with the photographs of the cast of "The Turkish Bath."

Some months since, I had witnessed a similar exhibition of Hexham's choler. The victim on that occasion had been a young attaché, who, before a delighted coffee-room, had perpetrated an imitation of an American lady who found young men on the Continent "so flighty." The culprit had protested that no one in particular had been intended, but in matters where his wife's lack of common-sense was concerned Hexham seldom allowed himself the luxury of a doubt, and he had dealt with the attaché with a carafe. The room, having been thoroughly satisfied by the burlesque, was proportionately in sympathy with the offender.

Now, however, popular opinion seemed all with Hexham. Whatever the offence of the individual whose foot was at that instant protruding from a speaking likeness of the première danseuse, in the judgment of the crowd he richly deserved his fate. I inferred that the worst was over. A common smile illumined the faces of the bystanders, and one gentleman pressed a bill into the hand of the attendant guardian of the peace. I turned, throwing away my cigarette, and started again for my seat, catching a glimpse as I did so of Hexham shouldering through the swing-doors of the café, looking, I must say, singularly distinguished in his bullish way, and surrounded by a group of thirsty and admiring adherents.

The theatre was dark, and as I groped my way to my place, I heard Mrs. Hexham's voice addressing me with irritation:

"I do wish you would manage to get back in time not to upset the whole row, Peter."

"Speaking for one member of the row, let me say how far I am from reprehending this habit of your husband. In fact, may I not felicitate myself—" I stopped, for it struck me from a certain excited flurry that passed over her that, having utterly failed to recognize me, she fancied herself addressed by a total stranger. Her share in that ridiculous evening at Cannes rose hot within me, and I determined that I would do nothing to relieve the awkwardness of her position.

"Felicitate myself," I continued blandly, seating myself, and making the inevitable futile effort to insinuate my hat into the rack presumably provided for that purpose, "on being the first to assure you that your husband is no longer in any danger, either from the arm of the law, or that of his late antagonist."

"Oh, has he been fighting again!" Mrs. Hexham burst out. "Sometimes I can stop him," and she rose to her feet. I rose also, to check her evident intention of seeking her husband, and as we stood in earnest conversation, Hexham, entering from the other aisle, exclaimed at her elbow:

"I do wish you could manage not always to make yourself so conspicuous," and he sat down.

I sat down.

"I don't think you need talk about making one's self conspicuous—in the lobby of a theatre, too!" Mrs. Hexham retorted.

Hexham turned to me, and I thought he vaguely remembered Cannes.

"I noticed you saw that cad's behaviour. (Oh, do sit down!)"—this to his wife.

"I never saw a man fall quicker," I re-

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Talk to me he did, her efforts notwithstanding.--Page 688.

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sponded, heartily. His eyes twinkled retrospectively, and he pulled down his cuffs.

The situation was unfolding itself to Mrs. Hexham. I watched her with interest. She found herself forced either to denounce me as impertinent—and then I held myself ready to recall our former meeting—or else to introduce me as a legitimate acquaintance, and in that case, how would the enemy be delivered into my hands!

She looked at Hexham. The light of battle still glinted in his eyes. She looked at me, and beheld me, in fancy, sharing the fate of the victim of the lobby. Perhaps a dormant taste for intrigue; perhaps an appearance of gentility on my part to which she was mistaken enough to trust; more probably a natural desire to free herself as quickly as possible from a situation which her lack of mental ballast exaggerated to itself; perhaps a mingling of all three led her finally to lean forward and say:

"Peter, I want to introduce you to Mr. ——"

"Shimmelpinneck," I murmured. (I had been quite right: she did not know me from Adam.)

"Shimmelpinneck," she ran on, with a covert glance that impugned my choice of an alias.

She evidently supposed that by now turning her attention to the stage, the incident, as far as I was concerned, might be considered closed. Unfortunately for her, I was at once able and eager to prevent the working of this simple scheme.

I leant forward and managed to elicit from Hexham, without much difficulty, the genesis of his late adventure. He told his story with a good deal of humor, and seeing himself appreciated, warmed all the more to his recital. Before long I was able to introduce the subject of his recent ascent of a hitherto unknown mountain in the neighborhood of Sitka, a feat which had created a passing stir among the members of the Alpine Club. The topic was one in which he could scarcely fail to appear to advantage, and in which I myself was not a little interested.

During all this Mrs. Hexham had been feverishly active. She had made a series of incursions into the conversation, with the object of wrenching it from me; but her husband made it only too evident that he had long since imparted to her as many of his views on these subjects as he thought her capable of understanding. He now wanted to talk to me, and talk to me he did, her efforts notwithstanding.

She at length relapsed into silence, a prey, one could see, to the darkest forebodings. My conduct, indeed, gave her every occasion for anxiety. The least she could think was that, having met her advances half-way, I was now insinuating myself into her husband's confidence, secure in her complicity, and this end once attained, I would turn it to uses on which her imagination shuddered to particularize. Larceny, blackmail, extortion in some form or another were, I am sure, among the lesser of her terrors.

A climax was soon reached at the very instant when she looked for release. We were standing outside under the awning, and Hexham, while he was trying to catch the eye of his footman through the crush, was still conducting me across the crevasse, when suddenly losing patience with the deliberate movements of his man, "We'll finish this at supper," he said, and plunged into the crowd.

Mrs. Hexham turned to me.

"Mr. Shimmelpinneck," she said, "or whatever your real name may be, you have, of course, no thought of accepting my husband's invitation."

"I must own," I returned, courteously, "that I had every intention of so doing, when it should be seconded by yourself."

"Oh, if you wait for that!" said she, with something it would be ungenerous to designate a snort.

At this moment I caught sight of the approaching figure of Hexham, beckoning with his stick.

"Come along, Leila," he shouted, "I've got the brougham at the corner."

Mrs. Hexham had evidently taken a sudden resolution not to trust me.

"Oh, my umbrella!" she exclaimed.

"Your *what?*" cried Hexham, looking up. (The stars were out.)

"My umbrella," she insisted, piteously, "I must have left it in the theatre."

I allowed the crowd to separate me a moment from my companions, but the manœuvre was vain.

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Hexham was trying to catch the eye of his footman.—Page 688.

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"They're trying to drive my man from his place," Hexham flung at me in explanation, "You will have to go back and get it."

A glance of the purest triumph illuminated his wife's face, and as I turned to obey I heard him grumbling something about why in thunder any one wanted to bring an umbrella on a fine night.

Within the theatre I found a belated usher covering the seats.

"Lost anything, sir?" he said, politely.

"Yes," I answered, "a purely fictitious umbrella."

"A what?" said he.

"An umbrella," said I.

"Is this it?" he asked, diving under a seat, and producing a large black petticoat with a crooked white handle, closely resembling the protection affected by 'bus-drivers. I looked at the object with pleasure, and thought of Mrs. Hexham.

"It is, indeed," I returned, without hesitation. He accepted a quarter (I never got an umbrella so cheap), and I hurried out once more.

The press was still considerable, and I saw with delight that the Hexham brougham had been driven from its coign of vantage and was again laboring in midstream.

I held my prize aloft for Mrs. Hexham's inspection. "The usher found it at your place," I said. She quailed before me, and we three regarded it in silence.

"Well, I must say, that this is the limit!" burst out Hexham, gazing at his unfortunate wife, more in contempt than in anger. "Shimmelpinneck, I feel I ought to apologize to you."

He hesitated to take it from me. At this moment his carriage plunged into the curb; a newsboy darted to open the door.

Hexham seized the umbrella. "Here, boy," he said, "have you a grandmother?" (The boy hung his head, as if loth to commit himself.) "You'll follow in a cab," he added to me.

Mrs. Hexham broke in: "I'm afraid I didn't leave any order for supper, Peter," she said.

Her husband looked at me reassuringly. "It's fortunate my memory is not so poor," he said. "I left the order myself. You must not think my wife lacking in hospitality," he went on to me, and paused.

She, poor woman, had no other course open to her. "I hope Mr. Shimmelpinneck will join us," she said, fixing me with a look that dared me to comply.

I took off my hat and held the carriage-door open. "Since you are so kind as to ask me, Mrs. Hexham," I said.

"Get in, Peter," she exclaimed, quickly. "Yes, Mr. Shimmelpinneck knows the house. All right. Simpson, drive fast."

The horses wheeled, and I saw my prey rapidly disappearing before my eyes.

She should not live to triumph thus! I stepped out among the vehicles, and succeeded in finding a cab. By this time the brougham had disappeared, and I told the man to drive to my club. Here I obtained a social directory, and, by its aid, drew up before Hexham's door not five minutes later than they themselves.

My conduct during the evening may perhaps seem extravagant, but thrice the effort would have been rewarded by the sight of Mrs. Hexham's face, when the butler, throwing open the door, announced:

"Mr. Shimmelpinneck."

She was alone in the drawing-room, but I heard a shout of welcome in the distance, and saw my host, visible through the open windows of the conservatory across the well which separated it from the main house. He signalled gayly to me with a beer-bottle, and throughout the ensuing dialogue continued to exhort us not to stand there chattering, but to come and try his rarebit.

Mrs. Hexham observed me with that mixture of fascination and horror with which traditional pigeons are supposed to regard the relentless serpent.

"O," she exclaimed, "how could you come?"

"An invitation once accepted," I responded, "is sacred. And though my memory did not deserve the trust you reposed in it, the 'Social Register' is happily within the reach of the humblest. You will forgive me if I am a trifle late."

She shuddered and her manner suddenly became abject. "Oh, it isn't merely for myself," she pleaded, "but do you consider the risk you are running. Believe me, my husband is not a man to be trifled with. He would not listen to a word —He'd drop you out of the window the

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

"You will forgive me if I am a trifle late."—Page 690.

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Her husband and I turned on her together.—Page 694.

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way he did — It's twenty feet to the area——"

"Spare me the illusion that I am the first," I said, "and any risk is worth running."

"Oh, hush, you mustn't," she answered, with perhaps an imaginative glance at the situation as it might have been, "with my husband in the next room. Go, before it is too late. He's taken a fancy to you, and he's asked me so many questions about you, already—and heaven knows what I answered——"

By this time Mr. Hexham's clamor for our presence had reached such a point that we could not disregard it longer. Together we began to move toward the conservatory.

"The worst of it is," she continued, hurriedly, "he asked me about where we first met, and I had to tell him something —I said it was at Uncle Gamaliel's—of a Sunday——"

I had not been quite prepared for this, and for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps she was right in doubting my wisdom in remaining under Hexham's roof.

We paused and looked at each other blankly.

"But, good heavens," said I, "an uncle! Why an uncle? And uncle who? When? Who was there? What was the occasion?"

At this instant Hexham burst out from among the palms. "Leila," he cried, "do you mean to tell me that this is the last bottle of light beer in the house?"

"I don't know, Peter," she faltered, "I'll go and see," and she disappeared, leaving me a prey to Hexham and the mythical uncle.

Hexham led me whither the glimmer of a white tablecloth, covered with the implements for the concoction of a Welsh rarebit, was visible among the palms and india-rubber trees.

"Leila tells me," he said, with an evident desire to make himself agreeable, "that you're a pal of that rascally old uncle of hers. I wish he would come in while you're here. He's very apt to, about this time."

A close observer might have noted that he was alone in this wish. My heart sank, and I bestowed a furtively calculating glance upon that distance which Mrs. Hexham had estimated at twenty feet, as I responded with what ease of manner I could command:

"Oh, yes, indeed. I wonder I've never met you there."

"Well, you couldn't have very well for the last three years, you know," answered Hexham.

I couldn't, couldn't I? How had the old wretch been misconducting himself. It seems I should be more careful in the choice of my hypothetical acquaintances.

"I suppose you knew him before the days of the Sibylla?" said my host.

There was an inarticulate exclamation of dismay behind us. Mrs. Hexham had entered in time to witness the final horrid climax.

"Oh, don't bring up the Sibylla, Peter," said she.

Certainly not, as far as I was concerned. I promised myself, should I survive the night, to discover whether they referred to a lady or a silver-mine.

"I'm glad to meet someone who knew him about that time," continued my host, musing. "You were a good deal at the house, Leila tells me. Was that before or after the Supreme Court gave its verdict?"

I would have given half my fortune to know whether Uncle Gamaliel's conduct had been more compromising before or after the finding of that august body. Mrs. Hexham's alarm was evident, but gave me no clew, and I cast the die, with "Oh, after," I said.

Hexham laid down his fork and observed me with interest.

"You don't say so," he exclaimed.

I nodded my head solemnly. I felt solemn.

"Then you must have been in his confidence at the time," said Peter, awe-struck.

If I must, I must, and though I felt that Uncle Gamaliel's confidence was like to cost me dear, I yielded to the inevitable, and admitted that I had been. I knew by the gasp that Mrs. Hexham emitted that I was in deep water.

"Well, I won't ask you to betray him at this late date," Hexham said, "but I've always wanted to know——" He stopped short. "Why, how old are you?" he asked with a change of tone.

I recognized a crisis, but without a

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guide I yielded to a mistaken impulse, and told the truth.

"Thirty-two," I answered.

Hexham raised his head and regarded me with knitted brows. "In that case in '68," he said, "you must have been two years old."

"Perhaps eighteen months," said I, for with every desire to get off the subject, I could not evade the simple cogency of his reasoning.

And it was this opportunity that was seized by Mrs. Hexham's evil genius to put the finishing touches to its evening's work.

"Not *thirty*-two, Peter," she began, feebly, "Mr. Shimmelpinneck said forty——"

"He said nothing of the sort," retorted Peter, "and even if he had, was it any more likely to happen to a lad of twelve?" He swung on his heel, took a few steps down the conservatory, and then, a thought apparently striking him, he turned on his wife again. "It occurs to me, Leila," he said, suddenly, "that your manner has been confoundedly queer all this evening."

He glared at her, and I watched her with anxiety under the strain. She must, in imagination, have seen the air darkened with my flying members, for in her extremity she decided to purchase immunity for herself by abandoning her accomplice.

Unfortunately there was no one left for me to betray. I had time to give a thought to the happy millions, whom an unnatural thirst for revenge had not lured to destruction before she began:

"Listen, Peter, listen to me—Let me explain how it began——"

The entrance of the butler cut her short.

"Mr. Gamaliel is down-stairs, sir," he said.

"Uncle Gamaliel!" ejaculated Mrs. Hexham.

"Will you see him?" inquired the butler.

"No!" screamed Mrs. Hexham.

"Show him up," said Hexham, firmly.

One chance remained to me. I glanced at the clock.

"Well, Hexham," I said cheerily, "it's been very pleasant" (I cannot say that I was met half-way) "It's been so pleasant—among many pleasant evenings——"

"Mr. Gamaliel Bates!" announced the butler.

"Ah, good-evening, Peter. Why, how do you do, Shimmelpinneck? Glad to see you."

Glad to see him. I could have kissed him. Oh, to have known half an hour earlier that I had a bowing acquaintance with Uncle Gamaliel—not since '68, but for the last dozen years.

Necessarily the situation dawned more slowly on Mrs. Hexham.

"But do you really know my uncle?" she asked.

"Leila!"

"Know him!"

Her husband and I turned on her together.

"Know him," I repeated, "my dear Mrs. Hexham, there surely hasn't been any doubt in your mind about that?"

"You might have told me that you were bound here when I saw you just now at the club," said Uncle Gamaliel, bringing us out of this chaos of ejaculation, and then, as his eye fell upon the table, he added: "I hope you were not thinking of eating a cold rarebit." He produced a match and applied it to the wick. "With your permission," he said.

Hexham shook himself. "More beer, Leila," he cried. "Shimmelpinneck, cut some more bread," murmuring, as he handed me the knife: "Well, I must say you're a good man to keep a secret."

In my character of paragon of confidants, I returned his look with one of baffling reserve.

But for Mrs. Hexham no such superficial elucidation would suffice. Having procured the beer, she sank into a chair a little apart, where the breeze from the open window seemed to refresh her. Her eyes followed me with a certain childlike wonder, and when I sought her out with a plate of the fresh rarebit, she had a question ready for me. As one who has at last found the key to the situation, she whispered:

"And what is your real name?"

"Shimmelpinneck," said I.

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IRMENGARD

By Gertrude Hall

My hound, my hound, all day we have been straying
Over the moors in company.
Thou must be weary as I, that am delaying
To seek my rest from weariness.
Yet, as we linger where the pine's heart fired
Cheers us with its last flickering,
Thy wistful eyes are fixed on me, untired;
Thy large eyes brown and beautiful.
A friend so faithful hath one never found,
My hound, my noble hound!

I rise rejoicing in my strength and sally
Forth o'er the hills; thou followest.
I rest at noontide in some grassy valley;
Thou liest down contentedly.
I speak; thine eyes are fixed upon me, shining
With more than hound intelligence.
I grieve—and from my knee looks thy divining
Hound's face with its dumb sympathy,
Or in my passive palm thrust fondly lies,
Loving me with its eyes.

Thou hast a woman's eyes—yea, thou recallest
Some woman's gaze known formerly.
Is it not Irmengard's?—that palest, tallest
Of all my mother's handmaidens?
She, when I passed, would lift her dusky lashes
Slowly from her embroidery;
Her eyes then, brown like thine, and gold in flashes,
Like thine would fix me steadily.
I never loved—nay—I have other care,
Yet was that maiden fair!

She died of some strange ailing, baffling, nameless.
I have the day in memory,
For, as I wandered forth depressed and aimless,
Dirges for her still echoing,
When I had come where I could scarce discern them,
Thou wast before me suddenly.
Thou with her brown-gold eyes, as she would turn them
Slowly from her embroidery,
When, hawk in hand, I passed my mother's door
Bound for the mount or moor.

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PICHOU

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

IT was the black patch over his left eye that made all the trouble. In reality he was of a disposition most peaceful and propitiating, a lover of order and fair dealing, strongly inclined to a domestic life, and capable of extreme devotion. He had a vivid sense of justice, it is true, and any violation of it was apt to heat his indignation to the boiling-point. When this occurred he was strong in the back, stiff in the neck, and fearless of consequences. But he was always open to friendly overtures and ready to make peace with honor.

Singularly responsive to every touch of kindness, desirous of affection, secretly hungry for caresses, he had a heart framed for love and tranquillity. But nature saw fit to put a black patch over his left eye; wherefore his days were passed in the midst of conflict and he lived the strenuous life.

How this sinister mark came to him, he never knew. Indeed it is not likely that he had any idea of the part that it played in his career. The attitude that the world took toward him from the beginning, an attitude of aggressive mistrust—the rôle that he was expected and practically forced to assume in the drama of existence, the rôle of a hero of interminable strife—must have seemed to him altogether mysterious and somewhat absurd. But his part was fixed by the black patch. It gave him an aspect so truculent and forbidding that all the elements of warfare gathered around him as hornets around a sugar barrel, and his appearance in public was like the raising of a flag for battle.

"You see that Pichou," said Macintosh, the Hudson's Bay agent at Mingan, "you see yon big black-eye deevil? The savages call him Pichou because he's ugly as a lynx—'*laid comme un pichou*.' Best sledge-dog and the gurliest tyke on the North Shore. Only two years old and he can lead a team already. But, man, he's just daft for the fighting. Fought his mother when he was a pup and lamed her for life. Fought two of his brothers and nigh killed 'em both. Every dog in the place has a grudge at him, and hell's loose as oft as he takes a walk. I'm loath to part with him, but I'll be selling him gladly for fifty dollars to any man that wants a good sledge dog and a bit collie-shangie every week."

Pichou had heard his name, and came trotting up to the corner of the store where Macintosh was talking with old Grant the chief factor, who was on a tour of inspection along the North Shore, and Dan Scott, the agent from Seven Islands, who had brought the chief trader down in his chaloupe. Pichou did not understand what his master had been saying about him, but he thought he was called and he had a sense of duty, and besides, he was wishful to show proper courtesy to well-dressed and respectable strangers. He was a great dog, thirty inches high at the shoulder, broad-chested, with straight, sinewy legs, and covered with thick, wavy, cream-colored hair from the tips of his short ears to the end of his bushy tail—all except the left side of his face. That was black from ear to nose; coal-black; and in the centre of this storm-cloud his eye gleamed like fire.

What did Pichou know about that ominous sign? No one had ever told him. He had no looking-glass. He ran up to the porch where the men were sitting, as innocent as a Sunday-school scholar coming to the superintendent's desk to receive a prize. But when old Grant, who had grown nervous from long living on the fat of the land at Ottawa, saw the black patch and the gleaming eye, he anticipated evil; so he hitched one foot up on the porch, crying "get out!" and with the other foot he planted a kick on the side of the dog's head.

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Pichou's nerve-centres had not been shaken by high living. They acted with absolute precision and without a tremor. His sense of justice was automatic, and his teeth were fixed through the leg of the chief factor's boot, just below the calf.

For two minutes there was a small chaos in the post of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company at Mingan. Grant howled bloody murder; Macintosh swore in three languages and yelled for his dog-whip; three Indians and two French-Canadians wielded sticks and fence-pickets. But order did not arrive until Dan Scott knocked the burning embers from his big pipe on the end of the dog's nose. Pichou gasped, let go his grip, shook his head, and loped back to his quarters behind the barn, bruised, blistered, and intolerably perplexed by the mystery of life.

As he lay on the sand, licking his wounds, he remembered many strange things. First of all, there was the trouble with his mother.

She was a Labrador Husky, dirty yellowish gray, with bristling neck, sharp fangs, and green eyes, like a wolf. Her name was Babette. She had a fiendish temper, but no courage. His father was supposed to be a huge black-and-white Newfoundland that came over in a schooner from Miquelon. Perhaps it was from him that the black patch was inherited. And perhaps there were other things in the inheritance, too, which came from this nobler strain of blood: Pichou's unwillingness to howl with the other dogs when they made night hideous; his silent, dignified ways; his sense of fair play; his love of the water; his longing for human society and friendship.

But all this was beyond Pichou's horizon, though it was within his nature. He remembered only that Babette had taken a hate for him, almost from the first, and had always treated him worse than his all-yellow brothers. She would have starved him if she could. Once when he was half-grown, she fell upon him for some small offence and tried to throttle him. The rest of the pack looked on snarling and slavering. He caught Babette by the fore-leg and broke the bone. She hobbled away, shrieking. What else could he do? Must a dog let himself be killed by his mother?

As for his brothers—was it fair that two of them should fall foul of him about the rabbit which he had tracked and caught and killed. He would have shared it with them, if they had asked him, for they ran behind him on the trail. But when they both set their teeth in his neck, there was nothing to do but to lay them both out, as he did. Afterward he was willing enough to make friends, but they bristled and cursed whenever he came near them.

It was the same with everybody. If he went out for a walk on the beach Vigneau's dogs or Simard's dogs regarded it as an insult, and there was a fight. Men picked up sticks, or showed him the butt-end of their dog-whips, when he made friendly approaches. With the children it was different; they seemed to like him a little; but never did he follow one of them that a mother did not call from the house-door: "Pierre! Marie! come away quick! That bad dog will bite you!" Once when he ran down to the shore to watch the boat coming in from the mail-steamer, the purser had refused to let the boat go to land, and called out, "M'sieu Macintosh, you git no malle dis trip, eef you not call avay dat dam dog."

True, the Minganites seemed to take a certain kind of pride in his reputation. They had brought Chouart's big brown dog, Gripette, down from the Sheldrake to meet him; and after the meeting was over and Gripette had been revived with a bucket of water, everybody, except Chouart, appeared to be in good-humor. The purser of the steamer had gone to the trouble of introducing a famous *boule-dogge* from Quebec, on the trip after that on which he had given such a hostile opinion of Pichou. The bull-dog's intentions were unmistakable; he expressed them the moment he touched the beach; and when they carried him back to the boat on a fish-barrow many flattering words were spoken about Pichou. He was not insensible to them. But these tributes to his prowess were not what he really wanted. His secret desire was for tokens of affection. His position was honorable, but it was intolerably lonely and full of trouble. He sought peace and he found fights. While he meditated dimly on these things, patiently trying to get the ashes of Dan Scott's pipe out of his nose, his heart was cast down

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and his spirit was disquieted within him. Was ever a decent dog so mishandled before? Kicked for nothing by a fat stranger, and then beaten by his own master!

In the dining-room of the Post, Grant was slowly and reluctantly allowing himself to be convinced that his injuries were not fatal. During this process considerable Scotch whiskey was consumed and there was much conversation about the viciousness of dogs. Grant insisted that Pichou was mad and had a devil. Macintosh admitted the devil, but firmly denied the madness. The question was whether the dog should be killed or not; and over this point there was like to be more bloodshed, until Dan Scott made his contribution to the argument: "If you shoot him, how can you tell whether he is mad or not? I'll give thirty dollars for him and take him home."

"If you do," said Grant, "you'll sail alone, and I'll wait for the steamer. Never a step will I go in the boat with the crazy brute that bit me."

"Suit yourself," said Dan Scott. "You kicked before he bit."

At daybreak he whistled the dog down to the chaloupe, hoisted sail, and bore away for Seven Islands. There was a secret bond of sympathy between the two companions on that hundred-mile voyage in an open boat. Neither of them realized what it was, but still it was there.

Dan Scott knew what it meant to stand alone, to face a small hostile world, to have a surfeit of fighting. The station of Seven Islands was the hardest in all the district of the ancient *Postes du Roi*. The Indians were surly and crafty. They knew all the tricks of the fur-trade. They killed out of season and understood how to make a rusty pelt look black. The former agent had accommodated himself to his customers. He had no objection to shutting one of his eyes, so long as the other could see a chance of doing a stroke of business for himself. He also had a convenient weakness in the sense of smell, when there was an old stock of pork to work off on the savages. But all of Dan Scott's senses were strong, especially his sense of integrity, and he came into the Post resolved to play a straight game with both hands, toward the Indians and toward the Honorable H. B. Company. The immediate result was reproofs from Ottawa and revilings from Seven Islands. Furthermore the free traders were against him because he objected to their selling rum to the savages.

It must be confessed that Dan Scott had a way with him that looked pugnacious. He was quick in his motions and carried his shoulders well thrown back. His voice was heavy. He used short words and few of them. His eyebrows were thick and they met over his nose. Then there was a broad white scar at one corner of his mouth. His appearance was not prepossessing, but at heart he was a philanthropist and a sentimentalist. He thirsted for gratitude and affection on a just basis. He had studied for eighteen months in the medical school at Montreal, and his chief delight was to practise gratuitously among the sick and wounded of the neighborhood. His ambition for Seven Islands was to make it a northern suburb of Paradise, and for himself to become a full-fledged physician. Up to this time it seemed as if he would have to break more bones than he could set; and the closest connections of Seven Islands appeared to be with Purgatory.

First, there had been a question of suzerainty between Dan Scott and the local representative of the Astor family, a big half-breed descendant of a fur-trader, who was the virtual chief of the Indians hunting on the Ste. Marguérite: settled by knock-down arguments. Then there was a controversy with Napoleon Bouchard about the right to put a fish-house on a certain part of the beach: settled with a stick, after Napoleon had drawn a knife. Then there was a running warfare with Virgile and Ovide Boulianne, the free traders, who were his rivals in dealing with the Indians for their peltry: still unsettled. After this fashion the record of his relations with his fellow-citizens at Seven Islands was made up. He had their respect, but not their affection. He was the only Protestant, the only English-speaker, the most intelligent man, as well as the hardest hitter in the place, and he was very lonely. Perhaps it was this that made him take a fancy to Pichou. Their positions in the world were not unlike. He was not the first man who has wanted sympathy and found it in a dog.

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Alone together, in the same boat, they made friends with each other easily. At first the remembrance of the hot pipe left a little suspicion in Pichou's mind; but this was removed by a handsome apology in the shape of a chunk of bread and a slice of meat from Dan Scott's lunch. After this they got on together finely. It was the first time in his life that Pichou had ever spent twenty-four hours away from other dogs; it was also the first time he had ever been treated like a gentleman. All that was best in him responded to the treatment. He could not have been more quiet and steady in the boat if he had been brought up to a seafaring life. When Dan Scott called him and patted him on the head, the dog looked up in the man's face as if he had found his God. And the man, looking down into the eye that was not disfigured by the black patch, saw something that he had been seeking for a long time.

All day the wind was fair and strong from the southeast. The chaloupe ran swiftly along the coast: past the broad mouth of the River Saint-Jean, with its cluster of white cottages: past the hill-encircled bay of the River Magpie, with its big fish-houses: past the fire-swept cliffs of Rivière-au-Tonnerre, and the turbulent, rocky shores of the Sheldrake: past the silver cascade of the Rivière-aux-Graines, and the mist of the hidden fall of the Rivière Manitou: past the long, desolate ridges of Cap Cormorant, where, at sunset, the wind began to droop away, and the tide was contrary. So the chaloupe felt its way cautiously toward the corner of the coast where the little Rivière-à-la-Truite comes tumbling in among the brown rocks, and found a haven for the night in the mouth of the river.

There was only one human dwelling-place in sight. As far as the eye could sweep, range after range of uninhabitable hills covered with the skeletons of dead forests; ledge after ledge of ice-worn granite thrust out like fangs into the foaming waves of the gulf. Nature, with her teeth bare and her lips scarred: this was the landscape. And in the midst of it, on a low hill above the murmuring river, surrounded by the blanched trunks of fallen trees, and the blackened débris of wood and moss, a small, square, weather-beaten palisade of rough-hewn spruce, and a patch of the bright green leaves and white flowers of the dwarf cornel lavishing their beauty on a lonely grave; this was the only habitation in sight—the last home of the Englishman, Jack Chisholm, whose story has yet to be told.

In the shelter of this hill Dan Scott cooked his supper and shared it with Pichou. When night was dark he rolled himself in his blanket, and slept in the stern of the boat, with the dog at his side. Their friendship was sealed.

The next morning the weather was squally and full of sudden anger. They crept out with difficulty through the long rollers that barred the tiny harbor, and beat their way along the coast. At Moisie they must run far out into the gulf to avoid the treacherous shoals, and to pass beyond the furious race of white-capped billows that poured from the great river for miles into the sea. Then they turned and made for the group of half-submerged mountains and scattered rocks that Nature, in some freak of fury, had thrown into the throat of Seven Islands Bay. That was a difficult passage. The black shores were swept by headlong tides. Tusks of granite tore the waves. Baffled and perplexed, the wind flapped and whirled among the cliffs. Through all this the little boat buffeted bravely on till she reached the point of the Gran' Boule. Then a strange thing happened.

The water was lumpy; the evening was growing thick; a swirl of the tide and a shift of the wind caught the chaloupe and swung her suddenly around. The mainsail jibed, and before he knew how it happened Dan Scott was overboard. He could swim but clumsily. The water blinded him, choked him, dragged him down. Then he felt Pichou gripping him by the shoulder, buoying him up, swimming mightily toward the chaloupe which hung trembling in the wind a few yards away. At last they reached it and the man climbed over the stern and pulled the dog after him. Dan Scott lay in the bottom of the boat, shivering, dazed, until he felt the dog's cold nose and warm breath against his cheek. He flung his arm around Pichou's neck. "They said you were mad! God, if more men were mad like you!"

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II

Pichou's work at Seven Islands was cut out for him on a generous scale. It is true that at first he had no regular canine labor to perform, for it was summer. Seven months of the year, on the North Shore, a sledge-dog's occupation is gone. He is the idlest creature in the universe.

But Pichou, being a new-comer, had to win his footing in the community; and that was no light task. With the humans it was comparatively easy. At the outset they mistrusted him on account of his looks. Virgile Boulianne asked: "Why did you buy such an ugly dog?" Ovide, who was the wit of the family, said: "I suppose M'sieu' Scott got a present for taking him."

"It's a good dog," said Dan Scott. "Treat him well and he'll treat you well. Kick him and I kick you."

Then he told what had happened off the point of Gran' Boule. The village decided to accept Pichou at his master's valuation. Moderate friendliness, with precautions, was shown toward him by everybody, except Napoleon Bouchard, whose distrust was permanent and took the form of a stick. He was a fat, fussy man; fat people seemed to have no affinity for Pichou.

But while the relations with the humans of Seven Islands were soon established on a fair footing, with the dogs Pichou had a very different affair. They were not willing to accept any recommendations as to character. They judged for themselves; and they judged by appearances; and their judgment was utterly hostile to Pichou. They decided that he was a proud dog, a fierce dog, a bad dog, a fighter. He must do one of two things: stay at home in the yard of the Honorable H. B. Company, which is a thing that no self-respecting dog would do in the summer-time, when cod-fish heads are strewn along the beach; or fight his way from one end of the village to the other, which Pichou promptly did, leaving enemies behind every fence. Huskies never forget a grudge. They are malignant to the core. Hatred is the wine of cowardly hearts. This is as true of dogs as it is of men.

Then Pichou, having settled his foreign relations, turned his attention to matters at home. There were four other dogs in Dan Scott's team. They did not want Pichou for a leader, and he knew it. They were bitter with jealousy. The black patch was loathsome to them. They treated him disrespectfully, insultingly, grossly. Affairs came to a head when Pécan, a rusty gray dog who had great ambitions and little sense, disputed Pichou's tenure of a certain ham-bone. Dan Scott looked on placidly while the dispute was terminated. Then he washed the blood and sand from the gashes on Pécan's shoulder, and patted Pichou on the head. "Good dog," he said, "you're the boss."

There was no further question about Pichou's leadership of the team. But the obedience of his followers was unwilling and sullen. There was no love in it. Imagine an English captain, with a Boer company, campaigning in the Ashantee country, and you will have a fair idea of Pichou's position at Seven Islands.

He did not shrink from its responsibilities. There were certain reforms in the community which seemed to him of vital importance, and he put them through. First of all, he made up his mind that there ought to be peace and order on the village street. In the yards of the houses that were strung along it there should be home rule, and every dog should deal with trespassers as he saw fit. Also on the beach, and around the fish-shanties, and under the racks where the cod were drying, the right of the strong jaw should prevail, and differences of opinion should be adjusted in the old-fashioned way. But on the sandy road, bordered with a broken board-walk, which ran between the houses and the beach, courtesy and propriety must be observed. Visitors walked there. Children played there. It was the general promenade. It must be kept peaceful and decent. This was the first Law of the Dogs of Seven Islands: If two dogs quarrel on the street they must go elsewhere to settle it. It was highly unpopular, but Pichou enforced it with his teeth.

The second Law was equally unpopular: No stealing from the Honorable H. B. Company. If a man bought bacon or corned-beef or any other delicacy, and stored it in an insecure place, or if he left fish on the beach over night, his dogs might

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"You see that Pichou," said Macintosh.—Page 696.

act according to their inclination. Though Pichou did not understand how honest dogs could steal from their own master, he was willing to admit that this was their affair. His affair was that nobody should steal anything from the Post. It cost him many night watches, and some large battles to carry it out, but he did it. In the course of time it came to pass that the other dogs kept away from the Post altogether, to avoid temptations; and his own team spent most of their free time wandering about, *en garouage*, to escape discipline.

The third Law was this: Strange dogs must be decently treated as long as they behave decently. This was contrary to

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The bull-dog's intentions were unmistakable.—Page 697.

all tradition, but Pichou insisted upon it. If a strange dog wanted to fight he should be accommodated with an antagonist of his own size. If he did not want to fight he should be politely smelled and allowed to pass through. This Law originated on a day when a miserable long-legged black cur, a cross between a greyhound and a water-spaniel, strayed into Seven Islands from heaven knows where—weary, desolate, and bedraggled. All the dogs in the place attacked the homeless beggar. There was a howling fracas on the beach; and when Pichou arrived the trembling cur was standing up to the neck in the water, facing a semi-circle of snarling, snapping bullies who dared not venture out any farther. Pichou had no fear of the water. He swam out to the stranger, paid the smelling salute as well as possible under the circumstances, encouraged the poor creature to come ashore, warned off the other dogs, and trotted by the wanderer's side for miles down the beach until they disappeared around the point. What reward Pichou got for this polite escort, I do not know. But I saw him do the gallant deed; and I suppose this was the origin of the well-known and much-resisted Law of Strangers' Rights in Seven Islands.

The most recalcitrant subjects with whom Pichou had to deal in all these matters were the team of Ovide Boulianne. There were five of them, and up to this time they had been the best team in the village. They had one virtue: under the whip they could whirl a sledge over the snow farther and faster than a horse could trot in a day. But they had innumerable vices. Their leader, Carcajou, had a fleece like a merino ram. But under this coat of innocence he carried a heart so black that he would bite while he was wagging his tail. This smooth devil, and his four followers like unto himself, had sworn relentless hatred to Pichou, and they made his life difficult.

But his great and sufficient consolation for all toils and troubles was the friendship with his master. In the long summer evenings, when Dan Scott was making up his accounts in the store, or studying his pocket cyclopædia of medicine in the living-room of the Post, with its low beams and mysterious green-painted cupboards, Pichou would lie contentedly at his feet. In the frosty autumnal mornings, when the brant were flocking in the marshes at the head of the bay, they would go out hunting together in a skiff. And who could lie so still as Pichou when the game was approaching? Or

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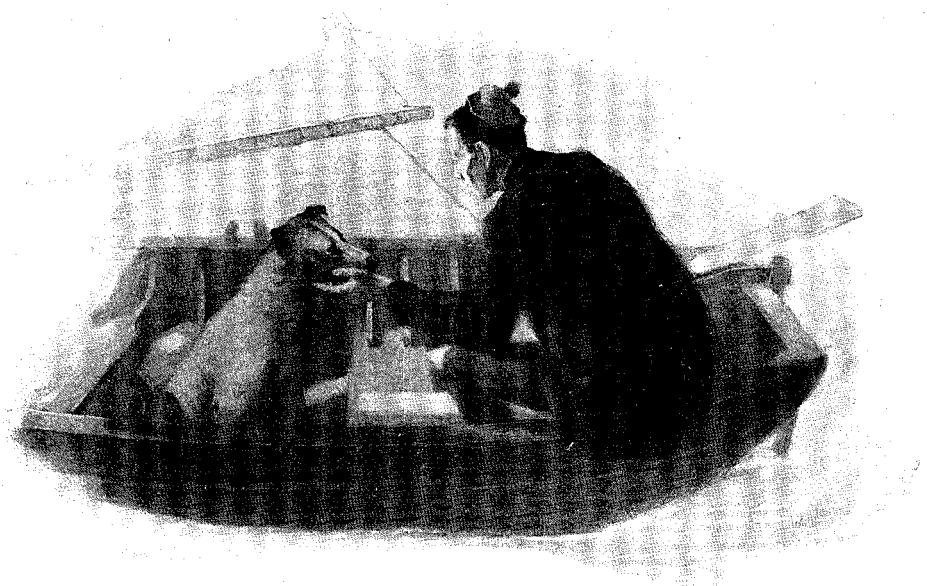
who could spring so quickly and joyously to retrieve a wounded bird? But best of all were the long walks on Sunday afternoons, on the yellow beach that stretched away toward the Moisie, or through the fir-forest behind the Pointe des Chasseurs. Then master and dog had fellowship together in silence. To the dumb companion it was like walking with God in the garden in the cool of the day.

When winter came, and snow fell, and waters froze, Pichou's serious duties began. The long, slim *cométique*, with its curving prow, and its runners of whalebone, was put in order. The harness of caribou-hide was repaired and strengthened. The dogs, even the most vicious of them, rejoiced at the prospect of doing the one thing that they could do best. Each one strained at his trace as if he would drag the sledge alone. Then the long tandem was straightened out, Dan Scott took his place on the low seat, cracked his whip, shouted "*Pouïtte! Pouïtte!*" and the equipage darted along the snowy track like a fifty-foot arrow.

Pichou was in the lead, and he showed his metal from the start. No need of the terrible *fouet* to lash him forward or to guide his course. A word was enough. "Hoc! Hoc! Hoc!" and he swung to the right, avoiding an air-hole. "Re-re! Re-re!" and he veered to the left, dodging a heap of broken ice. Past the mouth of the Ste. Marguérite, twelve miles; past Les Jambons, twelve miles more; past the River of Rocks and La Pentecôte, fifteen miles more; into the little hamlet of Dead Men's Point, behind the Isle of the Wise Virgin, whither the amateur doctor had been summoned by telegraph to attend a patient with a broken arm—forty-three miles for the first day's run! Not bad. Then the dogs got their food for the day, one dried fish apiece; and at noon the next day, reckless of bleeding feet, they flew back over the same track, and broke their fast at Seven Islands before eight o'clock. The ration was the same, a single fish; always the same, except when it was varied by a cube of ancient, evil-smelling, potent whale's flesh, which a dog can swallow at a single gulp. Yet the dogs of the North Shore are never so full of vigor, courage, and joy of life as when the sledges are running. It is in summer, when food is plenty and work slack, that they sicken and die.

Pichou's leadership of his team became famous. Under his discipline the other dogs developed speed and steadiness. One day they made the distance to the Godbout in a single journey, a wonderful run of over eighty miles. But they loved their leader no better, though they followed him faster. And as for the other



It was the first time he had ever been treated like a gentleman.—Page 699.

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Then master and dog had fellowship together in silence.—Page 703.

teams, especially Carcajou's, they were still firm in their deadly hatred for the dog with the black patch.

III

It was in the second winter after Pichou's coming to Seven Islands that the great trial of his courage arrived. Late in February an Indian runner on snowshoes staggered into the village. He brought news from the hunting-parties that were wintering far up on the Ste. Marguérite—good news and bad. First, they had already made a *bonne chasse:* for the *pelletrie*, that is to say. They had killed many otter, some fisher and beaver, and four silver foxes—a marvel of fortune. But then, for the food, the chase was bad, very bad—no caribou, no hare, no ptarmigan, nothing for many days. Provisions were very low. There were six families together. Then *la Grippe* had taken hold of them. They were sick, starving. They would probably die, at least most of the women and children. It was a bad job.

Dan Scott had peculiar ideas of his duty toward the savages. He was not romantic, but he liked to do the square thing. Besides, he had been reading up on *la Grippe*, and he had some new medicine for it, capsules from Montreal, very powerful—quinine, phenacetine, and morphine. He was as eager to try this new medicine as a boy is to fire off a new gun. He

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loaded the *cométique* with provisions and the medicine-chest with capsules, harnessed his team, and started up the river. Thermometer thirty degrees below zero; air like crystal; snow six feet deep on the level.

The first day's journey was slow, for the going was soft, and the track, at places, had to be broken out with snow-shoes. Camp was made at the foot of the big fall —a hole in snow, a bed of boughs, a hot fire and a blanket stretched on a couple of sticks to reflect the heat, the dogs on the other side of the fire and Pichou close to his master.

In the morning there was the steep hill beside the fall to climb; alternately soft and slippery, now a slope of glass and now a treacherous drift of yielding feathers; it was a road set on end. But Pichou flattened his back and strained his loins and dug his toes into the snow and would not give back an inch when the rest of the team balked. The long whip slashed across their backs and recalled them to their duty. At last their leader topped the ridge, and the others struggled after him. Before them stretched the great deadwater of the river, a straight white path to no-man's-land. The snow was smooth and level, and the crust was hard enough to bear. Pichou settled down to his work at a glorious pace. He seemed to know that he must do his best, and that something important depended on the quickness of his legs. On through the glittering soli-

Camp was made at the foot of the big fall.

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Drawn by Charles S. Chapman.

"*Non, merci!* . . . I go to make trade also."—Page 707.

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tude, on through the death-like silence, sped the *cométique*, between the interminable walls of the forest, past the mouths of nameless rivers, under the shadow of grim mountains. At noon Dan Scott boiled the kettle, and ate his bread and bacon. But there was nothing for the dogs, not even for Pichou; for discipline is discipline, and the best of sledge-dogs will not run well after he has been fed.

Then forward again, along the lifeless road; slowly over rapids, where the ice was rough and broken; swiftly over still waters, where the way was level; until they came to the foot of the last lake, and camped for the night. The Indians were but a few miles away, at the head of the lake, and it would be easy to reach them in the morning.

But there was another camp on the Ste. Marguérite that night, and it was nearer to Dan Scott than the Indians were. Ovide Boulianne had followed him up the river, close on his track, which made the going easier.

"Does that *sacré bourgeois* suppose that I allow him all that *pelletrie* to himself and the *Compagnie?* Four silver fox, besides otter and beaver? *Non, merci!* I take some provision, and some whiskey. I go to make trade also." Thus spoke the shrewd Ovide, proving that commerce is no less daring, no less resolute, than philanthropy. The only difference is in the motive, and that is not always visible. Ovide camped the second night at a bend of the river, a mile below the foot of the lake. Between him and Dan Scott there was a hill covered with a dense thicket of spruce.

By what magic did Carcajou know that Pichou, his old enemy, was so near him in that vast wilderness of white death? By what mysterious language did he communicate his knowledge to his companions and stir the sleeping hatred in their hearts and mature the conspiracy of revenge?

Pichou, sleeping by the fire, was awakened by the fall of a lump of snow from the branch of a shaken evergreen. That was nothing. But there were other sounds in the forest, faint, stealthy, inaudible to an ear less keen than his. He crept out of the shelter and looked into the wood. He could see shadowy forms, stealing among the trees, gliding down the hill. Five of them. Wolves, doubtless! He must guard the provisions. By this time the rest of his team were awake. Their eyes glittered. They stirred uneasily. But they did not move from the dying fire. It was no concern of theirs what their leader chose to do out of hours. In the traces they would follow him, but there was no loyalty in their hearts. Pichou stood alone by the sledge, waiting for the wolves.

But these were no wolves. They were assassins. Like a company of soldiers, they lined up together and rushed silently down the slope. Like lightning they leaped upon the solitary dog and struck him down. In an instant, before Dan Scott could throw off his blanket and seize the loaded butt of his whip, Pichou's throat and breast were torn to rags, his life-blood poured upon the snow, and his murderers were slinking away, slavering and howling through the forest.

Dan Scott knelt beside his best friend. At a glance he saw that the injury was fatal. "Well done, Pichou!" he murmured, "you fought a good fight."

And the dog, by a brave effort, lifted the head with the black patch on it, for the last time, licked his master's hand, and then dropped back upon the snow, contented, happy, dead.

There is but one drawback to a dog's friendship. It does not last long enough.

End of the story? Well, if you care for the other people in it, you shall hear what became of them. Dan Scott went on to the head of the lake and found the Indians, and fed them and gave them his medicine, and all of them got well except two, and they continued to hunt along the Ste. Marguérite every winter and trade with the Honorable H. B. Company. Not with Dan Scott, however, for before that year was ended he resigned his post, and went to Montreal to finish his course in medicine, and now he is a respected physician in Ontario. Married; three children; useful; prosperous. But before he left Seven Islands he went up the Ste. Marguérite in the summer, by canoe, and made a grave for Pichou's bones, under a blossoming ash-tree, among the ferns and wild flowers. He put a cross over it.

"Being French," said he, "I suppose he was a Catholic. But I'll swear he was a Christian."

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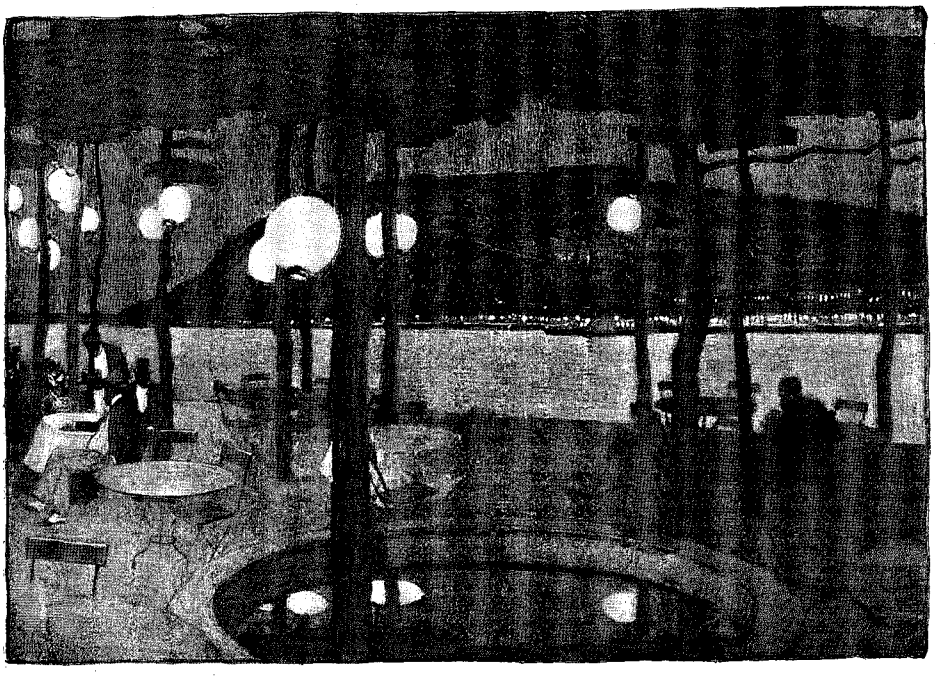

AN UNTOLD STORY

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

THE night was heavy with the scents of flowers distilled in the dampness; a band was playing under a pavilion on the farther side of the garden; among the foliage hung hundreds of colored lights. The moon had risen, and in open spaces the overleaning sprays and branches were stamped in black on the asphalt walks, which, diverging right and left, led to fountains and cafés and secluded nooks. Here, after the heat of the day, the beauty and fashion of Budapest assemble for an hour or two to lounge, and eat ices, and get a breath of cool air. In the gay season, nearly every nation on earth contributes a costume or a singularity to the picturesque throng.

Within a dozen paces of the little iron table where I was seated, the Danube swept by almost flush with the stone coping. At this point the current is very strong, running at a speed of not less than five or six miles an hour. The spring floods, fed by the snows and rains of the Blocksberg, must, at times, I thought, test the strength of the buttresses of the airy bridges whose far-stretched threads of light were now repeating themselves in the water.

A sultry summer night, with scarcely wind enough to stir a leaf on the topmost bough, and only now and then a hasty breath, like a sigh, from the river. The crowds of promenaders were gathered about the music-stand, and I was virtually alone as I sat listening to the Strauss waltz and repeopling the height of the opposite shore with the hordes of turbaned Turks who stormed and took the place in 1526. Etched against the sky was a dilapidated citadel—no longer solicitous of the straggling gray town that had crept up to it for protection: a sentinel fallen asleep ages and ages ago. From time to time a small boat glided across the broad strip of moonlight lying on the water, and vanished.

Suddenly a figure, the slender figure of a girl, rushed past me, so closely that I felt the wind of the flying drapery. An instant afterward she had thrown herself into the Danube. A dark shape, which the velocity of the current pressed against the masonry, was carried twenty or thirty yards

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down the stream almost before I could spring to my feet. As I did so, a policeman, who seemed to rise out of the ground in the shadow of an acacia-tree, leaned over the low curbing and clutched at the outspread skirt, which had not yet lost its buoyancy. A moment later two other guardians reached the spot, and the girl was lifted from the river, insensible, and lay glittering on the greensward.

She was not more than eighteen or nineteen, a very beautiful girl with the full, delicate lines which distinguish the Slav women of even the peasant class. Her black hair clung in strands about the throat and face, the pallor of which was further intensified by the deep fringe of her eyelashes. On one half-bared shoulder, where it had probably grazed the sea-wall, was a bruise. She wore a robe of some soft white material, plainly made, but in the fashion of the hour. A narrow scarlet ribbon, the bow of which had slipped under the ear, encircled her neck; a ring, set with a single stone, sparkled on the forefinger of the right hand. There were no other attempts at personal adornment. The simplicity of the girl's dress, with its certain negative evidences of refinement, left her grade in life indeterminate. She might have been a lady's maid — or a duchess. Beauty knows no distinction.

The color had gone from the lips. They were slightly parted, as though she were smiling in her trance—if it was a trance. Could it be death? That seemed hardly probable under the circumstances; though so complex and delicate is the mechanism of the heart that a lighter shock than she had sustained may stop it. She had floated face downward, and there was some delay in lifting the body from the water; but not five minutes had elapsed between the desperate act and the rescue.

By this time a number of persons had collected, and there were many gesticulations and much chattering in French and Hungarian, the import of which I could not catch, beyond an inference that the girl had been identified by one of the bystanders—a nondescript elderly person, with glasses, who seemed in no especial manner afflicted by what had occurred, but was appreciative of his own accidental importance. Subsequently I received the impression that the man found himself mistaken, and had relapsed into nobody again.

The lookers-on increased momentarily, drawn to the spot by some inscrutable instinct of sight-seeing. One of the undreamed-of penalties of the suicide is to become spectacular.

At the approach of a new-comer, a physician, the crowd drew respectfully aside, making place for him. His examination was of necessity superficial and preliminary. When it was ended he rose from his knee, and without speaking spread a handkerchief over the face, until then uncovered. The thin tissue adhered to the damp features and straightway moulded itself into a startling mask. The doctor briefly interrogated the three guards, made a few memoranda on his tablets, and departed. A little distance off—their curiosity partly overcoming their fear—stood a group of children in an attitude of hesitation, ready for instant flight, like a flock of timid sparrows.

The physician's departure was the signal for renewed chattering and gesticulation, in which a helmeted sergent de ville now joined, taking rapid notes, and occasionally pausing to wave the book over his head —an energetic sergent de ville. Then an interval of poignant silence ensued. Everybody waited. Presently four men appeared with a litter, and the girl was laid upon it, looking like a marble statue carved on some mediæval tomb, and so was borne away.

The cortege had hardly disappeared down the main avenue when a gentleman, evidently a person of consequence, came hurriedly from an opposite direction, a footman in livery following closely at his heels. On learning which path the bearers had taken the pair hastened after them.

The crowd dispersed as quickly as it had gathered, and I went back to my seat under the trees. The river flowed on in the moonlight; strains of music from the orchestra, and sounds of happy voices, softened by distance, drifted through the shrubbery. The cafés were emptying, and richly decked women and men in evening dress sauntered idly past. Nothing was changed in the *mise-en-scène* of half an hour before; all the fairy-like stage-properties were the same. The effacement of the tragedy was so complete that the swift,

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dark interlude had scarcely left a sense of its incongruity. It was like a dream that one recalls confusedly on awaking. Did I imagine this thing, awhile ago, as I sat drowsing in my chair with the untasted ice beside me? One tangible detail remained —the trampled greensward, yonder, where the body had lain, and the parapet splashed with water.

The next morning I searched the papers, such at least as were printed in French, for some item touching the occurrence, but found none. There was a kind of relief in knowing nothing more than I had witnessed. Perhaps the vague drama that pieced itself loosely together in my imagination was better than the reality would have been. A gloss of grim fact might have spoiled the finer text. Nevertheless the pathos and the mystery of it all haunted me, and followed me across the sea.

In the months that succeeded, the incident gradually faded out of my mind, and probably would never have detached itself from the blur of half-forgotten things if chance had not again brought me to the Hungarian capital. As the Orient Express was nearing Budapest, the recollection of the girl who threw herself into the river two years before came abruptly into my thought, and insisted on staying there.

After dinner, that evening, I joined the promenaders in the garden. The little iron table, with its green-painted chair under the linden, was in the same place, and had quite the air of having kept itself unoccupied for me all this while. The military band was playing the old interminable waltz, and the same waiter took my order for an ice—it might have been the untasted ice of two years ago, re-frozen. The thing that had happened seemed weirdly on the point of happening over again. Sitting there I half expected a slender girlish figure to rush past me.

My halt at Budapest was of the briefest—a break in a long eastward journey, to be resumed the following afternoon.

As I was driving to the station, the next day, a block in the crowded street brought my conveyance to a stand. Facing me on my right, and some eight or ten yards distant, was a landau wedged in a mass of carriages. The gold braid of the coachman and footman first caught my eye; then I glanced at the occupants of the carriage, a lady and a gentleman—and on them my gaze rested spellbound. It was the girl I had helped to drag from the river! The gentleman at her side and the footman on the box were the two men who had hurried into the garden that night just after the removal of the body. Excepting for them I might have discredited my eyes. I could not be mistaken in all three.

It was she – pale, as I remember her, but now with an aureole of distinction which she had not seemed to wear in her forlorner state. I had seen only her Slavonic beauty. She was simply robed, as then, but now more richly, with a flash of diamonds at the wrist as she lifted one hand in an imperious gesture to the driver of a vehicle behind her. There was, I fancied, something characteristic in that gesture.

I had only a moment for observation. The impeded stream of traffic flowed again, and the landau swept by, leaving a new mystery on my hands.

Here was a more complex drama than I had sketched in my imagination two years previously. Then I had been content with the commonplace plot of some poor girl deserted by her lover. But now? The play was not so simple as that. It involved subtler motive and action, and a different setting. There were new elements in the tragedy, and sharper contrasts to be considered.

These two persons were evidently persons of rank. On the panels of the landau was an heraldic blazon—a clew, if it had been possible for me to follow it. Who were they? Father and daughter, or husband and wife, or mistress and lover? What was their strange story? I was not to know. I had caught a glimpse of one lurid page in the book of those two lives; then the volume had been closed, and, so far as I was concerned, sealed forever.

That shut book! It stands darkling on a shelf by itself in my library, unread, and never to be opened. What a fascination it exerts! In certain frequent moods I find myself tantalized beyond reason by its conjectural romance. I have read many a famous novel which has not had for me one-half the charm that lies in that untold story.

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GEORGE ELIOT

By W. C. Brownell

HOW long is it since George Eliot's name has been the subject of even a literary allusion? What has become of a vogue that only yesterday, it seems, was so great? Of course, every day has its own fiction—even ours, such as it is. But this does not exclude popular interest in august survival—Thackeray, Dickens, Jane Austen, Reade, Trollope, Charlotte Brontë, everyone but Bulwer and George Eliot, I should say. As to Bulwer, perhaps, speculation would be surplusage. The neglect, however, into which so little negligible a writer as George Eliot has indubitably fallen is one of the most curious of current literary phenomena, and an interesting one to consider, since considering it involves also a consideration at the same time of the remarkable genius that is the subject of it. It is probably largely due to the fact that from a purely intellectual point of view people in books or out of them are both less interesting and less idiosyncratic than we were wont to suppose when George Eliot's fame was at its height.

The novelty of psychological fiction was a powerful source of attraction, in the first place. For any such fiction as hers, which keeps one actively thinking not only some but all of the time, the stimulus of novelty is requisite, because only under such stimulus does the mind experience the zest that alone sustains the needed alertness of appreciation. In the second place its *ex vi termini* superiority—surely no stuff of fiction could have the dignity and the significance of the human mind!—gave it an irrefutable claim on our esteem. The novelty has disappeared. We have had a surfeit of psychological fiction since George Eliot's day. Psychology, too, has entered as an element into almost every other variety of fiction. And the glamour of novelty gone, we have been able to discern the defects, once obscured by the qualities, of the purely intellectual element of fiction when it wholly overshadows all others. We now recognize that science had invaded the domain of literature—*dona ferens* and undistrusted. The current reaction, started perhaps, exemplified certainly, by Stevenson—the significance of whose work is purely "literary"—is so great as to have sacrificed seriousness along with science. But it is not necessary to exalt the puerile in order to establish the insufficiency of the pedantic. And to pedantry, however obscurely felt or unconsciously manifested, disproportionate preoccupation with the intellectual element in fiction is apt, popularly, to be ascribed.

II

GEORGE ELIOT certainly stands at the head of psychological novelists, and though within far narrower limits she has here and there been equalled—by Mr. Hardy, for example; and in highly differentiated types, in the subtleties and *nuances* of the *genre* by Mr. Henry James—it is probable that the *genre* itself will decay before any of its practitioners will, either in depth or range, surpass its master spirit. As George Eliot herself remarks, "Of all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous," but we may conjecture that the psychological novel, in its present explicit sense, will disappear before her own pre-eminence in the writing of it is successfully challenged. She is, thus, and is likely to remain, a unique figure. More than any other writer's her characters have—and for the serious readers of the future will continue to have—the specifically intellectual interest. This interest, indeed, is so marked in them that one is tempted to call it the only one they possess. What goes on in their minds is almost the sole concern of their creator. Our attention is so concentrated on what they think that we hardly know how they feel, or whether—in many cases, at least, where we nevertheless have a complete inventory of their mental furniture—they feel at all. They are themselves also prodigiously interested in their mental processes.

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They do a tremendous lot of thinking. In any emergency or crisis their minds fairly buzz, like a wound clock with the pendulum removed. We assist at the spectacle of a cogitation that seems to be pursued by the thinkers themselves with disinterested devotion. At all events the stars of the company not only practise but enjoy mental exercise to an extent not elsewhere to be met with. I have heard it remarked in qualification of the legitimate interest of Thackeray's characters that they "never seem to have any fun with their minds," and it is certainly true that in the concert of powers of which the nature of Thackeray's personages is composed, the mind does not hold a notable hegemony. The personages themselves are rarely either introspective or mentally energetic for pure love of the exercise. But the drama itself of George Eliot's world is largely an intellectual affair. The soul, the temperament, the heart—in the scriptural sense—the whole nature plays a subordinate part. The plot turns on what the characters think. The characters are individualized by their mental complexions; their evolution is a mental one; they change, develop, deteriorate in consequence of seeing things differently. Their troubles are largely mental perplexities; in her agony of soul Romola goes to Savonarola and Gwendolen to Deronda for light, not heat. The prescriptions they receive are also terribly explicit—addressed quite exclusively to the reason and wholly unlike that obtained by Nicodemus "by night." The courtship of Esther and Felix Holt is mainly an interchange of "views." There are exceptions—notably Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea, the two characters which have been called, with ample reason, one may guess, autobiographic. But the exceptions accentuate the rule. As a rule the atmosphere of each novel is saturated with thought. Certainly nowhere else in fiction is there any such apotheosis of intellect both express and implied.

Yet it is the temperament, not the thinking of men and women, that is permanently and rewardingly interesting in that field of literature which fiction constitutes. Sociology rather than psychology is its auxiliary science—because, no doubt, sociology is hardly to be called a science at all. Thought is a universal and automatic process compared with feeling, than which it is far less idiosyncratic and particular. It is comparatively impersonal. It does not distinguish individuals with any very salient sharpness. Other things being equal—which, perhaps, they rarely are, but that is nothing—people think very much alike. It has been remarked of the insufficiency of argument that a legislative vote was never changed by a speech. The mind is far less recondite than is generally imagined, except in so far as it is complicated by feeling. Turgenieff legitimately complains of Zola that he tells us how Gervaise Coupeau feels, but never what she thinks. But the converse exclusiveness is a greater defect. Surely the characters of Turgenieff himself that remain in our memory are those whose feelings he has described rather than those whose minds he has exhibited to us. Who knows what Gemma, or the Russian Dido in "Spring Floods" thinks? Or, rather, we know what they *must* think without being told—their thinking being clearly a mere corollary of their feeling, which is admirably set forth. Why is Maggie Tulliver such a definite entity to us, beside Felix Holt, for example? Because she feels more and is shown to us from this point of view. Felix, even, would have had very much the same and no more interest for us if his creator had furnished him with an entirely different stock of the notions in which he is so rich. Why is Tom Tulliver not so interesting a character but, being profoundly uninteresting rather from any but a curious standpoint, so characteristic a masterpiece of George Eliot's genius? Because he is differentiated mentally, almost exclusively, with the result of nearly complete colorlessness—so wholly is color in character a matter of temperament—and because George Eliot's intellectual preoccupation is here, therefore, an advantage and not a limitation in the work of characterization. She has not made Tom interesting, but she has made his lack of interest real, and so vividly real as to be profoundly suggestive, and therefore the point of departure for interesting speculation in the reflective mind. Where the lack of temperament is not, however, the point of the character to be illustrated, her practice is less productive. Her

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major premise, that all people are mentally interesting, is seen to be at fault when she deals with personages the discrimination of whose intellectual peculiarities certainly needs to be supplemented by a consideration of that side of them which says, "I myself am heaven and hell." The soul is always interesting—in its traits, its potentialities, its mystery—whatever its incarnation. It is permitted us to believe—but even if theretofore the statement had been a supercilious supposition, George Eliot would have demonstrated its soundness—that there are many of our fellow-creatures whose minds hardly repay study. How many pages of "Middlemarch"—that encyclopædic panorama of the provincial human mind—are there devoted to the meeting of hospital trustees to elect a chaplain? Who remembers the outcome, even if, indeed, he remembers that the contest was between a church clergyman and a dissenting minister? But who, that remembers the incident at all, does not recall how completely the mental equipment and processes of each of the mainly insignificant members of the board are exposed and documented? And with what result? Chiefly, I think, that of leading one to inquire, "Why?"

III

One consequence of this intellectual preoccupation and point of view is incontestable; whatever one's predilections one cannot gainsay that it is fatal to action. In George Eliot's world nothing ever happens, one is tempted to say; certainly less, very much less, than in the world of any other writer of fiction of the first rank. Sometimes nature intervenes, as in the flood of "The Mill on the Floss." Sometimes there is a catastrophe of a human but impersonal order, as in "Romola." Nothing dramatic is evolved out of the action that is a resultant of the forces of character, for of these forces the intellectual only and not the passional have been elaborately dealt with. The infanticide in "Adam Bede" is a barely concrete excuse for the structure of moral analysis erected upon it. The intensest incident inspired by love—before George Eliot certainly a not neglected element of fiction—is the kissing of Maggie's arm by Stephen Guest; though the tragedy of this book is too splendid to suffer from any limitation. Mr. Frederic Myers notes that the only love-letter in all the novels was written by Mr. Casaubon. There are whole chapters of mental analysis leading up to Dorothea's marriage, and the marriage itself takes place off the stage and is chronicled in a line. Nothing is more characteristic than the way in which the catastrophe of "Daniel Deronda" is treated. George Eliot leaves the telling of it entirely to Gwendolen. Anyone interested in the fate of Grandcourt (perhaps he is not quite "convincing" enough to be popular) would resent the abruptness of his drowning, his sudden disappearance from the face of the earth, his demise only to be described later as material for casuistry.

It is undoubtedly partly true that George Eliot shrank instinctively from the melodramatic. "At this stage of the world if a man wants to be taken seriously he must keep clear of melodrama," she makes Deronda observe. She certainly wanted to be taken seriously, and she certainly has been; even solemnly. But her instinctive feeling in this respect was greatly reinforced by her practice of limiting the field of her fiction as she did. The drama with which she was concerned was the interior drama, the successive mental changes whereby a person gradually attains his or her development; and to this anything like elaborateness or complication of plot, any narrative of events or record of incidents which play so important a part in fiction, even when they are merely the background that sets off the characters concerned in them, seems inapposite. Her themes are in general so high and her treatment so serious, the moral so inevitable, so like the moral of life itself—the life and reality of which any book of hers is the equivalent in literature—that even tragedy itself, where she employs it, seems a little artificial, a little contrived and arranged, a concession perhaps to precedent, an expedient at best, less *typical* at all events than the moral it enforces and decidedly inferior to it in reality, in convincing illusion. Indeed where her practice did not exclude it altogether, her tragedy itself comes very near the confines of melodrama, from which her instinctive repugnance does not save her and which she would probably have handled

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better but for her predetermined consecration to the undramatic and philosophical. One need mention in illustration only "The Spanish Gypsy," in which melodrama abounds—though melodrama, it is true, of the mildest-mannered kind that ever flourished on the banks of the Guadalquivir or arrayed itself in Andalusian vesture. But there is a tincture of melodrama even in such a tragedy as the end of "Romola." Imagine even Zola, who is none too scrupulous in such a situation but who "understands himself" admirably in it, resorting to the "poetic justice" of Baldasarre's final reunion with Tito in the death grapple in the Arno. The whole Baldasarre part of the book indeed is melodrama, and the least successful of the motives of the story. The Hawthornesque incident of the secret panel in "Daniel Deronda," which when moved disclosed the dead face adumbrating the tragedy of Grandcourt's death, is melodrama, albeit of an awkwardness that shows a flagging fancy and a tired hand. In short it cannot be said that George Eliot's true theme —the constitution and development of the human mind and its effect on the conduct and character of the soul, its subject —either receives, or especially needs perhaps, the aid of action, of the dramatic element upon which nevertheless a very considerable part of the general interest in fiction depends.

IV

An analogous but more important trait is the lack of creative imagination which is implied, as the lack of action is involved, in the scientific turn of her genius. Whatever dramatic demands upon a novelist's characters one may forego, the vivid and enduring interest of the characters themselves requires an imaginative differentiation. Otherwise they lose in concrete effect very much in proportion to their abstract interest, which in George Eliot's characters is very great. And it is the concrete effect which, in any work of art, is of fundamental value. George Eliot's world is certainly less concrete than its moral inspiration, which is often as definite as a proposition. Her characters are thus, it is true, perfectly typical—in spite of the extent to which they are psychologically individualized. And this constitutes for them a family distinction of importance. The characters of no other novelist are discriminated so nicely at the same time that they have also a clear representative value. They occupy a middle ground in this respect, one may say, between the personages of Thackeray, who is accused latterly of having no psychology, and those of Hawthorne which, as Mr. James points out, are never types. It is partly for this reason, perhaps, that they are so rarely our companions, our intimates, as the characters of even inferior novelists are, though I imagine it is mainly because they are mentally instead of temperamentally individualized, and because it is the sense, the volitions and the emotions rather than the intellect of people that in fiction as in life attach them to us and give them other than a quasi-scientific interest for us. And, besides, George Eliot's star characters, if types, are apt to be *rare* types and, from that fact also, depend largely on their speculative interest. "Yet surely," as she says herself (in "Janet's Repentance"), "the only true knowledge of our fellowman is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion." We do not, I think, sufficiently *feel* with George Eliot's personages. They have too much a speculative, and too little an imaginative, origin and suggestion.

It is for this reason, perhaps, more than any other, that one can hardly claim for her the quality of the "born novelist," in the integral, exclusive, and felicitous sense in which Thackeray was one. Nevertheless, it is as certainly true that in the creation of character her remarkable gifts were at their best. She thought about other things, to be sure, when this was the matter in hand, and did this less well in consequence. Moreover, she did other things, and did them from their own point of view. But she did these less well still than the worst of her character-construction. Whereas, for example, the fact that she wrote "The Spanish Gypsy" at all attests the incompleteness of her native call as a novelist, its marked inferiority to her novels, in spite of its sincerity, its ambitiousness and its notable excellences, gives a

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certain relief to the genuineness of her true vocation. It is not perhaps to say very much to say that her characters are her own, and in a more intimate sense than that of their family likeness to which I have alluded. No one else could have created them. They have no fellows outside her world. Anyone else would have portrayed the same types, even, very differently. But this is so *eminently* true—so much truer than it is of some novelists of very high rank, of the romancers in general, very often, surely—that in itself it witnesses the harmony with which her genius expressed itself in fiction, and shows why she wrote novels better than she wrote anything else. Add to this the particular quality of her genius and its eminence, and the high rank of her fiction is deduced as the third term of a syllogism. It is indeed a body of work that not only is of the first order but that stands quite by itself.

It was doubtless in thinking mainly of George Eliot, whose aptest pupil he was, that more than a score of years ago Mr. Hardy spoke of fiction as having "taken a turn for better or worse, for analyzing rather than depicting character and emotion." It was certainly George Eliot who more than any other practitioner gave fiction this turn—a turn still followed, with whatever modifications, and illustrated in all serious examples of the art, so much so that a novel without the psychological element is almost as much of a solecism as a picture with a conventional *chiaroscuro*. Analyzing, synthetizing—the terms do not matter much; in any mental exercise of importance, both processes are involved. Nothing could be more systematically synthetic than the patient way in which, having arrived, deductively, no doubt, from the suggestions of observation, at the idea of a character, and then analytically induced the traits which belong to it, George Eliot puts these together in orderly demonstration of the validity of her original theorem. This, to be sure, relates to the mental process of the artist rather than to the technic, which is certainly analytic enough in the case of George Eliot. But it is worth while, perhaps, in accepting Mr. Hardy's expression as practically adequate enough to indicate to us the turn in fiction that he had in mind, nevertheless to remember that with George Eliot, at least, analysis has no tyrannical preponderance over other faculties of the mind, and that so far from being allowed in unchecked monopoly to unravel its material into uninteresting and unrelated shreds, it merely co-operates with these to a truly creative end. A character of George Eliot is never picked to pieces, in a word. It is perfectly coherent and original—as original and coherent as a character of Dickens, for example, which is not analyzed at all.

It is, however, not the product of the imagination. Its conception—let us say, rather, its invention—is less irresponsible and spontaneous, than if it were; itself therefore, has on the whole, less vitality—less reality, which is the vitality of a character of fiction. It is the result of the travail of the mind, the incarnation of an idea, not the image of a vision. Such a character as Gwendolen in "Daniel Deronda" is as truly a creative, as if she were not also a critical product, but it is clear that inductively conceived she is deductively delineated—one cannot avoid seeing the machinery, so to say, of the author's mind throughout the process, and applying to it the terms of logic rather than of literature. She is an essay, with illustrations, on the egoistic girl to whom her own personality is of immense, of absorbing importance, who counts wantonly on imposing it, and who "falls on dark mountains" and comes to infinite disaster, in thus following out the uncompromising law of her development, when she comes in contact and into conflict with the crushing forces of circumstances, and finds the world quite other than her pygmy and peremptory conception of it—finds it not only not ductile, but pitilessly despotic. Nothing could be finer than such an idea, nothing more interesting than the essay, with its incarnating illustration, in which it is expressed. The defect—at least the distinction—of the character, is that the idea was born before, and conditions, its embodiment. With all her characterization, therefore—the invariable light green of her costume, for example, on which her creator leans with such evident helplessness—Gwendolen is imperfectly exteriorized. Always in exteriorization George Eliot's touch shows less zest than in ex-

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amination. At times it is fatigued, often infelicitous, and now and then grotesque; Deronda's mother, with her orange dress and black lace and bare arms, is a caricature, a mere postulate of her profession of public singer. And not only is Gwendolen ineffectively presented; she is incompletely realized as an individual, in virtue of her creator's absorption in her typical significance. You are impressed by her interest in her own personality as a significant moral trait, but you are more interested in the trait than in the personality; the personality is more elusive, not quite varied enough; what else does she do, think, feel, say, besides explicitly exhibit egoism? one asks. Like every other character of her extraordinary creator she is thoroughly *in* character. She is conceived and exhibited with an absolutely informing consistency and with a strictness unusual even in psychological fiction. Mr. Hardy, for instance (such stress does he lay on the *ewig Weibliche*), makes two women, whom he takes pains to show as of the most disparate organizations, do the same thing—act in a way which if natural to one of them, would, for that very reason, be out of character in the other.

But consistency is not only not completeness, not fulness, not variety, not productive of special interest and pleasure; it is a decidedly inferior element in the production of illusion, the illusion that is a condition of vitality in a character of fiction. Beside unexpectedness it is, in this regard, of no merit whatever. The consistency of Bulstrode, Tito, Felix Holt, ends by boring us. You want a personage in a book as out of it to act in a way that you cannot everlastingly prefigure. To surprise but not shock expectant intelligence involves, however, the aid of the creative imagination. And we have only to turn from Gwendolen to Daniel Deronda himself to realize how much George Eliot's other faculties exceeded her imagination. She is for once unhampered by any scientific subscription to the laws of reality. She has almost with *gaîte de cœur* abandoned, in this instance, her old reliance of observation, aided by sympathetic divination. She has made Deronda out of whole cloth. She has done everything for him, and spared no pains to make him attractive and personal. He has a "grand face," though a young man; his smile is occasional and, therefore, "the reverse of the continual smile that discredits all expression." He is just what she wants to make him—her imaginative ideal. He is no more real than Charlotte Brontë's Rochester. We owe him entirely to his author's creative imagination. The result is aptly enough implied in a letter written—obviously in Scotch—by Stevenson to a reviewer friend, when the book came out. "Did you—I forget," he says, "did you have a kick at the stern works of that melancholy puppy and humbug, Daniel Deronda himself? the Prince of Prigs; the literary abomination of desolation in the way of manhood; a type which is enough to make a man forswear the love of women, if that is how it is to be gained." The whole structure and color of the book indeed (Gwendolen and her affairs apart) may be said to be George Eliot's one explicit imaginative flight and—shall we say therefore—her one colossal failure.

The irresponsible imagination has certainly much to answer for as an element of fiction and a factor in its composition. But at the present day it is plainly superfluous to dwell on the fact. The weight of current criticism is altogether against it, whatever the practice of the hour. And not only in fiction but in plastic art the errors for which it is no doubt justly held responsible have come to wear the aspect of solecisms. The application of a realistic standard is become almost instinctive. What is imaginative seems imaginary, and beauty that is not also obviously truth has lost its intimate appeal. There are signs of reaction, and no doubt the "image-making" faculty will again receive the recognition that for the moment more or less exclusively rewards the observation which normally—and notably in most very notable works of art—has the humbler rôle of verification and correction. And the reason is that creation is inconceivable without it. The criticism that constructs in fancy an inherent antagonism between it and truth is blind to the fact that it is through the imagination that the human mind arrives at truth as well as at error. Discovery is ideally deduced; it is the guerdon of hypothesis—without which, in the field of art, at all events, the

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mind rests in the suspense that has been noted as a mark of hysteria. In science, not less than in art, synthesis is an imaginative process. In a word, the truth-loving sceptic of the imagination is confuted by the inevitable procedure of the mind, and must admit the platitude that to see that a thing is so it is necessary first to see the thing. In all art worth talking about, therefore, the imagination is inevitably present. It may count as a feeble or as a powerful force. It may shine by the beauty, by the truth of the images it constructs or evokes, or be obscured by the data accumulated for its justification by diligent induction. But empirical scrutiny and sharpness of perception will never take its place. And its absence means an artistic vacuum. With George Eliot it certainly counts for proportionally less than it does in any great writer of fiction. Of course there are compensations, as I have endeavored to indicate. One need not prefer "Monte Cristo" to "Middlemarch."

Apparently in this respect of the imagination, as in others, she did not herself sufficiently recognize the genuineness of her vocation as a novelist. At all events she did not depend on it. Yet there are characters and situations, there are in fact whole novels, among her works which show that it would have triumphantly withstood any strain she might have put on it. "The Mill on the Floss," "The Scenes from Clerical Life," show what her genius left to itself could, unaided, accomplish. But she was not content to leave it to itself. She had other ambitions—ambitions which she could attain, which a woman with less intellect (there have been none with more) could not, which would attract less a man of equal genius, which the very circumstances of her sex—given her environment on the one hand and her powers on the other—teased her toward with a fatal explicitness. "See that you hold yourself fast by the intellect," said Emerson in a famous passage, the acme of his eloquence. "It is this domineering temper of the sensual world that creates the extreme need of the priests of science; and it is the office and right of the intellect to make and not take its estimate." Never was this ideal more enthusiastically followed than by George Eliot. She illustrates it even a little literally. The result is a certain dryness, a certain mechanical effect for which unimaginative is just the epithet. She brought her mind to bear on everything and almost ceremoniously, so to say. This was clearly enough instinctive with her. There is nothing artificial in it. And this saves it from pedantry. She was intellectually very high-bred. There is not a hint, a shadow of vulgarity in any of her books. She is at home with the very best and has no inclination for anything else; she has no moments when her sense for the excellent relaxes and sags into irresponsibility. Without austerity—without much humor, too, surely, except in so far as the appreciation implies the possession of it—she is never tempted into caricature. She has no excess of high spirits thus to mislead her, but in any case her taste is a sure reliance. Her taste, indeed, is the part of her intellectual equipment which is perhaps most clearly instinctive. Æsthetically considered it is less trustworthy, but in the intellectual sphere—where taste has an important office—it shows itself a certain winnower of the worth while from the common. If at need it tolerates the commonplace, it is because the particular commonplace has its significance; and if it is a little eager in its appreciation of the significant which is also the eccentric, it is because it is easily and aristocratically at home with eccentricity itself. It is absolutely—singularly—free from display. In that sense, at all events, she was not in the least a pedant. Her pedantry, to call it so, was pedantry in the sense of literalness—and seen as such, mainly from an æsthetic view-point. Her erudite, even recondite, air, at times, is perfectly in accord with the most thorough-going simplicity. It is wholly natural. A sentence encrusted with erudition and intricate with logical involution is with her a native and unpretentious expression. Any pedantry, in other words, to be detected in her writings is apt to be a matter of form, an error from which the æsthetic sense alone (in which she was conspicuously deficient) and no amount of intellect can protect one. Even if now and then the substance is as flat as the statement is solemn, it is never tinctured by that variety of mediocrity which is of the

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essence of pedantry and which we know as vulgarity—there is not in all her writings a touch or a trace of it, as I have said. "All her eagerness for acquirement," she says of Dorothea, "lay within that full current of sympathetic motive in which her ideas and impulses were habitually swept along. She did not want to deck herself with knowledge—to wear it loose from the nerves and blood that fed her action." That is very nobly said, and it is doubtless autobiographic. But did ever such "eagerness for acquirement" as that of Dorothea's creator characterize any other novelist of her calibre? And erudition, however triumphantly assimilated, aside, the spontaneity that vivifies its creations is of a different order from a pure exercise of the intellect, however instinctive. And this spontaneity she may be said to have so instinctively alloyed with reflection, so transmuted by thought, that often she seems to lack it altogether.

V

One may speak of George Eliot's style as of the snakes in Iceland. She has no style. Her substance will be preserved for "the next ages" by its own pungency or not at all. No one will ever read her for the sensuous pleasure of the process. She is a notable contradiction of the common acceptation of Buffon's "*le style c'est l'homme.*" Her very marked individuality expresses itself in a way which may be called a characteristic manner, but which lacks the "order and movement" that Buffon defined style to be when he was defining it instead of merely saying something about it. In itself, moreover, this is not often a felicitous manner. It is inspired by the wish to be pointed, to be complete, to give an impeccable equivalent in expression for the content of thought, to be adequately articulate. In her aim at exactness she neglects even energy. Her statements are scientific, but never even rudimentarily rhetorical, if we except the use of irony, in which she was sometimes very happy. Of modulation she never seems to have thought. Any element of periodic quality, of rhythm, of recurrence, of alternation, succession, inversion, for the sake of effect, decorating instead of merely expressing significance, she would no doubt have eschewed had any ever occurred to her, as plainly it never did. Rhetoric of any degree, in short, probably seemed to her meretricious if—which one doubts—she ever considered it at all. She was the slave of the meaning, hypnotized apparently by the sense, and deaf to the sound, of what she wrote. Her taste was noticeably good in avoiding the pretentious, but her tact was insufficient to save her from the complicated and the awkward. Her puritan predilections should have suggested simplicity to her, but simplicity is the supreme quality which she not only wholly lacks, but never even strives for; the one salient characteristic of her style—of her manner of writing, that is to say—is its complexity.

Thus there are no "passages," either "fine" or in any way sustained, in her works; at least I think of none, and if any exist I suspect they are put into the mouths of some personage with whom they are "in character"—in which case they would be sure to be very well done indeed. Every sentence stands by itself; by its sententious self, therefore. The "wit and wisdom" of the author are crystallized in phrases, not distilled in fluid diction. Their truth strikes us sharply, penetrates us swiftly; the mind tingles agreeably under the slight shock, instead of glowing in expansive accord and dilating with gradual conviction. Often these sentences have the force, the ring, of proverbs—of those of Solomon, too, rather than those of Sancho Panza. Some of them, on the other hand, have the air less of the Sibyl than of "saws," and suggest the wiseacre more than the philosophic moralist. At times they have the trenchant crispness of La Rochefoucauld; at others, even in the novels, the unravelled looseness premonitory of the appalling Theophrastus Such. The manner naturally takes on the character of the substance, and we have thus this formal sententiousness—now epigrammatic, as I say, and now otiose and obscure—because of the writer's exclusive consecration to the content which itself varies, of course, from the pithy to the commonplace. Her defective æsthetic feeling, her lack indeed of the æsthetic sense nowhere comes out more clearly than in this

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absorption in the significance to the neglect of the aspect of the picture she is presenting. This picture, and even the personages who people it, seem to have for her at least a disproportionate attraction in virtue of their typical to the exclusion of their individual interest—sharply individualized as her characters are in the matter of psychology alone. She seems so impressed with their universal appeal and representative office, with the principle her facts illustrate and enforce, with the ulterior meaning and value of her "criticism of life," as to have at all events distinctly less zest in depicting than in defining her material. For fiction this indubitably means a tame style.

Lacking in æsthetic feeling as she was, she was probably more or less conscious of this. Her attempts to circumvent it are now and then deplorable. They are invariably verbiage of one kind or another. The refuge of pedantry in its endeavor to escape dulness is apt to be sportiveness, and it is perhaps when she is playful that George Eliot comes nearer pedantry than at any other time. Even in moments when her erudition seems elaborate and essentially inapposite, we are always conscious that it does not seem so to her, and that not only is there no parade about it, but also that neither is it in the least mechanical. It is the native, however awkward, expression of a kind of tempered enthusiasm. At times, certainly, the sense of humor failed her equally with the æsthetic sense, of which in a large—or strict—sense it is, of course, a subdivision; and the artist who could objectively reproduce such humor as that of "Adam Bede," and "The Mill on the Floss" could also, when it came to self-expression, illustrate the very acme of dulness. Her facetiousness is, at its worst, as bad as Dickens's; and, at her worst, she writes as badly, without the mitigation of his extraordinary high spirits and infectious hilarity. Without, too, his bad taste, though with, as I said, the tactlessness which is the next thing to it. The moral element in taste involves self-respect. And in anything moral George Eliot is never deficient. Her intelligence saves her; it is too serious, it has too much poise, and it sees temptation as a kind of sophistry—temptation, I mean, to put up with the second rate on account of its tinsel, for example. But the tact that shows one when he is hitting and when he is missing the mark, she does not infallibly possess and often when, apparently, she seems to herself to be exhibiting the light touch, she is bravely ponderous. With a little more tact, a little more humor, a little more æsthetic sense, some of her significance might have been even more striking, and certainly some of it would not have seemed so absolutely flat.

But why discuss her style at all, one asks one's self. No one can have any doubt that, though, in general, it serves her well enough, and sometimes expresses adequately the most searching subtleties of observation and reflection, nevertheless its idiosyncrasies are defects. And of style in any large sense surely no great writer ever had so little. Her constant references in her letters to her "art" have an odd sound. Yet even here one's last word must be a recognition of the extraordinary way in which her intellect atones for sensuous deficiencies. Could two better words be found, for a slight example, to characterize the first impression Rome makes on the stranger than "stupendous fragmentariness." One of her characters, "like most tyrannous people, had that dastardly kind of self-restraint which enabled him to control his temper where it suited his convenience to do so." The adverb is felicity itself. And in her letters one can see how safely her intelligence guides her through the museum maze of plastic art for which she had so little native feeling, but in which less than many an æsthetic temperament is she either imposed upon or unappreciative. In art, as in life, she has an acute sense if not a sensitive feeling for what is distinctly worth while.

VI

No one, however, as I have intimated, would infer her personality from her style—certainly not that trait of her personality which, in spite of her apotheosis of the intellect, distinguishes her from the so-called intellectual woman, and which I take to be intimately characteristic. In books or in fact, the first impression made by the so-

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called intellectual woman is that of the inadequacy of the intellect. There is so much else that is worth while, one reflects in the presence of such thorough-going exclusions. The attractiveness of the susceptibility and even the will is thrown into effective relief. Intuitions seem to gain a new sanction, instinctiveness a new charm, spontaneity a new grace, irresponsibility a new excuse—qualities intimately associated with women. The limitedness of the intellect, the distant view of sympathetic relations, fancy, unexpectedness, clairvoyance, all lying without its confines, become depressingly plain. One naturally reacts under the exaggerated emphasis of importance and all-sufficiency that the intellect receives from the intellectual woman in general, whose consecration to it is so complete, so obvious, so naïvely unconscious of what exists beyond its pale. It is not so much that she is too intellectual. At times one finds that she might be even more so, even if less strictly so, with advantage. It is that she seems to be unaware that compared with character or even temperament the intellect itself is terribly concrete and communicable. And perhaps there is nothing that sets George Eliot off from the mass of her sex for whom the intellect is a universal talisman, so much as the circumstance that she does not make this impression. On the contrary, one's impression is of the plenary power and sufficiency of the intellect unaided and unillumined *ab extra*. So searching and fruitful are its processes as exhibited in her works; so pregnant are the discoveries of her scrutiny and reflection in the heretofore unexplored regions of human character and moral relations; so pithy are her deductions; so stimulant is her turning of her "allowance of knowledge into principles" (as she says of Dorothea), that one feels almost that other faculties are surplusage, and that the field of fiction as well as that of science belongs to the intellect, thus shown to be capable unaided of such distinguished results. Other relations, one feels, remain to be discovered, other principles to be formulated, other mysteries of thought and passion and conduct, of the real world and the correlative ideal one, to be solved by this magic divining-rod, this mighty crystallizing force. Partly this impression is produced by George Eliot's superiority. Intellect *enough* is its own sanction and imposes itself. But partly also it is due to her attitude, with which for the moment, owing to her superiority, we are perforce in accord, and which is that of the fanatical worshipper at the intellect's shrine.

How early her complete consecration to the things of the mind took place would doubtless have been difficult for herself to tell. It must, however, have been in the nature of a conversion. She was doubtless always, as she describes Dorothea, "ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent," but the break which she made with her early traditions and beliefs must have been in the nature of a transformation from a nature emotional and expansive because fundamentals are settled, into one in which scepticism stimulates inquiry and which, therefore, in proportion to its seriousness, is driven to aggrandize the intellect, which is the instrument of inquiry. This change, whether or no induced by her acquaintance with the sociologists and positivists whom she met when she first began literary work, antedates her work in fiction, which fact and the fact that it *was* a change can hardly fail to account for much in this fiction. It is, in a word, the work of a woman, of an extraordinarily intellectual woman, of a woman who had come to concentrate her interest and effort within purely intellectual lines *after* a spiritual experience in which the emotions probably played a predominant part. Its notable complexity is hardly surprising.

Her environment probably accounts for the evolution of her genius. Nothing could be less favorable to the harmonious development of the intellectual side of Mary Ann Evans, one would say, than the environment of Mrs. Lewes, even though she may have been converted from "orthodoxy" before going to London at all. Science, which spared Dorothea and never made the acquaintance of Maggie Tulliver, took possession of her. Metaphysic, philosophy, sociology, theology enthralled her "ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent" nature. Her emotional side, which one may judge not only from early accounts but from the very latest was wonderfully sensitive and refined, became forthwith subordinated instead of devel-

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oped so far as regards its expression in her very objective books. She became, even in the intellectual field, almost the ideal non-conformist. Other points of view, which she appreciated wonderfully, she appreciated through comprehension rather than sympathy. She was too objective for altruism of the mind, even. Her writings are almost invariably marked by elevation, but elevation to which there is no lift. Her spirit has no wings. Her letters show her stoicism to have been severely ethical and without sentimental alloy. To do good to others, to look at the practical results of our actions and not bother about how we feel concerning them, is very much the sum of her credo. Of God, Immortality, Duty, the last only is left to us, Mr. Myers dolefully records her as asseverating. This may be true, of course, but, even so, to be preoccupied with its truth must inevitably be a handicap to a writer of imaginative fiction—God and immortality connote so much ideality. Her thinking was eclectic and shows the lack of comradeship, of harmony and accord, of those fostering influences of concert under which thought flowers in luxuriant spontaneity. "Our duty is faithful tradition where we can attain it," she makes the solemn Deronda assert. But faithful tradition is just what she did not attain—just what practically, I think, she came to have very little feeling for. She wished instead to "prove all things," for which operation she had indeed an admirable equipment, but in which she showed too exclusive a zest. Tradition at all events never dupes her. Nothing amuses her more than—in the best taste always, assuredly—to expose the insubstantiality of its pretentions on just occasion. The net result of her mature theory and practice is a noble work performed for truth, somewhat to the neglect of the beautiful and the good, except in so far as these benefit indirectly from any service done to truth. And even so far as truth itself is concerned, though we get unexpected, felicitous, and cogent glimpses of it—and what is more, a sense that its deeps are both inexhaustible and infinitely alluring—nevertheless one feels that there is an order of truth itself for which the intellect alone has not quite the test, and which is of overmastering significance, though it can only be imaginatively perceived. "Il faut avoir la foi et ne pas croire," says Claude Bernard. All dogma quite aside, it is certain that George Eliot once possessed what we know (but do not understand) as "faith," and that when she wrote her novels she had substituted for instead of adding to it the sapient scepticism unveiling illusions which is such an integral element of her fiction. She is in consequence more nearly unique; she is more isolated; but she is also less authoritative and less complete. There is therefore an atmosphere of cause and effect, of fatalism, of insistent and predetermined gloom which pervades her books and which is hostile to the variety pertinent to a report of nature that is round and full. In this way her microcosm is a little more distorted than perhaps it need have been, but for her conversion—her whole-souled conversion—to positivism.

VII

WOULD she have done better to have followed what I take to have been her native bent? Who would wish any great writer different? Who would take the *risk?* Yet I must say I think there would be a minimum of risk in the case of George Eliot. And for this reason. Her development seems to me to have proceeded on lines increasingly inharmonious with her native endowment. Her temperament was an ardent one, yet increasingly contained instead of exercised. Her whole nature was tremulously sensitive to impressions, and it constantly steeled itself to systematic reflection. Her faculty of observation was marvellous, and she became more and more of a recluse as time went on. She absorbed altogether the best part of her material—that of which her first books and "Middlemarch" are composed—before she began to write at all; afterward her material was necessarily so extraneously attained as to be by comparison factitious. She was, if not profoundly, at least acutely religious, and she became a positivist. Intimately emotional, avidly exigent of sympathy, having that imperious need of giving one's self which assails truly independent but affectionate souls, her expression steadily grew

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in impassibility and in a stoic consideration of the impersonal as the highest good; and duty to others—to the community, the world, the race indeed—became a sort of refuge for what ideality she allowed herself. When one thinks of her early years and their associations, her precocity and emotional development, and then of the immense spiritual contrast involved in her work in London, her union with Lewes, her friendship with Mr. Spencer, her emancipation, if one likes, and the subsequent seclusion which certainly had its ideal, but also inevitably its artificial side—when one follows the evolution of her genius from the earlier books through "Romola," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda" to "Theophrastus Such," getting gradually farther away from her native substance and quality, and ending in comparative ineptitude, one comprehends her marriage and surcease from activity. She had re-entered regularity, had ceased to be exceptional and "attained tradition"—in the words I have already cited. It could not be that she should not rest in a kind of peace unattainable through conscious effort and intimately grateful after a life of intense mental activity further stimulated by an elevated and really ideal, but nevertheless peculiar position. Nothing is more touching than Mr. Cross's account—of a delicacy in itself equivalent to poetry—of her last years. She had done her work. And it had been done during a sort of prolonged excursion into the realm of science, where the native temperament and genius that might otherwise have powerfully modified the product of an extraordinary intellect, had been deflected if not repressed.

For no judgment of George Eliot can be discerning which does not consider the vital fact that she was—even in a degree really typical—a woman. She belonged to the subjective sex, and is the most objective of novelists. It is the fashion at present to neglect the distinction of sex in speaking of women, and pay them the compliment, or do them the justice, of treating them severally as individuals, discriminated merely as men are discriminated. Nevertheless until their distinction in certain fields of activity is as much a matter of course as that of men—until there are no more "Women's Buildings" at world's fairs, for example, and the propaganda in favor of the sex as an entity ceases to obscure the individual standard which naturally tends to get itself established if let alone—anything like the eminence of George Eliot's powers will be singularized because of the possessor's sex. It *is*—as yet—generally remarkable, worthy of remark, that a woman should have reached such a height of accomplishment. But that her accomplishment should have been in the field of thought rather than in that of feeling, and so splendidly successful in this field as almost to have originated a species in the domain of fiction, is specifically the notable phenomenon in George Eliot's case. Why is she so unlike George Sand and Charlotte Brontë—one may exclude Jane Austen, in thinking of precedents, as exclusively an artist. Is it because of her different and in the main superior mental quality, and the greater subordination of feeling to thought in her original make-up? Probably not. Whatever George Eliot became there can be no doubt that Mary Ann Evans was a woman in whom the idiosyncrasies of sex were particularly developed. As to the existence of such idiosyncrasies and their native, elemental, and possibly ineradicable character George Eliot herself never had any doubts. The difference between the sexes is one of the phenomena that compose her material. Her writings are full of man considered as man, and woman as woman. She has widened the sphere of woman's interest for us, but has not obscured its identity. The impartiality of her view, however, excludes the patronage which the as yet, perhaps, more susceptible sex is as yet quick to feel, and her caustic treatment of masculine foibles excuses her occasional dry compassion for what the author of "Janet's Repentance" calls "Poor women's hearts!"

"Poor women's hearts!" What became of hers? in the transition from Miss Evans to George Eliot through Mrs. Lewes, one cannot help speculating. Its interests certainly grew both more limited and less concrete—more limited in the sense involved in her isolation, her concentration of feeling within the smallest of circles and her absorption in geometrically increasing ratio in the things of the

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mind ; less concrete as her ethics took on more and more a humanitarian color, and the good of society in general became the main concern of her speculative meditation. One has only to imagine Mr. Casaubon more human, less a pedant, more a real scholar and minus his littlenesses, to divine that Dorothea might have developed into a philosopher of moment, losing in the process the edge of those qualities which render her so sympathetic to Lydgate, to Ladislaw and to ourselves. Had she, under such circumstances, written novels, they might easily, like those of her creator, have been noteworthily objective, and have missed the personal charm of native feminine genius which is now so conspicuously characteristic of her. Had George Eliot not fallen in love with science ; had not her feeling for the world of her girlhood atrophied with the loss of faith in its standards, so that she got more and more domesticated in a foreign environment, and even predisposed to exotic themes, suggested by intellectual and acquired rather than native and sentimental interests — " Romola," " The Spanish Gypsy," and " Daniel Deronda," for instance ; had she not given the rein to her curiosity and become absorbed in the world of books, of literature rather than its raw material, which she could nevertheless handle to such admirable ends ; had she not, as it were, made herself over into an intelligent force from being a person with idiosyncrasies, and expressly subordinated the susceptibility in which, not only as a woman, but as an individual, she was so strong, to the more purely intellectual development which she could only share with so many masters, we should have had works of undoubtedly more charm, and, such was the native force of her genius, of equal power. We should have had, in fine, more books like "The Mill on the Floss ;" " Middlemarch" would have been more condensed ; " Felix Holt " would have been dramatic ; we should have lost " Romola," perhaps, but we should have escaped " Daniel Deronda." It is not that, as is so often the case with writers who study significance rather than form, her early books are superior to the later because the sense of selection is more acute and exclusions more rigorous at the beginning of a career than at its apogee, when everything that occurs to the author seems to him for that reason worth saying. They are superior because, unlike the later ones, they are cast within the lines of her native capacity, because they do not call for imaginative power, for artistic synthesis and dramatic vigor, but amply illustrate her sympathetic feeling, her closeness of observation, her faculty for loading with serious significance and almost ominous suggestion the most ordinary and unpretentious data of human life by drawing out their typical quality at the same time that they are psychologically differentiated in a way to make them extraordinarily individual and real. " Depend upon it, my dear lady," she says in her first story, " you would gain unspeakably if you would learn with me to see some of the poetry and the pathos, the tragedy and the comedy, lying in the experience of the human soul that looks out through dull gray eyes and that speaks in a voice of quite ordinary tones." *That* is George Eliot's truest note, and it is a note struck by no one else ; we have nowadays plenty of fiction woven around dull gray eyes and voices of ordinary tones, but the experience of the human soul is not often what these express. It is a note also which is far less prominent in the writer's later novels, the novels that help us to understand what Mr. George Moore means by saying that she " tried to write like a man." One feels like replying to Mr. Moore, incidentally suggesting emulation of this effort to him, that at least she succeeded. But anyone who agrees with me in dividing her books into two groups, those written before " Romola " and those written afterwards, will hardly find it fanciful to see in the former a native, and in the latter an acquired, point of view and manner of treatment. When one considers the potentialities of the author of " The Mill on the Floss "— a work in which passion and the tumult of the soul are not objectively analyzed but sympathetically portrayed with unsurpassed vividness and elemental power, a work which is undisputably one of the great literary epitomes of the pathos and tragedy of human existence—it is hard to reconcile one's self to the evolution in which temperament disappeared so completely in devotion to the intellect alone

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as to result in the jejune artificiality of "Daniel Deronda."

It would be idle, and certainly I have no disposition, to belittle the value of the literature produced between these two books. "Romola" is unique in its way, and has hosts of admirers. There are readers to whom it introduced the Italian Renaissance, who, in its pages first read of Florence, Savonarola, the Medici. There are scholars who shared George Eliot's enthusiasm for "the City by the Arno" and "the wonderful fifteenth century," so cordially as to credit "Romola" with having successfully reproduced a moment and a milieu which they were only too grateful to have recalled. Besides, there is that masterpiece of evolution, the character of Tito Melema. "Felix Holt" contains at least the lovable Mr. Lyon, and though the wearisome wordiness of the book is a handicap from which it will always suffer, it will always remain a highly interpretative picture of a momentous epoch in English political and social history—the birth, in fact, of the modern English world engendered by the Reform Bill. "Middlemarch" anyone can praise. It is probably the "favorite novel" of most "intellectual" readers among us—at least those who are old enough to remember its serial appearance. It is, indeed, a half dozen novels in one. Its scale is cyclopædic, as I said, and it is the microcosm of a community rather than a story concerned with a unified plot and set of characters. And it is perhaps the writer's fullest expression of her philosophy of life.

VIII

It is these books and "Daniel Deronda," rather than the earlier "Scenes from Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and "The Mill on the Floss," however, which determine her position as so much less an artist than a moralist. She is in truth a moralist, and a moralist of the first class. I do not of course mean the sense in which Fénelon, for example, or Paley is a moralist. Expressly and in form a novelist of her rank is an artist, in whose work the moral significance is either spontaneously generated or incidentally induced. But essentially and spiritually speaking, George Eliot, whatever her superficial classification, is so far less an artist than a moralist, that it is as the latter that she is of value to us and is most likely to appeal to the future. It is as a moralist that she is a real contributor to literature, that she is at her best, that she is of the first class and that among novelists, at least, she is if not unrivalled, at all events unsurpassed. No such explicit "criticism of life" as hers exists in fiction. Thackeray, for example, is a moralist, too. He was very fond of his office of "week-day preacher." But he is a moralist not only because his picture of life is so true and vital, but in virtue of moralizing, of commenting on his story and his characters, drawing out their natural suggestions, weaving around them a web of artistic embroidery, eliciting and enforcing the lesson they contain. With George Eliot the story and characters themselves are conceived as examples and illustrations of the moral she has in mind to begin with, and a part of its systematic setting forth. The moral is her first concern. Her characters are concrete—remarkably concrete—expressions of pure abstractions, not images. Arthur Pendennis is the result of an attempt to depict the average man of his day and station. Tito Melema incarnates the idea that shrinking from the unpleasant is subtly and tragically demoralizing. There can be no doubt as to which is the creation of the more specific and unalloyed moralist. George Eliot's "moralizing" is always a sort of logical coda or corollary of the moral idea or truth which her character or incident happens to be illustrating, and is never the artistic moral suggestion of the subject. This is probably why it is tolerably dull, so often. It is apt but inferred, sound but not spontaneous. At any rate it is not in her *obiter* that her success as a moralist lies, it is in the very essence, subject, and attributes of her work.

This world was not to her the pure spectacle it is to the pure artist, nor even the profoundly moving and significant spectacle it is to the reflective and philosophic artist. Its phenomena were not *disjecta membra* to be impressionistically reproduced or combined in agreeable and interesting syntheses. They were data of an inexorable moral concatenation of

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which it interested her to divine the secret. What chiefly she sought in them was the law of cause and effect, the law of moral fatality informing and connecting them. Since the time of the Greek drama this law has never been brought out more eloquently, more cogently, more inexorably or—may one not say, thinking of Shakespeare?—more baldly. But at the same time she makes human responsibility perfectly plain. No attentive reader can hope for an acquittal at her hands in virtue of being the plaything of destiny. She is more than mindful, also, of the futilities as well as the tragedies of existence and, indeed, gives them a tragic aspect. "Middlemarch," for example, read in the light —the sombre light—of its preface, is a striking showing of her penetration into the recesses of the commonplace, and of the else undiscovered deeps which there reward her subtlety; with the result, too, of causing the reader to reflect on infinity, as he does after a look through the telescope or microscope—an effect only to be produced by a master. But neither in the tragic nor the trifling does she engage the freedom of the individual, and if she shows the victim in the toils of fate, she shows also with relentless clearness how optionally he got there. Her central thought is the tremendous obligation of duty. Duty is in a very special way to her "the law of human life." The impossibility of avoiding it, the idleness of juggling with it, the levity of expecting with impunity to neglect it, are so many facets of her persistent preoccupation. The fatality here involved she states and enforces on every occasion. "Tito was experiencing," she flashes at us, "that inexorable law of human souls that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good or evil that determines character." Transome's illusion, she says, lay in his "trusting in his own skill to shape the success of his own morrows, ignorant of what many yesterdays had determined for him beforehand." The "note" appears again and again. It is a diapason whose slow and truly solemn vibrations, communicated to their own meditations, all of her thoughtful readers must recall.

Her books are apt to close in gloom, but they leave you with courage. They contain the tonic of stoicism; and no one can be ungrateful to stoicism who has experienced the *soundness* of its solace in dark hours. At the same time, whatever one's personal predilections in such a matter, one must admit that stoicism itself has experienced the vicissitude of evolution, and the modern stoic has, ancestrally at least, passed through the phase of Christianity. It would be the part of wisdom not to forget the fact, one would say—just as it is to yield the geocentric conception of the solar system, without too much recalcitrant argumentation. "The sentences of Epictetus are fortifying to the character; the sentences of Marcus Aurelius find their way to the soul," says Arnold. George Eliot is a modern Epictetus —Epictetus plus, of course, the modern *Weltschmerz*. One would compare her with Marcus Aurelius only in thinking of Arnold's further words about him: "The effusion of Christianity, its relieving tears, its happy self-sacrifice, were the very element, one feels, for which his soul longed; they were near him, they brushed him, he touched them, he passed them by." She, too, passed them by. Was it because her girlhood was so precocious that she could not see the forest for the trees of ignoble controversy which in post Reform Bill times had such luxuriant growth, and for which she had such sharp eyes—times she herself deplores as "days when opinion has got far ahead of feeling," when Dissent had a "theoretic basis," and polemical discussion abounded? Was it because she was converted by Comte and satisfied with Mr. Spencer's famous "system"—having largeness, enough, by the way, to harmonize the two? At all events it is certain that her mature philosophy does not take account of the miracle of grace. As a moralist this is her great defect, or rather deficiency. That subtle dynamic impulse of the will which the psychologists leave the theologians to describe as "the new birth," and which, as a matter of fact, fills a tremendous rôle in the drama of cause and effect, she makes little of. It lay natively within the folds of her sympathetic mind in earlier years, as "Janet's Repentance," for example, sufficiently witnesses, and it is certainly one of the most familiar of phenomena. We may know nothing of it, empirically, ourselves, but it is certainly as common as any other moral

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agency, if not indeed more common than all others. Moreover, not only are its energy and its effects to be observed in others, and in all ranks of the intellectual scale, from Philip's eunuch to Saul of Tarsus, from a crowd of Moody and Sankey penitents to the last French realistic *raffiné*, but every modern consciousness which looks deeply into itself discerns therein the potentiality of it—a potentiality definite enough to be at least a demonstration of its existence elsewhere. The miracle of grace, in a word, is a common enough and prominent enough factor in the universal moral problem to reward if not exact the attention of the artist who is also a moralist, and in excluding it the modern stoic exhibits a real limitation.

Its exclusion from the consideration of so eminent a moralist as George Eliot is undoubtedly due to the lack of imagination and the predominance of intellect already noted in her genius and her practice. It is itself closely allied with mysticism, no doubt; it belongs, perhaps, in the domain of mysticism. And to deal with the mystic, or even to entertain an inclination to deal with it, necessitates the possession of the imaginative faculty and its cordial, unembarrassed, spontaneous activity, undeterred by fear of error and unrestrained by backward or side glances at the quite otherwise seductive data of ascertained truth. There is no shade of mysticism in George Eliot's moral philosophy, whose tenets and whose logic proceed from the processes of the mind and have little relation with "the vision" without which, says the wise man, "the people perish." Everything is taken on the side of it that appeals to the intelligence. Gwendolen comes to grief because she does not realize that domination is impracticable—because, in a word, of intellectual blindness. Grandcourt's baseness is an intellectual perversion, not a sensuous one. The story of Tito's mere repugnance to what is unpleasant becoming at last readiness for any crime is the story of a moral decline exhibited in a succession of mental phases. Even error is a kind of alienation and sin essentially a mistake. The notion of "dying to" it nowhere appears—I do not mean *pro forma*, in which shape perhaps it belongs less to literature than to dogma, but by implication. We are still in the penumbra, one would say, of the Old Testament. The *natural* results of error, the natural and integral sanctions of morality are convincingly, refreshingly, and stimulatingly considered to the exclusion of the preternatural; but the natural content of religion is quite neglected. Here, as elsewhere, she takes the scientific, the intellectual view of the phenomena which compose her material, and with her the mind in this field excludes the soul as in the field of art it does the imagination.

But with whatever limitations, her position as a classic is doubtless assured. There are types of human character of which she has fixed the image in striking individual incarnation for all time; and her philosophy is of an ethical cogency and stimulant veracity that make her fiction one of the notablest contributions ever made to the criticism of life. It is none the less true, to be sure, that her survival will mean the surmounting of such obstacles to enduring fame as a limited imaginative faculty, a defective sense of art, and an inordinate aggrandizement of the purely intellectual element in human character, which implies an imperfect sense of the completeness of human nature and the comprehensiveness of human life. But no other novelist gives one such a poignant, sometimes such an insupportable, sense that life is immensely serious, and no other, in consequence, is surer of being read, and read indefinitely, by serious readers.

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GLOUCESTER MOORS

By William Vaughn Moody

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
  Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
  And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
  In the high blue afternoon,
The marching sun, the talking sea,
And the racing wind take hands with me,
  And we all take hands with June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple-blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
  Long in the bowlder's shade.
Wax-red hangs the cup
  From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the white moths sup
Or where the choke-cherry lifteth up
  Its bowls of shy carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
  Beach-peas blossom late;
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
  Each calling to his mate.
Never a gull to show,
  But the land-birds all are here:
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
  Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
  We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
  And while she comes, is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
  Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel,
  Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
  The sun is her mast-head light,
She tows the moon like a pinnace frail
  Where her phosphor wake churns bright.
Now hid, now looming clear,
  On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on doth the old earth steer
  As if her port she knew.

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God, dear God! Doth she know her port,
  Though she goes so far about?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
  To brazen and chance it out?
I watched when her captains passed:
  She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
  And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
  Sounds from the noisome hold,
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught,
  And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see,
  But they said, "Thou art not of us!"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be!
  Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple-blue,
  Blue is the quaker-maid,
The alder clump where the brook comes through
  Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
  With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet
And given my brother dust to eat?
  And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
  Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
  Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
  There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend
And hearts to take and keep to the end—
  O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
  What harbor town for thee?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
  Shall crowd the banks to see?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
  Stand singing brotherly?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
  While the many broken souls of men
  Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do?

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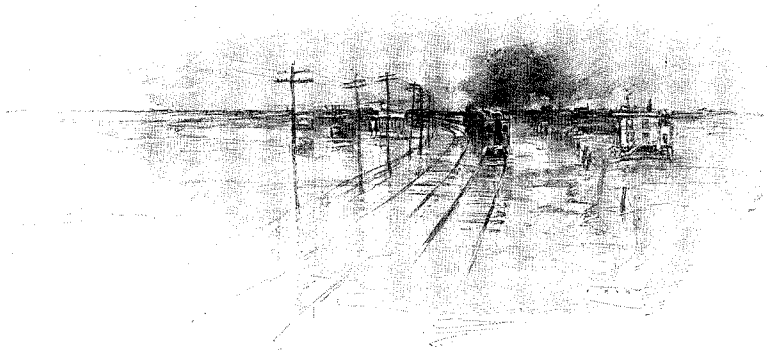

THE WOMAN THAT UNDERSTOOD

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

ALL day the rain had beaten against the car-windows; all day the dismal Arkansas landscape had grown steadily more dreary, with widening pools of water in the ditches each side of the road, more hopeless swamps where the forest had been under drier skies, more depressing little villages with the houses on stilts in the high places above the water; and water swashing the door-steps in the lower places. The engine had wheezed and panted over the swaying, water-soaked roadbed. At intervals there would be a stop not down on the time-card, whereupon the porter would go cheerily through the Pullman coach, remarking: "Jest a little wash-out ahead; but they all got the construction cyar there; and we won't have to wait more'n haff an hour."

There were only three women for him to cheer. There were a lady in the state-room, and her maid, outside; and there was a lady in No. 7.

The lady in the state-room was very handsome and very bored. Her maid had tipped him; but, perhaps forgetful of this interesting fact, the lady herself had just given him a dollar. Nevertheless, he liked the lady in No. 7, who had only given him fifty cents, the better. "She got an awful pretty smile on her," he thought; and he went to her first with the news as the small interruptions to journeying occurred. To her he went, at this moment, with a less cheerful air.

"Well, 'm, I guess we are up to it now," he began, as the train stopped.

"Another wash-out? Or isn't this a town?" said the lady.

"It's a town fast enough; and a wash-out, too; whole bridge gone, now; and don't know how soon they can fix it—saying by ten, to-night; but they say 'hope to,' and that ain't promising."

"Then we can't possibly get to Hot Springs this evening?" exclaimed the lady, in dismay. "We're six hours late, as it is."

"No, 'm, eight; and we can't git to Little Rock till morning, nohow; and that ain't the worst; we stocked up light, got off in a hurry, expecting to stock up again at Little Rock; and there has been a awful lot of eating in the other Pullmans and the day coaches—there's a lot of hunters on board; and fact is, we're pretty much cleaned out."

The lady looked at him with the pretty smile that had won him. She was not handsome like the lady in the state-room; but she had very bright, liquid, dark eyes with curling lashes, and a musical voice that had a little uplift and sparkle in its sweetness.

"Does that mean nothing at all to eat?" said she.

"Well, 'm, there's the chicken alay Marengo, and there's three beat biscuit."

"I tried some chicken *à la Marengo*, once," said the lady, musingly; "I think I

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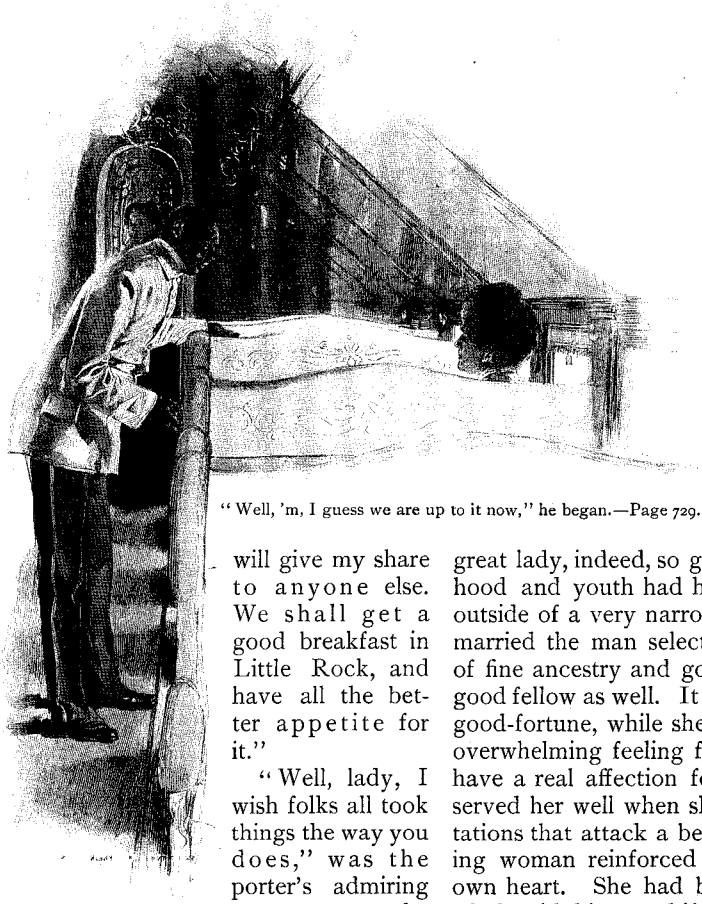

"Well, 'm, I guess we are up to it now," he began.—Page 729.

will give my share to anyone else. We shall get a good breakfast in Little Rock, and have all the better appetite for it."

"Well, lady, I wish folks all took things the way you does," was the porter's admiring comment, as he went his way to spread his news of gloom.

The maid in No. 10 had heard every word. So had the lady in the state-room. The latter half turned; and the maid came forward, smiling.

"You thought in time, didn't you, Élise?" said the lady, in French.

"I have been over this country before," the maid responded, with a respectful quiver of the shoulders that was not a shrug. Mlle. Élise's manners were equal to her admirable discretion—indeed, the lady had said to an intimate friend, "Élise is so perfect, she gets on my nerves—"

"Madame would suffer from starvation if dependent on the buffet, and at the hotel there was a respectable menu."

"I am sorry for that lady."

"There is ample supply, Madame."

"You haven't counted the eggs, then, as you did at first; and you don't mourn over a boiled egg left over and wail, 'What extravagance!' as you did?"

"Alas! Madame, extravagance is a habit easily acquired; and it is always Madame's wish to provide the porter with a collation."

The lady smiled and said she could tell her later what she wanted; and Élise retired. Then the lady mused, with a flicker of interest. She was a very great lady, indeed, so great that her childhood and youth had hardly touched life outside of a very narrow circle. She had married the man selected for her, a man of fine ancestry and good fortune, and a good fellow as well. It had been her great good-fortune, while she had no vivid and overwhelming feeling for her husband, to have a real affection for him which had served her well when she found the temptations that attack a beautiful and charming woman reinforced by the foe in her own heart. She had been happy on the whole with him; and if, when he died, she did not mourn him with the passionate grief that she had felt over the death of their only child, she did grieve for him with sincerity and for a long time. Of late years—she was no longer a young woman—she had felt a sense of the weariness of emotion; as she said herself, she had lost her interest. More than once she caught herself wondering why, with all the accepted claims on happiness, she had not been happy. She was conscious of a subtle lack, there was no seasoning in her fare. Had she missed something that was in the common lot? she took to wondering. Her very servants seemed to know keener emotions than she, joys and pains, alike; and there were moments when she envied them. Most of the time she merely felt cold. Now, in a kind of flash, she perceived an opportunity to be one of the people. Why not speak to this agreeable and well-bred woman who did not know

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her, and for a few hours see how nice people not in her own narrow circle looked at the world? This whole journey was a dash of enterprise; she did not care for Texas nor, indeed, was she ill enough to need the soft climate that she sought, but she wanted a change, something not so monotonous as the old European round, she was tired of everything, most of all tired of her flatterers; so she had run away; and of a sudden it occurred to her that she was beginning to have a little fun.

The impulse was strong enough to send her over to No. 7. The lady in No. 7 looked up in welcome at her approach.

"I overheard the news," said she, "and I wondered if you would not be willing to share my reserve stores, since the buffet does not even seem to have its

There was the touch of an eager child in her manner.—Page 733.

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Phyllis redeemed her word by holding the arm and shutting her eyes.—Page 735.

usual supply. And, really, I have quantities. Between them the porter and Élise can manage a very decent meal."

Before she was done she was actively hoping the other would not refuse, and thinking what a pretty face she had. Yet, in fact, the lady in No. 7 was not pretty. She hesitated.

"Pray take pity on my loneliness," said the lady in the state-room (she was really amazed at herself), "you know how you would feel——"

"I know I should offer to share what I had with you," returned the lady in No. 7, "and I should be sorry if you refused. I won't refuse, then. Thank you very much."

As she spoke she made room on the

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seat beside her, and the lady in the state-room almost sat down on "Elizabeth in a German Garden."

"That is delightful," said she, "isn't it?"

"It is adorable, and most amusing; although the humor is a bit cruel, don't you think?"

"I haven't read it; I have meant to, but one is so busy!"

"Oh, will you let me leave it with you, then? *Please!*"

There was the touch of an eager child in her manner and her sweet voice and her bright eyes. The other's first impulse had been toward a courteous refusal; but something withheld her. Were they not meeting on an equal and absolutely neutral ground of class, could she expect her favors to be taken and refuse to take favors in return? She was turning over the leaves of the book, catching a sentence here and there; and her roving glance halted a second at the writing on the fly-leaf — "Patience Van Renslaer Gates, New York, March 1, 18—."

"I am sure it will amuse me immensely. Thank you so much, Mrs. Gates."

"Miss Gates," corrected the other, with her charming smile. "I am not married."

A sudden impulse changed the words on the lady's lips; why give a name which any New Yorker would recognize? Probably she would never meet this pleasant stranger again; why not divest herself for once of the glamour of the family millions and her husband's ancestral pomp? "My name is Smith," said she, "Phyllis Smith." She added the Christian name out of a dim notion that it was democratic and "simplifying."

"Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, I am a widow. Was there ever such a dreary little hamlet! Look at that mite chopping wood, with his hand bandaged, too."

Just opposite the car-window a tiny wooden house reared itself out of the ooze. On the sagging piazza, that almost dipped into the water, a woman rocked lazily, while the boy hacked at a log on the higher ground. The village street ran crookedly to the right until the forest received it; to the left, a shed of a mill was panting behind piles of lumber, the white steam volleying against the blue sky. The houses and stores looked dingy and mean, the honeysuckle vines that were trained over the omnipresent piazzas, had brown splashes amid their green, the trees were gaunt and bare; and the black mud of the road was no blacker than the water in every hollow. Phyllis shuddered. "How miserable they must be! Don't you suppose that woman is thinking of suicide, this very moment?"

"Oh, dear, no," laughed Miss Gates,

"*Must* you go? Is that your card?"—Page 738.

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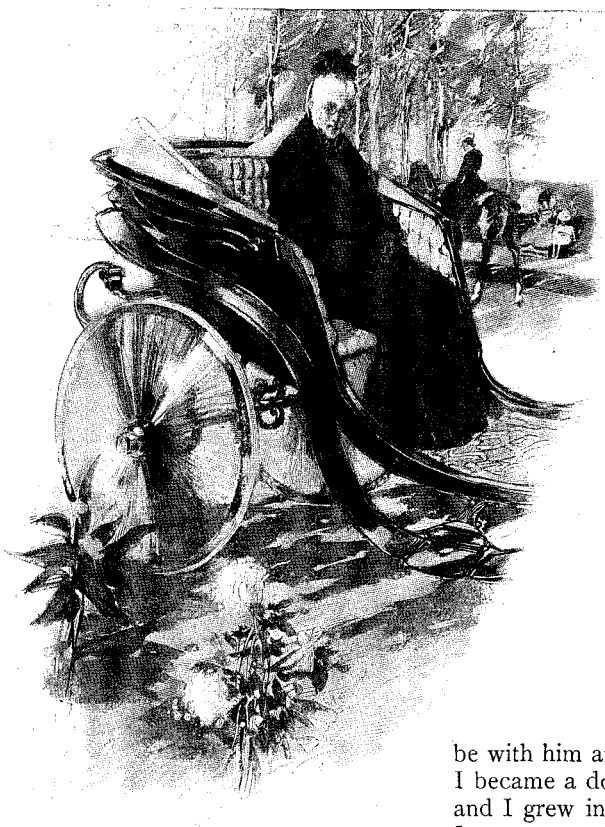

She sent her carriage round to take the invalid driving. —Page 739.

"she is more likely thinking of her spring dress. I see a sewing-machine in the window; but I think I must have a look at that little fellow's hand." She lifted a long narrow bag from the neat heap of luggage on the seat—very neat luggage, Phyllis noted, but also worn, as by long use. "You see I am a doctor," said she.

"How interesting!" said Phyllis, politely; "I never knew a woman doctor well; I always wanted to know one well enough to ask if she liked the profession. But of course you like it, or you wouldn't have chosen it."

"I didn't exactly choose it," said Miss Gates, "but I have grown to love it."

"You didn't choose it—why did you take it then?" said Phyllis, who had the serene bluntness of a great lady. "Did your people make you?"

"Not exactly. My father was a country doctor—*in* Georgia. *I* am a Southerner, too. My eldest brother—my twin brother he was—and I were studying in New York; he was to be a doctor, and I was studying to be an artist. But an epidemic of diphtheria broke out in our town, and my little sister sickened and then all the others. We came home to help. It was before anti-toxine, of course. When it began, my father had my mother and six children; two months later, he had only me."

"How perfectly horrible! How did you *live?*"

"I *had* to live; I couldn't leave my father. So I studied medicine with him to be with him and help him. That is how I became a doctor. It did comfort him, and I grew interested; although, at first, I never saw an art-journal or the name of New York without a wrench at the heart."

"You must have suffered so!" said Phyllis, gently.

"Yes," said Miss Gates, "but there was my poor father who had lost even more. I had to help him. I couldn't help him unless I seemed to be cheerful; one can always be cheerful whether one is happy or not. Besides, there is a kind of anæsthetic quality about a really crushing sorrow; it is like a very bad burn; a little burn hurts; but the worst burns destroy the nerves. I don't know now how I lived; but I did, and made jokes when the patients were funny. It was that or dying; and I had no right to die. Not while my father lived, and when he died I had Aunt Rebecca to comfort me."

"Your father is dead, too?" asked Phyllis. She felt a sense of awe at such a magnitude of misfortune; she could not summon any words for its comfort.

"He died five years ago; and then I went to New York to be with my Aunt

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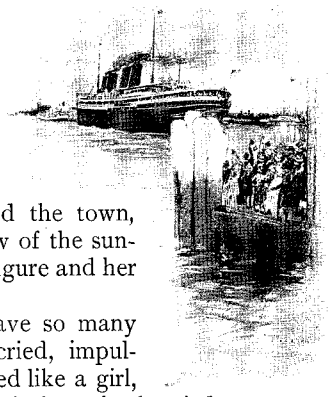
Rebecca. I wish you could see my aunt. She is my mother's sister. She is a widow, and she never had any children; but in spite of her sorrows, she is the most cheerful person I know. I don't know why I say 'in spite,' for my experience is that people who have had sorrow are very likely to cultivate cheerfulness as their only hope. But my aunt has what is more nagging than sorrow—she is an invalid, a cripple from inflammatory rheumatism. She is at Hot Springs now, and I am going to join her." She laughed, involuntarily. "I am quite sure Aunt Rebecca will have at least half a dozen funny stories for me. She is the most diligent collector of funny stories. I find them useful with my convalescents. And, talking of patients, don't you think we might go out and see that boy?"

Phyllis assented. As they walked along, she brought back the conversation to Miss Gates's aunt, and watched the delicate face kindle as she talked. "I feel I am a doting niece," she apologized, "but if you could only *see* Aunt Rebecca; she is such a pretty little old lady, with such a great spirit. I never saw such pluck, and a doctor sees a great deal, as well as the other thing. But what is most winning about her is that she understands so. She is the woman who understands. And, after all, don't you think that is what we crave most? Pity is odious; even sympathy sometimes knocks over something in our hearts by mistake, groping around in the dark; but no one lives who isn't grateful for comprehension!"

Her face was bright with a delicate and fugitive beauty. Looking at her Phyllis was touched to a finer admiration than she had ever known. "Dear me!" she thought, "she is the woman who understands; and how hardened and worldly and bargain-worn, morally, she makes me feel!"

"Only," Miss Gates mused, with a whimsical little smile, "I'm afraid our notion of comprehension is people seeing us as we see ourselves, not as God sees us!"

"Oh, of course we want our friends to butter us up a little," said Phyllis; "how should we know they did comprehend us, if they saw us as we *don't* see ourselves, whether the Lord sees us that way or not?"



Miss Gates's eyes shone; she had turned around to look at her companion who stood in the purple shadow of the trees that fringed the town, with the red glow of the sunset on her light figure and her exquisite face.

"You must have so many friends!" she cried, impulsively, and blushed like a girl, the next second, before she hurried on: "Here is the house. Maybe you would rather wait——"

"No, maybe I can help you," said Phyllis, and again she wondered at herself. She stood by while Miss Gates (as Phyllis always called her) engaged the woman in a general conversation about the way about town and the weather, which imperceptibly diverged of itself to the boy and his hand. The hand had been "mashed" by an axe. He made no objections to having it dressed without charge ("Maw ben 'lowing to git doctor to fix it soon's she got 'nuff money from the eggs," he said); the mother listlessly lent a hand and a basin of hot water; and Phyllis redeemed her word by holding the arm and shutting her eyes.

"There, it will do quite well now," said Miss Gates, "and you are a brave little fellow!"

Phyllis slipped a dollar into his uninjured hand. He grinned silently; but the mother said she was much obliged. "I'm right glad you come," said she; "I wisht I could do something for you all. I reckon you kinder glad to stop for a spell to res'; that jogglin' keepin' up all the time must be plum crazing. I went fifty mile once, on the local, and looked like I'd fly 'fore we stopped. But I like to see the cyars go by. I always did live on a railroad, and I don't think I could stan' it off in the country, it's so lonesome; now here, there's always a right smart goin' on. Say, they're grinding to-day at the mill, if you'd like to see it. And say, wouldn't you all like some fresh eggs, jess laid? I'll go gether some, if you would."

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"Yes," said Phyllis, "I came too late."—Page 742.

Miss Gates would like them very much; so she brought in a basketful of eggs. She would not take money, and they parted on the self-respecting basis of mutual obligation.

They waded to the mill to see the Saturday grinding. By this time they were arrived at a friendly enjoyment of each other's society and were giggling like school-girls over their efforts to outwit the miry roads. But when they returned to the train, they came on a spectacle of wrath and woe. The car was empty, but in the tiny kitchen beyond they found the porter and the conductor vainly trying to pacify Élise, who was wailing over a plate of butter and a sugar-bowl, the remains of "a repast most perfect." At the sight of Phyllis, she put some guard on her frenzy, and explained that brigands or Indians, through the negligence of the imbecile of a black, who had deserted his trust and left the door unbolted, had swarmed into the car and robbed her of every crumb; no doubt, but for the conductor's approach and her screams, they would have taken her watch or her life also.

"It was some hunters and some folks on the coaches," the conductor added; "the French lady, I guess, couldn't make 'em understand; and they hadn't

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been able to get any dinner and they just stormed the buffet—they left some money, though——"

Élise, with a scream, swooped on the pile of silver; all, she shrieked, belonged to Madame.

"Ain't some of it mine?" ventured the porter; "there was three beat biscuit and a can of chicken alay Marengo; I got to account——"

"That is easily managed: if Mrs. Smith is willing; we will deduct the price of them——"

"But he should 'ave nozzing, nozzing; it ees his neglajence——" Élise began in strong excitement, but choked her words at Phyllis's gesture.

"Don't let us go back of the returns," said Miss Gates, "he'll turn over his stove and whatever ground coffee he has to us; and we shall have to live on the country."

An irrepressible moan escaped Élise's firmly compressed lips; she rolled her eyes at the bleak landscape; her mien was the mien of the irreproachable domestic who dies in silence.

"Oh, it is not so bad; there is fresh cornmeal at the mill; we have eggs here; butter and sugar have been saved from the wreck, thanks to Mlle. Élise's courage." (Élise wiped away a tear; she perceived that there was one soul intelligent enough to appreciate her, and admitted that she had sat down on the tin coffee-box and hidden the butter.) "I know how to get milk—I will see to the milking myself—and there is sure to be the very best, mast-fed pork for sale in the store. I am sure Mlle. Élise and I together can manage a dream of a Southern supper—" she threw a bright glance and smile around the circle—"for us all. And James will help us."

Phyllis admired the ease with which she enlisted not only the conductor and the erring porter, but the justly angered Élise, into cheerful service.

While one of the company purchased the cornmeal at the mill and another some flour and baking-powder and pork at the store, Miss Gates and Phyllis sought their old acquaintance, and Phyllis gasped over Miss Gates while she milked the cow. She had coolly offered to milk, herself, saying she had once had a pet cow of her own.

"Well, *sir!*" sighed the woman, "don't you guess you better let Benny 'n' me try? She ain't no pet cow; she's got a kinder ill way on her an' hooks; I ben fixin' to hev her dehorned, but I ain't got 'roun' to hit."

"I didn't tell you they gave me my cow because she had hooked four people; now, I shall not be content unless you let me try to gentle your cow."

"Shaw! I reckon *you* could gentle onything!" cried the woman. She would not take any money; but she received the *Harper's Bazar* gratefully, saying, "I was kinder cravin' a new way to make clo'es; well, I certainly do wish you all well."

Phyllis repeated the praise, when Miss Gates's supper was served by Élise, whose deep respect toward Miss Gates was a beautiful sight.

"Madame," said Élise, with emotion, having detailed the marvels wrought over the porter's "lamp," "*Madame, c'est une dame incomparable!*"

"And certainly," agreed Phyllis, "it is a supper 'incomparable'; I did not know there was such good corn-bread in the world. But don't you think it owes something to the way I beat those eggs? Are eggs usually beaten with so much care?"

After the meal (and how long since Phyllis had eaten such a merry one!) they sat in the state-room together, and watched the sun slowly dip behind the darkling forest and its black and gleamy pools. Dreary as the landscape had seemed by day, it took on its own enchantment in the glow; the forest had the quality of foliage in the massing of its leafless twigs; and the mass held not the hue but the promise of green; there were red smears on the distant willows, the pools of inky water took on purple tints in the shadows and burned back the fires in the west. Only a red glow remained of a marvellous pageant; and through this glow a dazzling silver disc with a saw-like halo, sank by imperceptible gradations into the soft horizon line of trees.

It was an hour when the heart opens unconsciously. They talked late into the night. Phyllis found a strong fascination in the situation. She never had a close friend; of her own choosing, her

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friends had been either among her kindred or in the little circle which was as much a band of friends by birth, as the other. Here was a charming woman whom she had discovered for herself; who admired her for herself, and for nothing else; who had had the deepest of experiences and who lived in a world as different as possible from her own. She talked to her with a delight as novel as it was keen. There were no names in her talk; and by the simple, ostrich-like trick of avoiding the first person singular, she could be as frank of her dilemmas and experiences as her new mood demanded, saying only "a woman I know" instead of "I"—which is an old device for those that crave confidence and hate betrayal, and always deceives the teller into peace, however it may affect the listener.

Before they parted, she had written her feigned name in care of her own real name, and asked Miss Gates to write her, sometimes. "Any letters sent me there will be forwarded," she said; "she is a friend of mine, and I wish you would write me; I don't like to say good-by to-morrow and think I am *never* to see you again."

"I hope I shall see you," said Miss Gates, simply; but her eyes said more than her tongue. "Was I a fool?" thought Phyllis, left alone. "I believe I've talked to that woman about pretty much everything from second marriages to the immortality of the soul; and actually told her all about my poor Frenchman, only of course she thinks it is another woman's case. But she is right; I was only thinking of marrying him because I was so bored; I'll go to California instead."

Early in the morning Élise appeared; she was desolated to rouse Madame, but in half an hour they would enter Little Rock, the train had gone on shortly after Madame had retired; and she would bring Madame the coffee and toast and eggs which she had prepared. Where did she obtain the toast? Mlle. Gates had procured it in a small town—that is to say, the bread.

She had an impulse to ask Miss Gates to breakfast with her; but she checked it, sending her thanks instead, and hoping to see her soon. But when she came out in the car, she found her new friend in bonnet and gloves, standing in the aisle to receive the porter's parting attentions. She explained that she must change her train at Little Rock, the hills and spires and factory chimneys of which were drifting into the car-mirrors.

Phyllis had another impulse more erratic than the first. It was no less a folly than to go to Hot Springs instead of San Antonio. She always believed that if she could have escaped the perfect Élise, she would have surrendered. But she saw Élise's skirts through the door; and she only sighed: "I think it is horrid you can't go on to Texas. Well, you have the address. I wish you would write me; and I'll let you know when I come to New York. *Must* you go? Is that your card? Thanks; and I am sure you saved my life last night. Good-by." She was holding the card which Miss Gates had handed her, silently. She wondered why the other did not speak, until she looked up and to her surprise saw that there were tears in those beautiful eyes. And then, moved by the most womanish impulse of all, she kissed her.

"Thank you," said Miss Gates; "if I don't ever see you again, won't you remember that you gave a stranger who needed it, a happy, happy time?"

There was no time for any answer; the porter beckoned; there was a parting, hurried good-by to Élise and something slipped into her hand; and then Phyllis was kissing her hand at a wistful smile on the platform, and the great, creaking wheels were moving again.

"I wonder will she write," thought Phyllis; "I wonder why I feel so ridiculously depressed; I wonder why on earth that idiot nigger doesn't get that room ready!"

Phyllis did not stay long in Texas. She decided to go to the south of France instead; and she returned by way of Hot Springs, having telegraphed to Miss Gates to meet her. She was annoyed when instead of Miss Gates at the station she received a letter. Miss Gates had been obliged to leave on the evening that she received the telegram, to go to New York for an operation. "I don't think you know how sorry I am," she wrote.

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"Why didn't she put off her old operation?" thought Phyllis, peevishly, for she was not accustomed to be crossed; but she was really a reasonable creature; and she wrote to the New York address (a street that she did not recognize) how sorry she was, bade her call on her there, and gave her her French address. Then, with a careless thought of the old aunt, she sent Élise to order a box of flowers for her. "If I were Patience Van Renslaer Gates," thought she, "I doubtless should pay a visit to the old dame, but I'm not; and I'm too tired and too cross!"

The next day she left the Springs to go to New York. In New York she had many distractions, but they did not crowd her friend quite out of her mind; and she was disappointed when one afternoon she found her card with a line below, "I am so sorry."

Phyllis meant to go to see her the next day; but this was the week when the poor prince, who really was in love with her, came; and every moment was full of its own demands. Yet she held to her decision, really due as much to Patience Gates as anything else; and he had his journey across the water for nothing. The day after he sailed she sailed by another line. And as she sat on deck, she thought she saw amid the mass of faces and handkerchiefs on the dock the face of her friend. She leaned over the railing, her own listless features changing. There was no doubt; it was she; and in return to Phyllis's quick wave of her handkerchief she kissed her hand and smiled. This time, she had no tears in her eyes; and so long as Phyllis could see the dimming figure she was still smiling.

That was how their correspondence began. Phyllis wrote on shipboard, a long, long letter. In return she had a shorter letter from Miss Gates. Though it was short, it had in it enough of the charm of the writer to make Phyllis answer it, very soon.

She grew more interested rather than less in her correspondent. She had no confidant; and about this time, life grew interesting in a certain way; and there was enough to confidé. She hit on what seemed to her an ingenious plan. In a way she shrank from baring her own perplexities to this new friend; so she told them of herself whom she drew as her friend; and she asked her counsel in this guise.

There was a piquancy in it to her; and it never occurred to her that the mask was insecurely tied. Miss Gates's delight in her letters, her curiosity, her unfailing sympathy, pleased her more and grew more indispensable to her.

After a little, she fell into the habit of polite inquiries regarding the aunt; and Miss Gates's picturings of her, her quotations from her dry speeches, her tales of her patience and generosity ("for I dare say you know, my dear, we are not rich; and it means something when Aunt Rebecca gives") inspired a kind of regard; she used to have her gardener send fruit and flowers from the country; several times, she sent her carriage round to take the invalid driving; and she found an unexpected keenness of pleasure in Miss Gates's gratitude. Once she sent something to Patience, herself, a bit of lace such as one may easily send in a letter, defying the customs; and in return Miss Gates wrote: "Won't you do me a favor, a great favor, the greatest? You have given me more pleasure, more happiness than I can tell you; won't you make me the finest kind of gift by giving me my sense of equality? I know that you have a great deal of money; you must know I have very little; but I am a gentlewoman, too; and it has been a lovely thing to me to have our friendship so equal; it does totter over toward you, I know, with all these beautiful things you do for Aunt Rebecca; but I haven't the right to say anything, there; but in my own case won't you please, please, simply give me no more than I can give you; let me feel that we are equal friends; and let me love you without humiliation?"

Phyllis's first emotion, reading this letter, was a sense of rebuff; and she was not used to rebuff; but very soon, another feeling grew in her; she tried to understand and she did understand—which was good for her, because she was not used to put herself in another's place. Besides, as she reflected, it would be great fun outwitting her proud Southerner. She wrote back: "You shall have your own way, dear, proud thing. I shall not risk losing

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the one friend I have captured for myself by any nonsense. One doesn't have a chance to make real, deep friendships the way we live. You have allies, you don't have friends, in society. The trouble is, one can't get near to people. We are always on dress parade. We do polite things for each other; and scrupulously pay back, very often feeling awfully bored because we must. I think sometimes it is only poor people that have a chance to really help each other. When we are ill, we have paid nurses; when those we love die, we shut ourselves up, until we can get a chance to run off to California or Europe. We never get a chance to see each other really moved. What do I know of the real nature of the pleasant people that I see every other day in the season? But I do know something of yours; and you know no end of my poor soul, for I have pretty much emptied it out before you."

It was true; she had come to be more open with this acquaintance of a day than with the friends of her lifetime. She grew more and more interested in the letters. They told of a life so different from her imagining, so utterly outside her experience. It was the life that she had vaguely pined to understand and to know; and vicariously she did know it. By degrees she won her friend into details of her daily experience; by degrees she became the rather careless and humorous but efficient fairy godmother to the doctor's poor patients.

More than once, she thought of returning home in order to see her friend; there was no valid reason why she should go down the Nile, yet she went down the Nile; and many a night, in the tropical moonlight, she remembered how she had watched the sun sink into the burning lake behind the dark and leafless trees, on the Arkansas plains. She had sensations of actual homesickness, sometimes; she wanted to go back, to take up the life her friend sometimes planned for her, to live in her own country, to be with her own people and her own friend. "I'm tired of pleasuring," she wrote; "I want to get down into the thick of life again, and leave the spectators' seats. You have converted me; I mean to come home, to work—and you!"

In answer, she received the first letter in which there was a note of pain or weakness. "I miss you, and I long for you," wrote Patience Gates, "God only knows how I long for you, or how happy your promise to come makes me. Oh, Phyllis, come *soon!*"

Almost by the next mail another letter came, begging pardon for the "hysterics" of the first, and written in the gay tone that Phyllis liked; but Phyllis shook her worldly wise brown head, which her hairdresser and Élise had defended from a thread of gray. "That's all very well," said she, "but I know she's in trouble. I wonder, could she be having a love-affair; I believe she *is*. I'll go home and rescue her."

Before she went home, she wrote the confession which had long been on the point of her pen: she told her real name; she confessed that the friend whose affairs and dilemmas and perplexities and offers of marriage she had detailed so freely, was herself; she begged Patience to meet her on the dock. "I can't wait to see you," she wrote, impulsively. It was as if some string were pulled in her heart, and her reserve dropped from her like a mask untied—she wrote as she might have written to her sister; she said all the silly, quaint, loving, fanciful things that she had felt it beneath her dignity to express; for the first time, she seemed to realize how her friend had changed life for her; and she told her so frankly. "You may not think me very decent," she wrote, "but I'm no end decenter than I used to be. The boys (my brothers, you know) are delighted with the way I have taken to business; they say, 'Phil has a great head!' But it is all *you*: I ought to know how my money is invested and I ought to understand about things. I did attend to those houses; I couldn't sleep until I had. And as for those people you write about—of course, I looked out for them when you let me see the state of things. You have taught me how the other half lives, you know; and I am living a far wider life, myself, thanks to you. And don't you be pernicketty about those pictures I sent your aunt. She's a dear, herself; and we are going to be awfully chummy, next month, while you and I——" Then she rambled away into reminiscences of the time when they met. "It's a letter that

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will please her to the ground," she thought cheerfully, as she sealed it with her own coat-of-arms—Phyllis did not in the least underrate her own power to charm—"and now I am done with my nice, romantic, incognito friendship; and I wonder shall I like a comfortable daylight acquaintance as well. Will she be as nice as her letters?"

She read over the letters of two old friends to whom she had recommended Dr. Gates in her professional character; they being always in search of a medical novelty and a new disease for themselves that should not need dieting. She had described Patience as charming; and her conscience did not prick her in the least when she added "and she is *most* skilful and successful;" nor did the event betray her. The friends belonged to the class that believe ardently in the newest medical appeal to its imagination. They had only to be told (by Phyllis who knew them) that Dr. Gates had a wonderful magnetism, to feel it at once; and they sang Patience's praises in all quarters of their social dominions. "Maybe you won't let me give you things!" Phyllis chuckled. "I've given you a practice, and you'll have to take it."

Many a time on shipboard she took out the letters and read again the invalids' maunderings over their own sufferings and dear Dr. Gates's "wonderful help." "She is managing them just as she managed the porter and Elise—and me," Phyllis thought, with a little ironic smile. Then she would wonder and puzzle about the love-affair. She had thought about it so much that she felt quite convinced of its existence; and she was anything but pleased with the possible lover. She was alone, save for Elise, and the people on shipboard did not interest her; so that she had the more time for thought. She thought about her brothers, to whom the last year had drawn her nearer; she thought tenderly of her little nieces and the nephew, on whom the family hopes centred, and whom the new feelings fostered by Patience had insensibly led her to take further into her heart; she thought affectionately of the sister-in-law that she had always liked; and she thought more temperately and kindly of the one that she had never liked; but most of all she thought of Patience Gates. And when she stood on deck as the great steamer slowly neared the black mass on shore, her heart was beating in a fashion the like of which she could not remember in years. But nowhere could she see the slender figure and the bright face that she had watched when she sailed away. Her older brother and the nephew had come down to the city in the heat to greet her; and their good-nature touched her. She was more appreciative than she had been once. Yet, through all the child's clamor of pleasure, and the talk of family happenings, and the intrusive roar of a great city, Phyllis was conscious of a blank disappointment. She called herself a fool, since no doctor's time is his own, and undoubtedly there would be a letter; yet the disappointment deepened and a dejection that irritated her came on its heels. She determined if there were not a letter waiting for her, that she would hunt up Patience in her own home. But there was a letter. It was not from Patience; the address was in her aunt's hand, a stiff, neat, minute, old-fashioned hand which had come to Phyllis in many notes of acknowledgment. Phyllis tore open the envelope. She sat down quite calmly; she read every word:

MY DEAR CHILD:

Do not mind me calling you that; for though Patience never would let me tell you, we found out your real name a few months ago; and Patience's grandmother, Janet Van Renslaer, who ran away and married the Massachusetts artist who went south, was *my* mother; so that through your husband I am connected with you. My dear, dear child, I want to break the news to you gently if I can; but I don't know any gentle way. Our dear Patty has left us. It was only last week, only two days ago; she pulled a child from under a horse's hoofs and was struck herself. Thank God, she did not suffer; it was instant loss of consciousness and almost instant death. The policeman said he never saw anything braver. He cried when he told me about it. I know this will be a shock and a grief to you. For I know how my dear child loved you; and no one could know her and not love *her*. I wish you could have seen the poor people at the funeral, the mothers and the children, yes, and the men, too, who lost a half day's wages to pay her that last respect. One woman said: "Aw, she was a saint from hivin; we'll niver have nobody now to make us laff!" My dear, do not mourn for her. It was better so. As I looked around the room with her coffin in the centre (I had them wheel my chair in there, and stayed with her that last night) and looked at the walls

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hung with the pictures of those we loved the best, all safe in heaven, and remembered what she had suffered and what she would have had to suffer, I thanked God. My dear, I had reason. Once she told me of a letter to me which she wanted me to find and read, a letter in a certain place. You see, she knew that it would comfort me, and there was *never* anyone so thoughtful of little things as she. She didn't expect to die suddenly, she said that in the letter; it was a mercy, she said, that would be too great to happen. This is why it was a mercy, my dear: She had a mortal disease, one of the cruelest. I will tell you everything about it when I see you. How she bore the pain and discomfort, and never, never broke down, God only knows. She did bear it all, and I never saw any dimming of that bright smile of hers; and there never was a sign of the apathy which I have noticed in people living under such a dreadful doom. She never (before me or anyone) went off into those gloomy reveries. She was always a comforter. She found it out just before I went south. It hurts me to this day to remember how she stinted herself to get that trip for me, and then she made a hurried visit to me to see me once more before the operation. And she *never* told me, only there was the letter in case the operation had gone wrong. But it succeeded. She was better for a time, but the awful thing had come back again, and—oh, I thank God for the horse's hoofs! My dear, this is a foolish, rambling letter of a broken-hearted, helpless old woman who forgets what she meant to say. There was something—yes, I want you to know how much happiness your friendship brought into my poor girl's life. She had had cruel, cruel sorrows. Maybe she told you how she was engaged to be married but she would not leave her father such a broken man, my dear; and he was not, he was not everything he should have been in temper. I suppose on account of his troubles. I find sorrow so trying to the temper myself, it is one of its worst burdens; and my brother-in-law, poor soul, was a very fussy man about his meals. She would never admit he was anything but an angel. But you can see what a bleak existence she had until *you* came. She loved you so; she has told me all about you; how beautiful and how fascinating you are. Why, my dear, she would be happy for days after she got one of your letters. You know—surely your coachman and footman know, for they have taken me so often to drive by your kind thoughtfulness—that we are on a side street, near your house; and after we found out that it was your house, and the gentleman there was your brother, Patty used to go that way when she took the cars, just to look at the house where you used to be. And I can never tell you how grateful we both were for the help you gave us. We were sure it was to you we owe the increase in her practice which made us so comfortable. We had been slightly cramped before, because years ago Patty insured her life, and the interest was a tax. But we were very comfortable; and I am provided for during the few years I have to stay waiting to join them all. I wanted you to know. Your last letter came the day she left us, and I laid it in her hand. I thank you and bless you, my dear child. When I saw in the paper you were coming I felt I must tell you. Please excuse my poor way of expressing myself; I cannot seem to think quite clearly; *she* used to think for me and help me with my letters. But it will not be long.

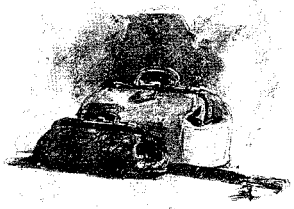
Your grateful old friend,
REBECCA VAN RENSLAER MARR.

The letter slipped out of Phyllis's limp fingers. She looked out of the window, but she saw nothing of the kaleidoscope of dazzling sunshine and gay equipages below; the babel of the city roared into her deaf ears; her little nephew called her, but she did not hear. She was only listening to the burden of a trivial little song that a very red and stout German used to sing on shipboard:

Too late I came, the room was dark,
That had been so warm and bright,
And never more on sea or shore
Shall I carry a heart as light!

"Yes," said Phyllis, "I came too late. She would have let me help her if I had come. I came too late."

But it was not too late for Aunt Rebecca.



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THE CRANE

By Francis Churchill Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLIFFORD CARLETON

IT could lift eighty tons as easily as Barney Scott lifted his dinner-pail. But then it was some sixty feet in length and weighed about thirty tons itself, while Barney never had to bend his head when going through the five-foot-ten fence-gate of the works, and he weighed only one hundred and thirty pounds. However, as Barney often said, "'T isn't th' man who lifts th' heaviest pig" (meaning the pig that is born in the foundry) "who bosses th' shop." And so it was Barney who did the bossing in this case, and it was the big travelling crane that lifted the weights and lowered them, and ran up and down the shop, and never thought of asking why it did so. For the matter of that, Barney himself forestalled any questions his giant friend might have asked by telling it of every move it made in obedience to the turn of his wrist, or pull or push of his arm. "Now we're goin' t' pick up that ladle," he would say in a half-whisper as he got the signal from the melter at the far end of the shop. Then he would shove over a lever, and the crane would begin to purr in the contented fashion in which only well-kept electric cranes indulge. "We're coming—coming—coming—coming," it would grumble in bass tones. And Barney, seated in the steel cage which was perched on one shoulder of his friend, would repeat to himself, "Yes, we are—are—are—are." But his hand never left the lever, and he knew how to keep one eye on the drums and motors and wheels and trolleys before him, and the other on the end of the building, where a group of men waited for his fellow-worker and himself—which is something that every crane-driver who is worth his salt must be able to do without becoming cross-eyed.

And so down the shop they would go, and just at the right moment Barney's fingers would close and his arm move, and his friend's purr would grow less in volume and cease, and the big chains which hung from the wire-wound drums between the girders of the crane would gently sway. Then Barney would give another lever a push, and the carriage carrying the drums would be "racked" across until it stopped right over the ladle that was to be moved. With a "Steady, boy! steady!" the crane-driver would give still another lever a pull, and the humming treble of the revolving drums would respond to his cautioning words for a moment, only to die away when the hands of the workmen below seized the chains, and slipped into place in the rings of the ladle the double hooks that they bore. Then once again the satisfying song of the drums and the deep purring of the wheels would reply in turn to Barney's low-spoken words, "We're goin' up th' shop. They want t' dump this ladle. 'T must be put near those moulds over there. But there's no hurry, no hurry; so take y'r time, they've got t' wait fur us."

Barney knew every plate, every reinforcement, every bolt, rivet, nut, and wheel in the body of his big friend. He knew its disposition, its likes and dislikes, its power, its tractability under persuasion, and its immovability when something went wrong with it and it decided to lay off for awhile. He understood how to humor and how to relieve it when, like all giants, it was pestered by some puny enemy and, perhaps, crippled for the time being. It would take him but an instant to creep out from his cage over the girders and locate the seat of trouble. "I know what's ailin' y', ould boy," he would say as he bent down, and his keen eyes searched for and found the sore spot. "'T's me that'll make 't all right fur y' in a cat's wink; so don't be onaisy." And his nimble fingers, wielding screw-driver, wrench, pliers, or hammer, would speedily repair the damage. Then, as he walked back to the cage, he would say, confidentially, "There now, wasn't I after tellin' y' I'd fix 't?" and he would give a lever the slightest pull, so that from his friend would come a thankful acknowledgment of his work and words.

Barney's acquaintance with the giant extended from the day when, borne on

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two flat cars, the latter was brought to the shop where open-hearth steel was made, and after many hours of hard work slowly lifted into position. It rested on two tracks, one of which ran for five hundred feet along the south wall of the building, the other for the same distance along beams which were supported by many steel columns about the middle of the shop. Below and between these tracks the casting floor where the ladles were filled and castings made, extended the four hundred feet of its length, littered with flasks, and castings slowly cooling, and "scrap," and a huddle of steel and iron shapes. Over all this Barney and his friend ran back and forth forty feet in the air, and Barney held the beings who toiled and sweated beneath him in a mild scorn that was born of observing how helpless they often were without him and the giant who labored at his bidding.

"Look now! Look at those hooks they're a-carryin'," he would say, as he sat in his cage at one end of the building and watched a couple of men staggering under their burden at the other end. "They're purty nearly bandy-legged with th' luggin' of them, an' two of them at 't, too, mind y'. Prisintly they'll be a-callin' fur us, an' we'll go down there an' whusk them same hooks, an' th' ladle they'll be fast to, an' ten ton or more of metal thrown in, up into th' air as aisy as y' plaze." With that, Barney would rub the grips of the levers with affectionate care, and laugh in his throat, and gaze admiringly at the vast fabric that bridged the space between his seat and the opposite wall.

At night many arc-lights threw back shadows into every corner of the building, and Barney, perched above the working world of the steel plant, would, in his idle moments, dream dreams that had their substance in the potentialities that lay passive beneath his hand. He fancied how it would astonish them all if suddenly he should come up the shop at full tilt, riding his steel monster without regard for what it might crush in its progress. How they would fly on all sides when they realized that he cared not for them; and how they would tumble over flasks, broken castings, sand-piles, and the scraps of steel! They would have to acknowledge his kingship then. They would call to him in their terror to stop, and he would not if they were in his path; they would cry out to him in their frantic fear—Hark! was that one of them crying to him now? He straightened up, and turned his head, listening. But then he chuckled softly to himself; for it was only a foreman at one of the furnaces shouting to his gang, "Charge up!" It was a familiar sound which had startled him from his dream; it was a familiar sight which met his eyes as his glance followed the row of furnaces that extended almost the length of the building. Yet he watched the moving figures about those furnaces with no lack of appreciation. After all, these men were making ready the toy with which he and his giant friend would soon be playing. Now the figures of the men came out in detail in the hard white brilliance of the arc-lights, and now they were silhouettes as they strode into the orange and red flare from the open furnace-door, and, sluing around with their backs to the intense heat, dexterously discharged a shovelful of ferro-manganese into that yawning mouth, which seemed instantly to close on the morsel. Barney saw a foreman step forward, and, lifting the shutter which covered the furnace-door, peer through the blue glass that he held before his face. Barney speculated, as he had done a hundred times before, why it was that this particular foreman always spat twice upon the ground before looking through the glass. While he speculated he got a signal from up the shop, and he spoke a word to his friend, and together they moved away to their work.

The Sampson Steel Company was working on government orders, and was working with the handicap against it. Government contracts paid well; but there were more bidders for them than there was work to go round. So men toiled night and day, and the manager told stories of how salaries were sometimes raised when corporations prospered, and foremen found themselves reading their instructions in their sleep, and melters learned that a poorly constructed furnace-lining meant a new name on the pay-roll, and the men who wielded the shovel, or worked at furnace, hammer, or machine jumped at the word, and the keepers of near-by sa-

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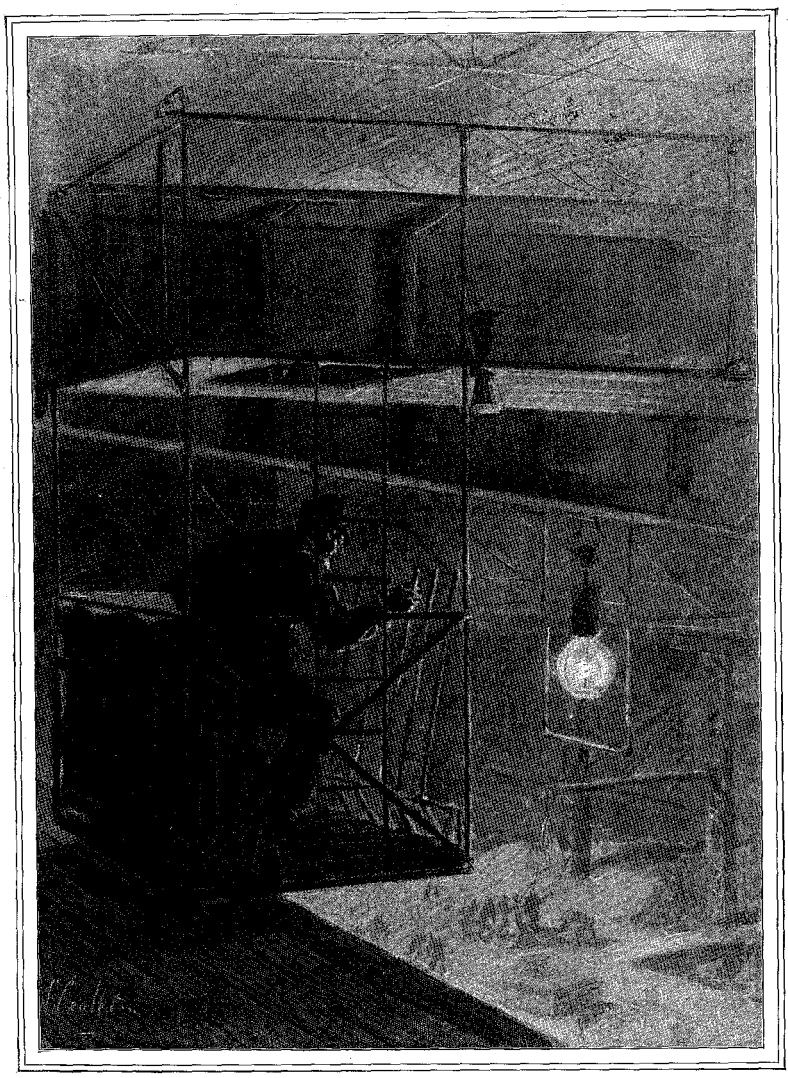

He fancied how it would astonish them all if suddenly he should come up the shop at full tilt.—Page 744.

loons swore that their business was going to the devil. But molten steel cares not a whit whether it mounts evenly in a mould or flows at random over the floor of a pit, where it is an offence in the eyes of the head of the department. Neither will other accidents be prevented always by the fact that a reputation is at stake. And so it was that the manager of the Sampson works referred daily, with growing anxiety, to the book in which were entered the government orders; and counted the hours intervening till a certain day on which the contract for "deck-lugs" (being the supports for heavy guns on ship-board) expired. The Roxdale Steel Mills were close competitors in this same line of work, and already a friendly hint had come from Washington in which the name of the Roxdale Mills appeared. It was not unreasonable, then, that the manager of the Sampson works should see dwindling dividends, and consequent meetings of the Board of Directors to which he would not be invited, looming in the near future. Nor was it hardly more strange that the foremen and hands in the Sampson works should be doing some thinking on their respective accounts.

The night-shift in the open-hearth de-

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partment had come on duty at half-past five o'clock of a drizzling afternoon. When the whistles blew at half-past eleven o'clock that evening it was freezing hard out of doors, and a north wind made the sweating men, as they dropped their tools and reached for the pails that held their supper, feel as though a handful of icicles had been slipped down the necks of their shirts. Barney extracted himself from the cage of the crane and swung himself down the ladder to the floor of the shop. Long Jones, who was taller and thinner than any man in the place, and wore the biggest shoes, came around the corner of a furnace, and hunched himself against an old flask, prying off the lid of his supper-pail as he took his seat. Barney joined him, and already had bitten into a sandwich of bacon and bread as thick as two of his fingers when someone halted beside him and sat down between Jones and himself. It was Bagley from the machine-shop, who was taking his turn on the night-shift in the open-hearth department. Bagley was a new man and a handy one, and it was the cause of much secret rejoicing to the melters when he came on duty to look after such small repairs as occasional breakdowns necessitated. He put the two tin pails he carried between his knees, and, with a word of greeting, fell-to on the contents of one of them.

Barney.

"Blowin' up cold," he said, after a couple of bites.

Long Jones nodded. Barney's mouth was occupied at the time.

"Only twenty minutes fur grub t'-night," the new-comer asseverated.

"Thought we wouldn't get but ten," returned Barney. "An' be th' same token, if 't was t' kape up another night at th' prisint rate, 't's no more we would have."

"But it won't keep up," said Jones. "Th' last of those deck-lugs goes into th' flask t'-night."

"Barrin' accidents," interjected Barney.

"Barrin' accidents," agreed Jones. "An' if it's more of them we're goin' t' have, may I be too drunk t' know m' name when th' old man hears th' tale. What with th' metal a-fillin' in of tap-holes, an' ladle linin's crackin', an' gas valves a-breakin' down, an' wires a-burnin' out, th' plant's got a dirty name, an' I hear they're a-sayin' that 'f we fall down on this contract th' guv'r'ment'll be shakin' us fur good, an' Roxdale'll get all th' work next time. We've got just three weeks from t'-night t' ship th' last of those lugs, an' it'll take every hour of that t' finish th' one we'll cast t'-night."

"Guess 't could be done in less time if 't had t' be," said Bagley, confidentially.

Jones had his teeth fast in a wedge of pie at the moment, but he wrenched them from their hold to reply:

"What y'r jawin' 'bout? There isn't any plant in th' country could do it in less time. Y' machine-shop fellers think y'r awful smart, but y' don't know everything. Ain't that so, Barney?"

Barney nodded sagely, and Bagley hastened to the attack again. "Well, y' needn't get so all-fired hot 'bout 't. I'm dead sure, even 'f som'thin' happened t' that flask t'-night, that they'd make a new one, and finish th' castin', too, inside of three weeks." The speaker looked defiantly at Jones.

Long Jones was put upon his mettle.

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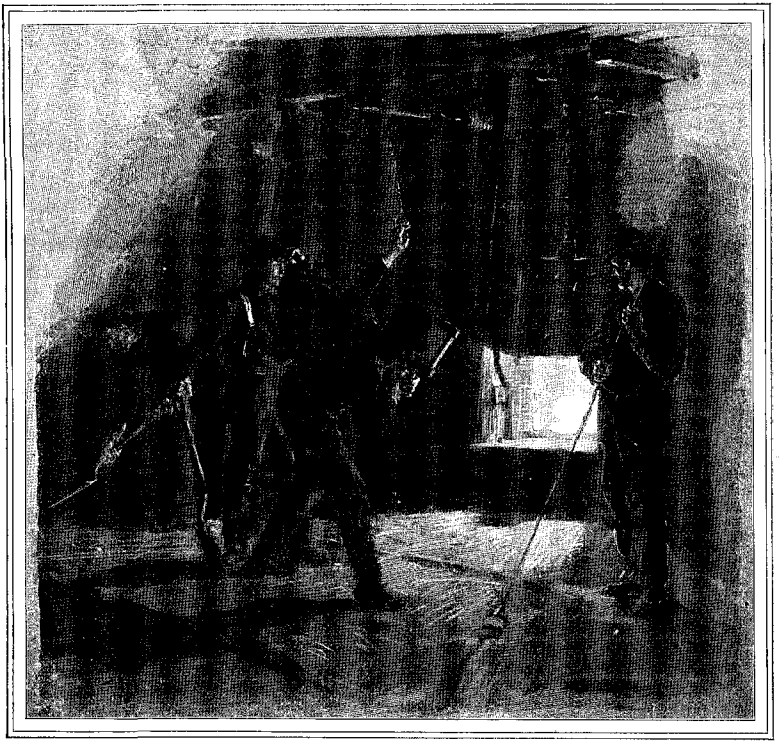

. . . why was it that this particular foreman always spat twice upon the ground before looking through the glass.—Page 744.

"Y'r dead sure of that, are y'?" he said. "Well, it takes jest thirty-nine days t' make an' finish a lug castin', as I happen t' know. We've got th' mould made, so that strikes off two weeks an' three days. That leaves—let's see; three weeks an' a day t' end th' job. Call it three weeks even, an' that's the time exactly we've got." Jones was a bit proud to display his knowledge, for he had worked in almost every shop in the plant, and they knew it.

"Oh, stop y'r croakin'," said Barney, good-naturedly. On Bagley's face there was a half-sneer. Jones saw it and retorted, as a clincher, "Mark y', if anything happens t' this castin' t'-night, Roxdale, or someone else, 'll get th' next guv'r'ment work we might a had."

There was silence for a moment, and Jones got on his feet, and hooked his supper-pail on his arm. "I'm goin' over for m' pipe I left over there by No. 6," he said, and walked away.

Bagley picked up one of the pails that lay between his legs and took off the lid. "Hav' some coffee?" he said, extending the pail to Barney; "'t's been warmin' up against th' furnace."

"Guess I will. Here's lookin' at y'," replied the crane-driver, tipping the can against his lips. The coffee was strong and black, and it was grateful to the throat. He took a generous drink, then handed back the can. Bagley held it in both hands, and put it up to his mouth. Barney turned to his supper-pail, and extracted a big slab of ginger-bread which he broke in two. "Try some; 't's good," he remarked. "Th' ould woman made 't." Bagley reached for the cake and in so doing knocked over the coffee-can. Part of its contents was spilled before he could right it. But he only laughed, and said, his mouth half-full of ginger-bread, "Don't make no difference anyway; I've had all I want. Y' might as well drink th' rest y'rself if y' want 't."

Just then the whistles blew, and the men got up. Barney had the coffee-can in his hands. "'T cer'ainly goes t' th' right spot," he remarked, as he drained the vessel.

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"'T does so," returned Bagley.

Five minutes later the plant was in full operation, and Barney, on his perch on the crane, waited a call to duty.

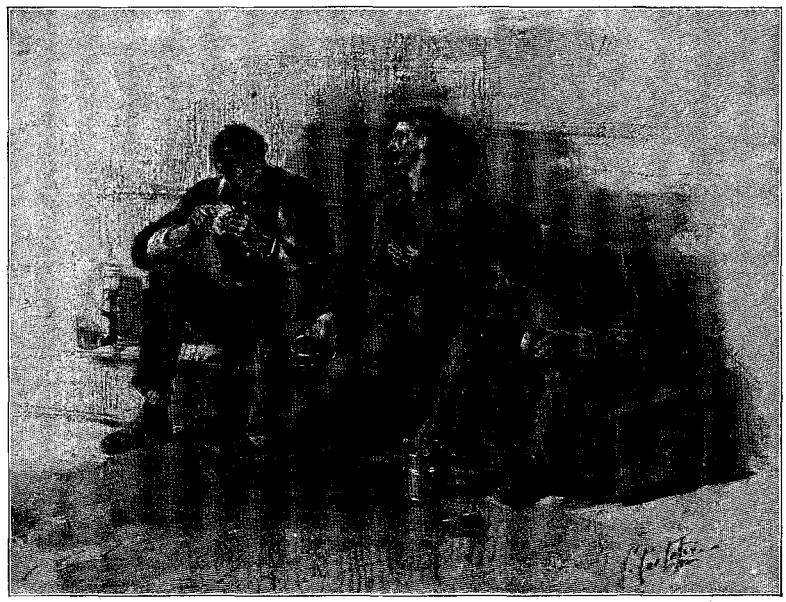
In the pit back of furnace No. 3 they had placed a big ladle capable of holding sixty thousand pounds of metal. It was a deep bowl of steel, hooped and banded, and was emptied at the bottom through an opening, or nozzle, in which worked a plug operated by a long lever. In furnace No. 3 bubbled the liquid steel from which the deck-lug was to be cast over whose making Long Jones had wagged his head. In the pit men were handling long metal rods, and on the edge of the pit, directing the movements of the gang, was a figure which Barney recognized as that of the head of the department.

"Sure, an' we knew Mister Baxter 'd be down t' see 't done, didn't we?" Barney remarked to the crane. "An' 't's no mistake we do want t' be makin' now, ould boy, with him a-watchin' us," he went on. He rubbed his horny palms over the smooth surface of the levers as he spoke, and gave each of them a gentle pull to see that everything was working right.

"Uf! uf! u-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Of! of! o-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Of! of! o-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Ak! ak! a-r-r-r-r-r-r," replied the crane, in successive base, alto, and treble assurances that its various moving parts were ready to do their duty. A web of fine wrinkles overspread Barney's face at the sounds, as was always the case when he was well pleased. Then he turned his face again toward the furnaces, and watched the men about No. 3.

After a minute he twisted himself in his seat. "'T must be I caught a bit of a cold t'-night," he communed with himself. "Me legs 's that heavy they feel as 'f they was a-carryin' me t' have me pay docked; an' me head's in th' hammer-shop judgin' be what me ears 's tellin' 't. Faith, th' ould woman 'll be detectin' whuskey on me breath to-morro' mornin 'if me bones kape on a-achin'."

He sat resting his chin on one hand, which was supported by the railing of the cage. But the blue rays of the electric lights seemed to be a thousand needles that were piercing his eye-balls. His head pressed more and more heavily on his hand, and at last slowly slid off sideways and struck the upright bar of the cage-netting. But just at that instant came a call from the end of the shop. Instinctively obeying the command, he pulled one of the levers, and the crane started down



Jones had his teeth fast in a wedge of pie at the moment, but he wrenched them from their hold to reply.—Page 746.

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But back in the shop he knew he was.—Page 750.

the shop. Facing his duty, Barney partly straightened himself up; but he had not travelled fifty feet when something seemed to fall over his face like a black mantle, a sense of choking almost overpowered him, and he lurched forward on his knees. He realized that something had happened to him, and he seemed to care nothing that it had. But habit was strong in him, and a faint appreciation of a dreadful thing to come if the big engine which he rode was to go on without a hand to govern it, made him cling to the lever which controlled its forward movement and, by a desperate effort, throw it back so that the crane came to a stop. Then suddenly it was borne upon him that he had floated out of the cage, and was dropping down, down into a very black hole.

He went down a tremendous distance before that jerk came which, in an instant, checked his fall, and whisked him from the hole and darkness to the floor of the shop and the field of brilliancy caused by an

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Silhouetted in the glow from the steel stood Mr. Baxter.—Page 752.

arc-light over his head. But back in the shop he knew he was, for there were a dozen men about him, and one man was opening his shirt, and a second man was holding a flask of whiskey to his lips. He tried to push away the first of these men, and sucked at what the second offered him, and never wondered at it all for a space. Then his hold on the real world grew stronger, and he heard someone speaking.

"He'll be all right now, I guess," said the voice. "Johnson, you and McNally stay with him. The rest of you men get back to th' pit. Who can run th' crane?"

"I can, sir," answered another voice, and this one Barney recognized as belonging to Bagley. "I ran th' crane at Roxdale, an' I ran 't once here when Scott was off."

"That's so," thought Barney. "But I'm damned if y'll do 't this time," and he tried to raise himself to a sitting position, and promptly dropped back, and did some more falling down that black hole.

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Everyone about the flask jumped for his life.—Page 753.

When next he was on solid earth, only McNally was beside him, and a coat was under his head, and he was staring up at the corrugations of the metal roof of the shop. His eyes at once sought the crane, and remained there, only travelling over its massive frame to make sure that all was as it should be. Yes, there the crane was, directly over the ladle which stood in the pit, balanced on its heavy trunnions. The chains of the crane were fast to the hooks that were attached to the ladle. In the pit, men thrust the long tapping-irons into the tapping-hole which opened into the furnace directly over the ladle, breaking away the wall of sand which held in check the fluid steel within the furnace. Presently, a blow pierced the remaining shell of sand, and a gush of liquid steel leaped out into the ladle, and swelled at successive thrusts of the iron until it was a column of flowing pearl tinged with turquoise. A shower of golden sparks and shooting stars of fire were projected incessantly into

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space. From the ladle, too, were struck out countless points of gold and red as the metal rose in its depths, and on the breast of the liquid steel there climbed above the ladle's rim a curving crust of dark blue which was sown with a thousand tiny lights, and spouted yellow and sapphire and violet flames.

And now the stream from the tapping-hole diminished and ceased; and from the lip of the opening hung a slobber of glazing metal. Silhouetted in the glow from the steel stood Mr. Baxter. Barney's gaze had dropped to the men at the pit; but, as Mr. Baxter raised his arm and gave a command, he looked up again at the crane, and identified the man who sat in the cage there. It was Bagley, and he was leaning sideways over the netting of the cage, looking and listening for the next order. His hands were on the levers which controlled the movements of the chains from which was suspended the ladle, slowly rising from its bed in the pit. When that huge vessel was a few feet above the floor of the building, Barney saw him, at a word from Mr. Baxter, pull on another lever. Barney's big friend at once began to back up the shop, carrying its burden of molten metal.

Over this was climbing in desperate haste a dark figure. —Page 753.

Fifty feet away was a dark shape—the flask in which the deck-lug was to be cast. From its top projected funnels of iron lined with clay, down whose throats the melted steel was to pass to the mould beneath. Over the flask the ladle was slowly swung. Then it was brought to a stop directly above the largest of the openings in the flask. Mr. Baxter stepped up to the ladle, watch in hand, waiting until the right moment should come to pour off the metal. Barney lay still, his eyes burning, a faint flush on his usually pale cheeks, his jaw moving nervously, and, now and then, his fingers clinching. For there was his big friend working the will of another's mind, and obedient to a strange hand. It fairly made his heart ache to see it. And Bagley of all men! It was Bagley, he recalled, who had given him that coffee to drink. It seemed as if the taste of it was even yet in his mouth. "Bad cess t' him," he muttered to himself. "An' may th' devil drink from his can next toime."

Then, as he heard Mr. Baxter utter a sharp command, Barney's eyes became fixed upon the ladle. He would see how close this Bagley could come to hitting the right spot with the nozzle; for it was in placing the nozzle directly over the openings in the ladle that the skill of the crane-driver had its real test.

But to Barney, now measuring with his glance the distance between ladle and flask, it seemed that the ladle was rising, not dropping. He started, and managed to lift himself to a sitting position. His vision must be deceiving him, he believed. But as he moved, a shout from Mr. Baxter told him that he had seen aright. The ladle *was* rising.

"N-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o," mumbled the crane, as if in protest at the action imposed on it. Yet so swiftly was the ladle lifted that already it was a dozen feet in the air. Barney's glance flew to the cage of the crane, and he was floundering to his feet even as his eyes took in the position of the man there. Bagley was looking over the edge of the cage-railing, mingled fear and triumph in his face. As Barney staggered forward the other gave two of the levers a quick pull.

"O-h-o-o-o-o-o-o!" moaned the crane,

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in rising tones of horror, and the ladle, suddenly stopping its upward movement, started downward with increasing speed. A frantic yell came from the men about the pit, an angry bellow of command from Mr. Baxter, and everyone about the flask jumped for his life. They knew that the instant that ladle of liquid fire should strike the mould on which it was descending, a terrible death would fall on all who were within reach.

But Barney had no thought of death. He was crazily stumbling over cumbering piles of sand and scrap for the end of the shop, where a ladder led to the level of the crane. Somehow it seemed to him that even yet he could avert the disaster which threatened to ruin his big friend, and to break his heart. But he had not covered a dozen feet when the end came. It was the giant he loved that told him what had happened.

A crunching sound smote upon his ears, for the giant was chewing up small cog-wheels and plates of cast metal. Then came a crackling that spoke of some steel bar which had thrust itself into the giant's mouth, and interfered with the movement of its jaws. And then came a creaking which spoke of terrific energies suddenly subdued and of other terrible strains being borne by the shoulders of the giant, who complained thereat, but refused to succumb to them. Barney knew the day was saved. The ladle swung stationary, two feet above the top of the mould, and the chains which held it seemed to vibrate under the pressure put upon them.

Barney looked up. A maze of overturned wheels and a tangle of gearing and smashed plates and steel rods was piled up against one of the drums which supported the chains. Over this was climbing, in desperate haste, a dark figure which he knew must be Bagley. Barney's heart leaped at the sight, for somehow in an instant he saw how matters stood. It was Bagley who had given him drugged coffee that night; it was Bagley who had taken his place as crane-driver—and Bagley had once worked at Roxdale, and only a few hours earlier Long Jones had said that, if the Sampson works defaulted on the present contract, it was Roxdale that would be benefited thereby when future contracts were awarded. Once had that ladle fallen on the flask—as Bagley had planned to make it—no power on earth could have got a new flask made in time to fulfil the contract terms. A hoarse shout came from Mr. Baxter, who also had seen the flying figure on the crane and had some suspicion of evil deeds. A half-dozen of the men jumped at the word in pursuit of the fugitive.

They never caught Bagley, but they did make the casting of that last deck-lug successfully that night. And it was Barney himself who directed the movements of the crane, sitting beside the crippled machinery, and controlling its stiff movements with a long steel wrench. And when at last the flask was filled, he leaned over and laid a hand on his old friend, and patted it softly, and had his say. "Y' never went back on me, ould trusty," he whispered. "We can worruk t'gether till th' last man below drops in his tracks. But sorro th' day when other than me own hands tries t' make y' do agin y'r will."

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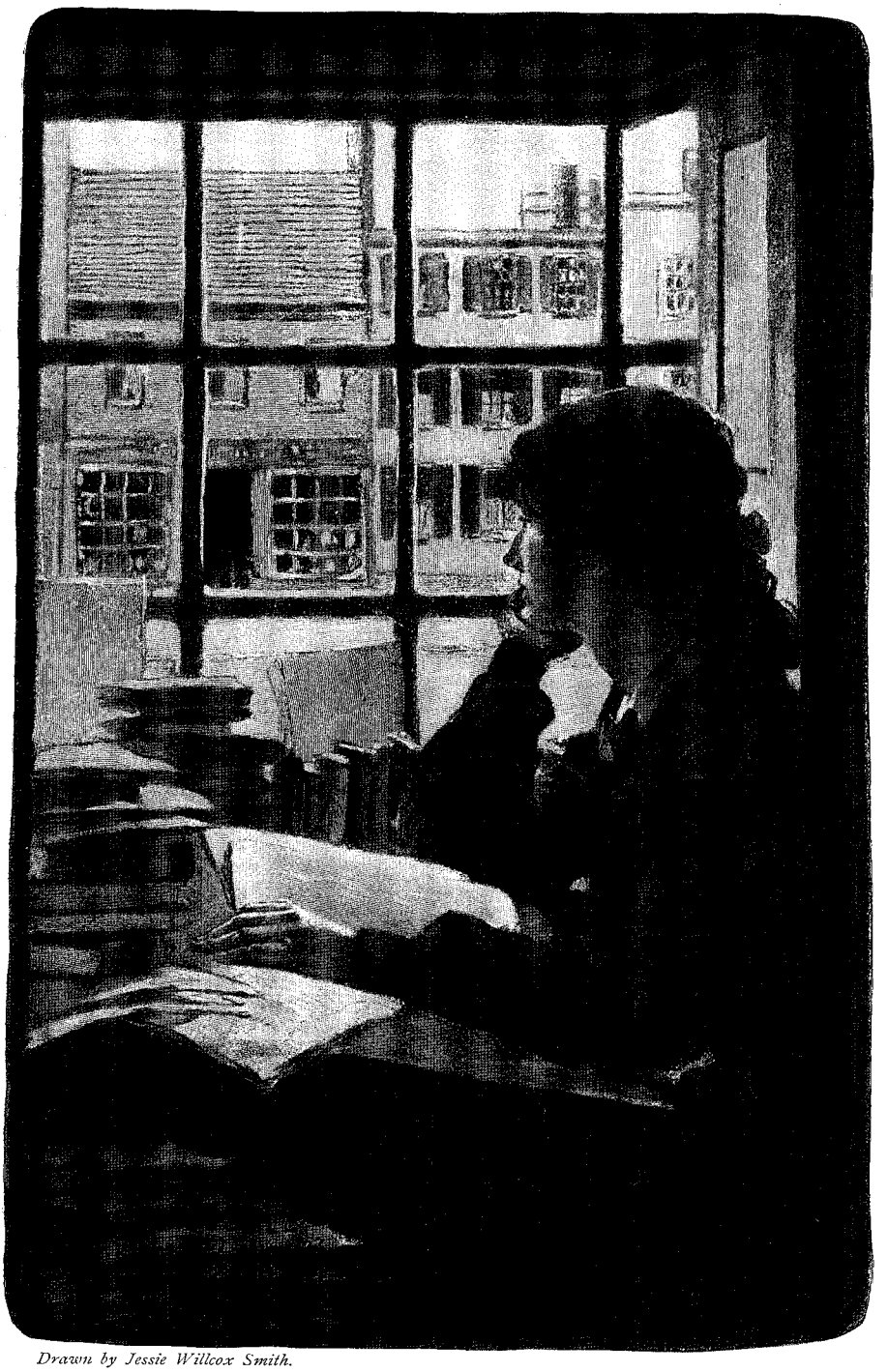

Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

She read one of the Annuals, or gazed through the window.—Page 755.

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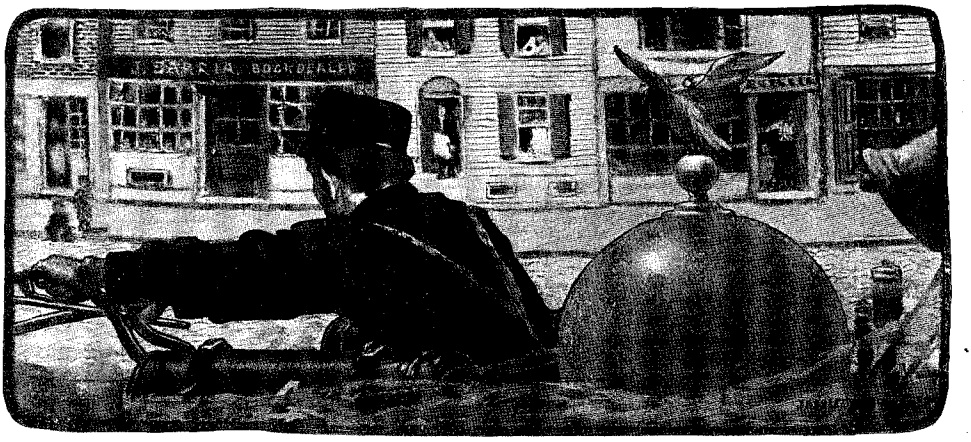

THE EMIGRANT EAST

By Arthur Colton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISS JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

THE old book-shop in Cripple Street was walled to its dusky ceiling with books. Books were stacked on the floor, like split wood, with alleys between. The long table down the centre was piled with old magazines and the wrecks of paper-covered novels. School arithmetics and dead theologies; Annuals in faded gilt, called "Keepsake," or "Friendship's Offering;" little leathern nubbins of books from the last century, that yet seemed less antique than the annuals, which counted no more than forty years—so southern and early-passing was the youth of the Annual—; Bohn's translations, the useful and despised; gaudy, glittering prints of the poets and novelists; all were crowded together, without recognition of caste, in a common Bohemia. Finding a book sought for in that mystical chaos, seemed to establish a right to it of first discovery. The pretty girl who sat in one of the dim windows, and kept the accounts, looked oriental but not Jewish, and wore a crimson ribbon in her black hair and at her throat. She read one of the Annuals, or gazed through the window at Cripple Street. A show-case in the other window contained stamp collections, Hindoo, Chinese, and Levantine coinage.

Far back in the shop a daring explorer might come upon a third window, gray, grimy, beyond which lay the unnamable backyards between Cripple and Academy Streets. It could not be said to "open on" them, for it was never opened, or "give a view" of them, being thick with gray dust. But if one went up to it, and looked carefully, there, in the dim corner, might be seen an old man with a long, faded black coat, rabbinical beard, dusky, transparent skin, and Buddha eyes, blue, faint, far away, self-abnegating, such as under the Bo-tree might have looked forth in meek abstraction on the infinities, and perceived the Eightfold Principle. It was always possible to find Mr. Barria, by steering for the window. So appeared the old book-shop in Cripple Street, Mr. Barria, the dealer, and his granddaughter, Janey.

Nature made Cripple Street to be calm and dull, for the hand of man, working through generations, is the hand of nature, as surely as in nature the oriole builds its nest, or the rootlets seek their proper soil. Cripple Street ran from Coronet to Main Street, and its paving was bad. There were a few tailors and bookbinders, a few silent, clapboarded houses.

But two doors from the corner, in Coronet Street, stood Station No. 4 of the Fire Brigade, and Cripple Street was the nearest way to Main Street, whither No. 4 was more likely to be called than else-

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where. So that, though nature made Cripple Street to be calm and dull, No. 4, Fire Brigade, sometimes passed it, engine, ladder and hose, in the splendor of the supernatural, the stormy pageantry of the gods; and one Tommy Durdo drove the engine.

Durdo first came into Mr. Barria's shop in search of a paper-covered novel with a title promising something wild and belligerent. It was a rainy, dismal day, and Janey sat among the dust and refuse of forgotten centuries.

"My eyes!" he thought. "She's a peach."

He lost interest in any possible belligerent novel, gazed at her with the candor of his youthfulness, and remarked, guilefully:

"I bet you've seen me before now."

"You drive the engine," said Janey, with shining eyes.

"Why, this' my pie," thought Durdo, and sat down by her on a pile of old magazines. He was lank, muscular, with a wide mouth, lean jaws, turn-up nose and joyful eyes. The magazines contained variations on the loves of Edwards, Eleanores, and other people, well-bred, unfortunate, and possessed of sentiments. Durdo was not well-bred, he had faith in his average luck, and not a presentable sentiment was in his recollection. He went away from Mr. Barria's shop, at last, with a spot in the tough texture of his soul that felt mellow.

"J. Barria, bookdealer," he read from the sign. "J! That's Janey, ain't it? Hold on. She ain't the bookdealer. She ain't any ten cent novel, either. She's a Rushy bound, two dollar and a half a copy, with a dedication on the fly-leaf, which"—Tommy stopped suddenly and reflected—"which it might be dedicated to Tommy. Hey?"

It came near to being a sentiment. The possibility of such a thing, rising from within him, seemed impressive. When a fire reaches the bottom of an elevator shaft and takes the draught, first comes a hot breeze, then a rush of flame. He walked back to No. 4, thoughtfully, and thrust himself into a fight with Hamp Sharkey, in which it was proved that Hamp was the better man. Tommy regained his ordinary reckless cheerfulness. But when a man is in a state of mind that it needs a stand-up and knock-down fight to introduce cheerfulness, he cannot hope to conceal his state of mind.

Cripple Street drowsed in the sunshine, one August afternoon. A small boy dug bricks out of the sidewalk with a stick. It seemed to emphasize the indifferent calm, that no one took that interest in Cripple Street to come and stop him. The clangor of the fire-bells broke across the city. For a moment the silence in Cripple Street seemed more deathly than before. Then the doors of the tailors and bookbinders flew open. The Fire Company came, with leap and roar, ladder, engine and hose, rattle of wheels, and thud of steam. Passing Mr. Barria's, Durdo turned his head, saw Janey in the door and beamed on her.

"Hooray," he shouted.

"It's Tommy's girl," thundered Hamp Sharkey, from the top of his jingling ladders. Fire Brigade No. 4 cheered, waved its helmet, wherever it had a hand free, and in a moment was gone, leaving the drift of its smoke in the air, the tremble of its passing, and Janey flushed and thrilled. Hook and ladder and all had hailed her with honor, as Tommy's girl. A battalion of cavalry, with her lover at the head, dashing up to salute, say, her battlemented or rose-embowered window—both terms occur in the Annuals—and galloping away to the wars, might have been better theoretically, but Janey was satisfied. She had no defence against such battery. Power, daring, and danger were personified in Tommy. He had brought them all to her feet. This it was to live, and be a woman. She turned back into the dim shop, her eyes shining. The backs of the dusty books seemed to quiver and glow, even those containing arithmetic, dead philosophies, and other cool abstractions, as if they forgot their figures and rounded periods, and thought of the men who wrote them, how these once were young.

Durdo found it possible, by spending his off hours in Mr. Barria's shop, to keep cheerful, without fighting Hamp Sharkey. A row now and then, with a smaller man than Hamp, was enough to satisfy the growing mellowness of his soul. His off hours began at four. He passed them among the Annuals and old magazines, in a state of puzzled and flattered bliss. He

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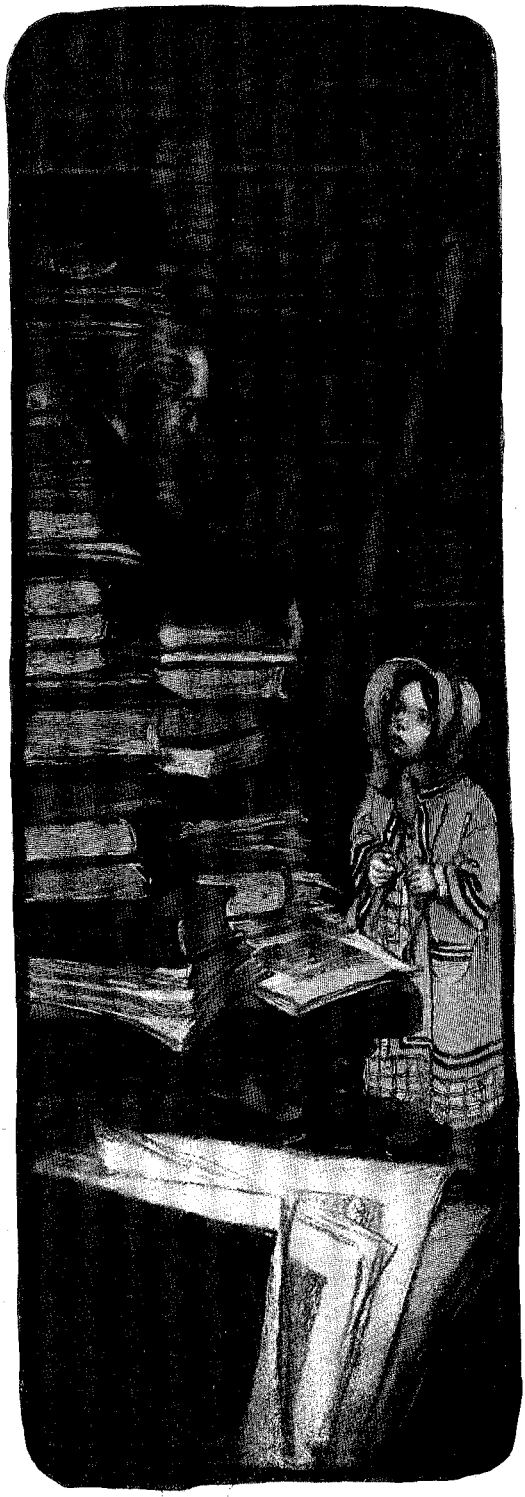
fell so far from nature as to read the Annuals where Janey directed, to conclude that what was popularly called "fun" was vanity and dust in the mouth; that from now on he would be decent, and that any corner or hole in the ground, which contained Janey and Tommy, would suit him forever. No doubt he was wrong there.

Mr. Barria's memories of all that had befallen him within or without, in the journey of this life, before his entry on the Path of Quietness, and his consciousness of all external objects and occurrences since, were clear enough, but as little white clouds in the open sky are clear, whose business it is to be far away and trouble us with no insistent tempest. They never entered the inner circle of his meditation. They appeared to be distant things. He had no sense of contact with them. His abstractions had formed a series of concentric spheres about him. In some outer sphere lay a knowledge of the value of books as bought and sold, which enabled him to buy and sell them with indifferent profit, but it entered his central absorption no more than the putting on and off of his coat.

He was not absorbed in books. He did not seem to care for them, beyond the fourscore or more worn volumes that were piled about his table by the gray window, many of them in tattered paper covers, bearing German imprints, some lately rebound by a Cripple Street bookbinder. He did not care for history or geography, not even his own. He did not care where he was born, or when, where he was now, or how old.

Once—whether forty years gone, or four hundred, would have seemed to him a question of the vaguest import—he had taught Arabic and Greek in a university town, which looks off to mountains that in their turn look off to the Adriatic Sea. There had been a wife, and there was a child, a smaller Julian Barria. Somewhere, about this time and place, he began explorations in more distant Eastern



She stood among the Annuals and old magazines.—Page 758.

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languages. The date was unnoted, obscure, traditional. The interest in language soon disappeared. It was a period of wonder and searching. After the moral fierceness of the Arab and Mohammedan, the Hindoo's and Buddhist's calm negations and wide mental spaces first interested him by contrast, then absorbed him. He began to practise the discipline, the intense and quiet, centering on one point till the sense of personality should slip away, and he and that point be one. There was no conviction or conversion, for the question never seemed put to him, or to be of any value, whether one thing was true and another not true. But the interest gradually changed to a personal issue. All that he now heard and saw and spoke to, objects in rest or in motion, duties that called for his performance, became not so much vaguer in outline, as more remote in position. In comparison with his other experiences they were touched with a faint sense of unreality. The faces of other men were changed in his eyes. He sometimes noticed and wondered, passingly, that they seemed to see no change in him, or, if any change, it was one that drew them more than formerly to seek his sympathy. He observed himself listening to intimate confessions with a feeling of patient benevolence, that cost him no effort, and seemed to him something not quite belonging to him as a personal virtue, but which apparently satisfied and quieted the troubled souls that sought him.

About this later time—a reference to the histories would fix the date at 1848—a civil war swept the land, and the University was closed. The younger Julian Barria was involved in the fall of the revolutionists, and fled from the country. The late teacher of Greek and Arabic crossed the ocean with him. It was a matter of mild indifference. He gave his sympathy to all, gently and naturally, but felt no mental disturbance. Neither did the change of scene affect him. Everywhere were earth beneath and sky above, and if not, it were no matter. Everywhere were men and women and children, busy with a multitude of little things, trembling, hurrying, crying out among anxieties. It was all one, clear enough, but remote, touched with the same sense of unreality, and like some sad old song, familiar in childhood and still lingering in the memory.

The book-shop in Cripple Street, at one time, dealt also in newspapers and cigars. They were more to the younger Barria's talent, more to his taste, the stirring talk of men who live in their own era and congregate wherever there are newspapers and tobacco. Afterward he went away into the West, seeking a larger field for his enterprise than Cripple Street, and the newspaper and cigar business declined and passed away. The show-case fell to other uses. The elder Barria sat by the square rear window, and the gray dust gathered and dimmed it. Ten years flowed like an unruffled stream; of their conventional divisions and succeeding events he seemed but superficially conscious. Letters came now and then from the West, announcing young Barria's journeys and schemes, his marriage in the course of enterprise, finally his death. The last was in a sprawling hand, and said:

"Jules missus is ded to an thars a kid. Jules sez take her to the ol man Jake when ye go est in the spring. I am Jake. He is wooly in his hed sez he but he is a good man sez he. He got a soul like Mondays washin on Tewsday mornin sez he spekin in figgers an menin you. Them was Jules last word."

The large, bony person called Jake, slouch-hatted, and rough-bearded, brought the child in time, and departed, muttering embarrassment. She stood among the Annuals and old magazines, with a silver dollar from Jake clasped in each hand, and a roll of fifty dollar bills in her tiny pocket, probably representing young Barria's estate, and the end of Jake's duties as executor. She might have been two or three years old. That was not a matter of interest to Mr. Barria, in whose conception the soul of every creature was, in a way, more ancient than the hills.

She seemed to believe in his good intentions and came to him gravely. She did not remember any mother, and for her own name it had apparently been "chicken," when her father had wanted her, and "scat" when he did not. Mr. Barria envied a mind so untrammelled with memories, and named her Jhana, which means a state of mystical meditation, of fruitful tranquillity, out of which are said to come

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Drawn by Jessie Willcox Smith.

He touched her hair, with thin fingers gently.—Page 762.

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He peered out, and saw Hamp Sharkey outlined against the window.—Page 762.

six kinds of supernatural wisdom and ten powers. The name sometimes appeared to him written Dhyana, when his meditations ran in Sanskrit, instead of Pali. Cripple Street called her Janey, and avoided the question, with a wisdom of its own. It had grown used to Mr. Barria. Scholars came from near-by universities to consult him, letters from distant countries to Herr, Monsieur, or Signor Doctor Julian Barria, but Cripple Street, if it knew of the matter, had no stated theory to explain it, and was little curious. His hair and beard grew white and prophetic, his skin more transparent. A second decade and a half, a third, glided by, and Janey and Tommy Durdo sat, hand in hand, among the Annuals.

"You must ask him, Tommy," Janey insisted, "because lovers always ask parents."

"An' the parents is horty and they runs away hossback. Say, Janey, if his whiskers gets horty, I'll faint. Say, Janey, you got to go'n ask my ma if you can have me."

"Would she be haughty?"

Janey always bubbled with pleasure, like a meadow spring, when Tommy "got on a string," as he called it, fell to jesting circumstantially. "You bet. She'd trun you down. An' yet she's married second time, she has," he went on, thoughtfully, "an' she didn't ask my consent, not either time. I wouldn't a' given it the first, if she had, 'cause dad was no good. I'd a'been horty. I'd a'told her he wan't worthy to come into any family where I was comin', which he wan't."

"Oh, Tommy!"

"Yep. Dad was more nuisance'n mosquitoes."

Mr. Barria came out of the distant retreat of his meditation slowly, and looked up. It did not need all the subtle instinct of a pundit to read the meaning of the two standing hand in hand before him. Tommy looked and felt as one asking favors of a spectre, and Mr. Barria had fallen into a silent habit of understanding people.

"Little Jhana iss a woman so soon?" he said, softly. "She asks of her birthright."

He rose and looked quietly, steadily at Tommy, who felt himself growing smaller inside, till his shoes seemed enormous, even his scalp loose and his skull empty.

"Mr.——"

"It's Tommy Durdo," said Janey.

"You will always remember to be a little kinder than seems necessary, Mr. Durdo? It iss a good rule, and very old."

"He didn't ask whether I was a burglar or a lunatic by profesh," grumbled Tommy, later. "Ain't a reasonable interest. He might a'asked which."

"Never mind," said Janey. "I'll tell that."

There were four rooms over the shop, where the three lived in great peace. Tommy never made out whether Mr. Barria thought him a burglar or a lunatic. As regards Janey, he felt more like a burglar, as regards Mr. Barria more like a lunatic. He dodged him reverentially. Only at the station, where his duties kept him for the most part, did he feel like a natural person and a fireman. He confided in Hamp Sharkey, and brought him to the shop and the little upstairs sitting-room, for the purpose of illustration. Hamp's feelings resembled Tommy's. They fell into näive sympathy. Hamp admired Tommy for his cleverness, his limber tongue, the

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reckless daring of his daily contact with Mr. Barria and Janey, two mysteries, differing, but both remote. She was not like the shop-girls on Main Street. Hamp would carry away the memory of her shining eyes lifted to Tommy's irregular, somewhat impish face, and growl secretly over his mental bewilderment. Tommy admired Hamp for his height and breadth and dull good-nature.

On an afternoon, in the early summer, the fire-bells rang call after call. Engine No. 4 went second. The freight houses by the harbor were burning, and the tall furniture factory that backed them. About dusk the north wall of the factory fell into the street with a roar and rattle of flying bricks.

The book-shop was dark in the centre. The two lamps in the front windows were lit, and Mr. Barria's lamp, in his hidden corner.

It came upon Mr. Barria, in his absorption, that there had been, a moment before, the sound of the tramping of heavy feet in the front of the shop, and a sudden cry. The tramping continued and increased. He came forward with his lamp. Men were crowding up the narrow stairs that began in the opposite corner. One of them swung a lantern overhead.

"'Twere a brick," said some one in the dark centre of the shop. "Tuk 'im over the ear. Dented 'im in like a plug hat."

"Where's some water?"

"Knocked 'er over quicker 'n the brick."

"Sh! What's that?"

"It's the ol' man."

The light of the lamp, lifted in Mr. Barria's hand, fell over his head with its flowing white hair, rabbinical beard, and spectral face. Three men, one of them a policeman, drew back to one side of the shop, looking startled and feebly embarrassed. On the other side the window lamp shone on Janey, where she lay fallen among the old Annuals.

He lifted her head and muttered:

"Jhana, Jhana."

The three men slipped through the door; those above came down; a doctor bustled in, satchel in hand, and after him several women; Janey was carried up; the shop was empty, except for Mr. Barria sitting by his lamp and muttering, softly:

"She could not find it, the peace that is about, and her little happiness it would not stay beside her."

Presently the doctor spoke over him:

"I think Mrs. Durdo should be taken to the hospital St. James, you know. It's not far."

"You think——"

"She is approaching confinement, and the shock, you know."

"Whatever iss desirable, Herr Doctor. There is no need, sir, of the economy in respect to—to whatever iss desirable."

"Quite right, Mr. Barria. Quite right."

This was in June. Late in the fall Janey came back from St. James's Hospital, pale, drooping, and alone.

She sat, in a black dress, by the front window and kept the accounts as before, gazed through the dim panes at Cripple Street, which was made by nature to be dull, but read the Annuals no more, which was perhaps a pity.

Mr. Barria, from the rear of the shop, watched Janey, sitting among the Annuals and looking out on Cripple Street. He had not entered on the Path himself as a cure for sorrow and suffering; he had come to it from another direction. Yet the first purpose of its system had been the solution of these. It was written:

"Sorrow and suffering will be overcome when this thirst for life is quenched, which makes for continuance, and that desire of separateness, and hunger after selfhood, are put aside. They will fall away, as drops from a lotus leaf."

And Janey was a type of them, as they walk abroad. The measure of her trouble was the measure of the yearning and attainment that had been hers.

"Desire, not more than of yearning or attainment, of sight or touch, of life in variety or abundance, but desire, none at all, and, turning within, the dwelling you build there dwell in it, until both desire and separateness shall in turn disappear."

He went forward and drew a chair beside her.

"Little Jhana," he said, "there wass once a woman and young who brought her dead child to the wisest of men, and asked so of him, 'Do you know one medicine

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that will be good for this child?' It wass the custom then for the patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors require, so that when she asked what herbs he would wish, and he answered, 'Mustard-seed,' she promised with haste to bring it, for it wass a common herb. 'And it must come,' he said, 'only from some house where no child, no hussband, no wife, no parent, no friend hass died.' Then she went in great hope, carrying the dead child; but everywhere they said, 'I have lost,' and again, 'We have lost,' and one said, 'What iss this you say; the living are few, but the dead are many.' She found so no house in that place from which she might take the mustard-seed. Therefore she buried the child, and came, and she said, 'I have not found it; they tell me the living are few and the dead many.' And he showed her how that nothing endured at all, but changed, and passed into something else, and each wass but a changing part of a changing whole, and how, if one thought more of the whole, one so ceased to be troubled much of the parts, and sorrow would fade away, so quietly."

Janey stared at him, with wide, uncomprehending eyes. There was a certain comfort, always, in Mr. Barria himself, however oddly he might talk. She dropped her head on his knee and whispered:

"I don't know about all that. I want Tommy and the baby."

He touched her hair, with thin fingers gently.

"I wonder, little Jhana," he said, looking to the magazines and Annuals, "if you have found among these, one, a poet of the English, who calls it to be better to love and lose than not to love."

"I don't know. I don't remember."

He smoothed her hair again and went away.

The winter passed and the spring came, with a scatter of sunshine and little showers. Janey still sat by the window. If she had been able to generalize, to see that Tommy and the baby represented hunger after life, and that this was the root of sorrow, it would perhaps have still seemed to her that love and loss were the better choice. Perhaps not. But she could not generalize. Her thoughts were instincts, fancies, and little shining points of belief. She could not see herself in any figure of speech; that she was one of a multitude of discordant notes in the universe, whose business it was to tune themselves to the key of a certain large music, and disappear in its harmony, where alone was constant happiness. It did not seem to mention Tommy or the baby, and if not there was no point in it.

Spring slipped away. Cripple Street was filled to the brim with bland summer. Janey went every day to the cemetery, with flowers. In September, she began to come back with flowers in her belt.

It was a rainy, dismal day in October. Mr. Barria had a remote sense of hearing Janey's laugh. It seemed to him a strange presence in the shop. He peered out, and saw Hamp Sharkey outlined against the window, large, slow-moving and calm, a man who seemed to avoid all troubles of the flesh by virtue of having enough flesh, and solid bone beneath. Janey looked up at him and laughed. Around her were the old Annuals, containing the loves of Edwards and Eleanores.

Mr. Barria leaned back in his chair. Some untraced suggestion led him to counting his years idly. He made them out to be nearly eighty. They seemed suddenly to rest on his shoulders, like a weight. If one considered them at all, they were heavy, the years. And for this human life, it was only intelligible in the abstract. Of its details there were too many.

The shop grew duskier, and the rain beat on the windows with an incessant pattering, a multitude of tiny details, sounding according as one might listen. For either it would seem a cheerful, busy sound of the kindly water, humble and precious and clean, needful in households, pleasant in the fulness of rivers, comfortable, common, familiar; or it was the low sigh of the driven rain, the melancholy iteration and murmur of water, circling like everything else its wheel of change, earth and ocean and sky, earth and ocean and sky, and weary to go back to its vague, elemental vapor, as before the worlds were shaped.

Mr. Barria turned back to his volume, bound in gray paper, with a German imprint. To his ears, the sound of the two voices talking became as abstract as the rain. Hamp Sharkey's laugh was like the lowing of a contented ox, and Janey's, as of old, the ripple of a brook in a meadow.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

WHEN Ferguson sighs, and says he longs to lead a better life, I no longer suspect him of reckless or profligate practices. He has said it a good many times in my hearing, for he and I find ourselves nowadays advancing ominously in years, and increasingly attentive to the possibilities that remain for us in this life.

Comfort and Happiness.

At first I wondered whether it was a result of contrition over special misdeeds, or laziness, or extravagance. Then I mistook it for a sign that he thought himself insufficiently endowed with the good things of this world, and sometimes I used to answer, "Well, have you the price, Ferguson?" But I know now that even this imputation does him injustice, and that his sigh and familiar exclamation are merely the tokens of an aspiration which most of us share, and which, while its vehemence varies according to seasons and circumstances, cannot long be altogether missing from the consciousness of any growing soul. I sympathize with Ferguson. No doubt you do, too. Each of us whose spiritual state is at all healthy, harbors, doubtless, a wholesome measure of chronic dissatisfaction with his conduct and his progress in grace. We should like to get on faster, to make fewer missteps, to be saintlier, less greedy, less bothered by recurring spasms of repentance over recurring incidents of misbehavior. We don't grudge the repentances, but we would gladly eliminate the misbehaviors that necessitate them.

Most of us incline to the conviction that we could lead a better life if we had a better income and got it easier. We grudge the time and thought we have to devote to money-getting drudgeries, or to spreading rather a thin layer of funds over a large area of expenditure. If we were richer may be we should have more time to be good. If the margin between our needs and our receipts were a little wider, we could practise divers virtues of benevolence. If we could live under such reasonable conditions as we would choose, and be quit of sundry trials and annoyances that assail our tempers and strain our patience, surely we should make out better. If we had a better time we could lead a better life—that is what most of us are prone to think, and we are apt, accordingly, to try hard to have a better time, and to enlarge our means, if possible, to that end. We are told that in these days we Americans are in the greatest haste to be rich of any people on earth. Very likely; and probably it is partly because we are such an aspiring people, and so many of us long to lead better lives. The reasoning that armies of us seem to follow is: "Be rich and you will be happy; be happy and you will be good." It is not altogether false reasoning. The old saw that used to be in all the copy-books in schools was "Be virtuous and you will be happy." Now it is a poor saw that won't cut both ways. We can't lay down "Be happy and you will be virtuous" as a sure rule, but still it is a fair corollary to the other more important propositions. Certainly, folk who are happy—truly happy—are more apt to be good, and have less excuse for not being good, than those who are wretched. Certainly, too, folk who have what they consider about enough to live on are more apt to be happy than those who have not. That you want to get rich means in these times hardly more than that you are civilized and have developed wants; and we certainly believe that we are warranted in considering that the civilized people in the world who keep wanting to grow richer are better people than the less civilized peoples who don't. The general impulse to make more money is defensible at least, especially when we consider the cases of lazy persons who seem not to be doing their best in that line.

All the same, when Ferguson longs to lead a better life it does not merely mean that he wants to be richer. Bread and such things seem indispensable, but man does not live by bread only, and it isn't the lack of bread, nor even of automobiles and steam-yachts, that you and I and Ferguson are conscious of when we have these yearnings for betterment. They mean that we are tired of being confessed and conscious sinners day in and day out, and should like to square our conduct with the higher standards. We should like

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to be only about so selfish as to save prudent persons the trouble of taking care of us; only about so thrifty as to avoid having sound reasons to regret that we were not thriftier; only about so critical of our neighbors as is indispensable to the maintenance of a proper standard of righteousness; only nice enough as to our employments to secure our doing the sort of work best suited to bring out the best we have. Perpetual self-seeking, and self-coddling, and avoidance of all avoidable pains and duties ought to make us discontented, and they do. Part of our time and strength we have need to devote to labors whereof the pay comes not in cash, nor in ordinary pleasures or advantages, but in satisfactions which are spiritual and benefit our souls. We all know that theoretically, but in practice we are very apt to overlook it. When we have plenty of food and no appetite, we know that it will pay us better to work up an appetite than to seek new species of tempting food; but when the conditions under which we live are reasonably good, and we have pleasures and privileges in fair quantity and are still restless, we don't always recognize that what we need is not more enjoyments, but a better appetite for those we already command. It is conceivable that when the millennium comes everything will go right in the earth, and for a long time together there will be nothing to bother about. But meantime, while there is so much to bother about, I cannot think anyone entirely fortunate who is not bothered in reasonable proportion to his powers. To have no anxieties, to be subject to no annoyances, to have no unwelcome duties and no occasion for self-denial, is not by any means to be in a good case. Anyone finding himself in such a predicament is bound to go out and hunt up labors and troubles merely to make life worth living. Every one of us is a wheel with cogs in it, meant to fit in with other cogged wheels and turn more or less laboriously and effectively in the great human machine. Either we fit ourselves into that machine and turn with the other wheels, or we go to the scrap-heap.

There was a President of the United States who once gave out that he had made a new consecration of himself to public duties. He was an honest and an honored man, but not especially holy, and the opposition papers derided his consecration a good deal. But no doubt he had, on a somewhat larger scale, the same feeling that you and I and Ferguson have when we weigh our past efforts and review our progress, and, disparaging a little our daily course, sigh and long to lead a better life. I don't know that there is any better way for us to mark the return of Christmas than by taking out new consecrations for our own use. It is not necessary that we should do it dismally. Nothing that is dismal fits the Christmas season. We should be sincere, but in all our sincerity we may be good-humored about it. Indeed, I think it especially fit that our Christmas consecrations should include the determination to be as good-humored as possible about everything, to accept cheerfully and kindly our share of the world's labors, to practise the charity that endureth all things, and also that that thinketh no avoidable evil. To be comfortable is not the infallible way to be happy, unless the comfort is of that comprehensive sort which includes a mind that is tranquil because it is doing its best, and a soul that is at peace because it is a fountain of good-will.

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THE FIELD OF ART

PORTRAIT PAINTING AND THE STATE

THERE are signs of the times which may be taken to mean that art with us is, in a measure, coming into its own. Municipal decoration, both in sculpture and painting, is beginning to receive recognition. There is still, however, an important branch of municipal and state art of peculiar significance, and for which, as yet, no adequate provision has been made: the art of portraiture. The value of this art as an adjunct to the display and ceremonial of state has not yet been duly grasped by those who could or should control it.

England, through pride of race or premonition of future greatness, encouraged the art of portraiture by foreigners, long before she possessed painters of her own. Under Henry VIII., and afterward under Charles I. and Charles II., Holbein, Sir Anthony More, Vandyke, Janssens, Sir Peter Lely, and then Sir Godfrey Kneller, knighted by William III. and raised to a baronetcy by George I., were impressed into the service of court and nobles; and the result of this instinct of self-perpetuation, so to speak, has left England rich in portrait treasures of the best period of the past. Vandyke alone painted more than two hundred of the princes and nobles of the day, while of Holbein's drawings of the chief persons of Henry's Court, eighty-nine are among the greatest treasures in the present collection of Her Majesty. Now, it is doubtless the fact that this practice of importing painters produced in England, in the eighteenth century, a group of native portraitists who for charm of color and distinction of style are generally regarded as masters of their art. The foreign artists were but the precursors of Romney, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Opie, Raeburn, and Lawrence—a galaxy of bright stars which shone with sufficient brilliancy to light up English art. Not only great men and fair women were subjects of their pencil, but ceremonials, epoch-making moments of state, pageants, marriages, baptisms, funerals, even —whatever was worthy of such commemoration, it was their peculiar province to depict. Such works are treasures for all time, and help to make a state glorious. They are conserved in a national portrait gallery. The builders of an empire are thus imaged for posterity, an inspiration and incentive to coming youth.

It is not, however, in the mere fostering of portrait painting that the state should interest itself, but in the proper housing and maintenance of these works when once acquired. From their very portableness portraits are subject to strange and often damaging vicissitudes. This should not be permitted. When a picture of this nature is designed for a special place, the place should be waiting for it, that it may become a part of the structure itself. Do not permit the objection to be urged that the temporarily waiting panels would destroy the beauty of the hall; there are many ways in which this might be overcome, the room at all times preserving its effectiveness as a well-decorated interior.

If it were the practice of those who erect halls for municipal or state use, colleges, chambers of commerce or boards of trade to maintain certain rooms as repositories for portraits which custom and the function of the building call for, such rooms would be beautiful and dignified, and contribute much to the splendor of the building as a whole. Organizations, civic halls, State houses, and national departments possess portraits of persons whose achievements have identified them with the activities that the structure stands for. With due consideration and some architectural forethought, these canvases might be made to serve a splendid decorative purpose, and add much to the architectural beauty and significance of the halls that hold them. It is clear that they hardly do this at present.

At the present time the conditions by which these portraits are acquired by the state or the institution which owns them, are such that few could be made use of for a decorative end; and it is mainly, perhaps, because the community is the beneficiary, not the donor. Many of them are gifts of individu-

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als, and may or may not be works of art. This is not surprising when sentiment instead of knowledge guides the gift. There may be a way, however, to overcome this handicap. It would be no invasion of the prerogative of sentiment if the preparation of these memorials were placed under the control of the authorities, who should care for them and house them, or of a special committee which should select the painter—a committee whose concern it would be to know the best that was being produced in the portraiture of the day. On this board of selection, then, might be one artist of reputation, chosen annually, to act with them. This could, doubtless, be arranged, and the judgment of the professional painter who should thus act would be valuable on the further question of framing and placing the picture; for this all has to do with the harmony and beauty of the hall destined for this character of decoration or ornamentation. Do not let the fact be ignored that portraits, well chosen and well placed, may serve the purpose of noble decoration. It would, perhaps, be wise of the artist who receives a commission to see, if practicable, the room in which his work is to hang, and the place or panel it is specially to fill. This creating of an art committee to select the painter might well be adopted in connection with any and every demand for a portrait, official or semi-official, which is to become a part of the embellishment of a public place. A committee, too, would possess the judgment to secure the work during the lifetime of the subject; for a contributive cause of the weakness of the present mode of acquisition is the delay incident to it. Although the demand is known to exist for the eventual portrayal of public men, a distinguished and often a great man will pass away, leaving no record of his presence other than that of some photograph in which the professional photographer, by retouching, has done his best to obliterate the lines of character which in many cases are testimonials to his peculiar eminence. Truly, this does not sound like an intelligent proceeding; but it is from such material that artists are often called upon to paint the portrait of one no longer living. This is a condition of things much to be regretted, and which it would be the province of the committee to prevent. If a fund were set apart for such expenditure, the state or corporation need not await the tardy action of family or friends; nor need it preclude their contributing to the memorial. And it would certainly be a great gain, æsthetically, to the recipient institution were the picture painted from life. There are few finer satisfactions to an artist than the sense that the opportunity is his to interpret for posterity the form and features of a man who has impressed his personality upon the time. The painter, indeed, thus propitiously commissioned, often produces his best work. It does not seem an unbusinesslike proceeding, then, from any point of view, that great corporations should create an appropriation the interest of which would be sufficient to defray the expense of the annual demand, sometimes large, sometimes small, for memorials of this nature which are always to enrich their home. These suggestions apply equally to colleges and institutions of all kinds. Such a course would serve no selfish end—for if some college or chamber of commerce, let us say, were to establish a standard which the art of portraiture should reach in order to commend itself to their reception, and a work once their own, it should receive at their hands a consideration that its dignity as high art always deserves—such a course would be a source of emulation the country over. We are rich, and we should wish to be great. Architects also called in and consulted, the rooms would acquire an impressiveness and beauty that would stimulate and charm. In the Old World there exist rooms that are memories of serenity and fitness, their painted decoration consisting dominantly of portraits. That masterpiece of the architect, Lebrun, the Salle d'Apollon in the Louvre, here illustrated, is one of them. This portion of the Louvre was rebuilt after Lebrun's designs during the reign of Louis XIV. These panels, which practically cover the side wall between the doors, opposite a row of windows, are entirely of portraits. They represent twenty-eight celebrated French artists—painters, sculptors, and architects—Saint Louis, Louis XV., and Francis I. in Gobelin tapestry. The ceiling, although very rich in painted decoration and sculptured relief, in no way overpowers this splendid row of great men, on whom the room, as a kind of pantheon, bestows a living and breathing immortality.

Our own City Hall in New York has a collection of portraits of governors of the State, many of which are handsome objects of decoration, and doubtless vivid reminders to those who were their contemporaries, of the

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Gallery of Apollo, Louvre Museum, Looking South.

men they represent; but the rooms in which they hang are, unfortunately, inadequate in size for their proper display. In a large and finely proportioned hall some of these canvases would be stately. If a uniform size were to be exacted for pictures of this kind with the architectural intention of forming a frieze above a high wainscoting, as is sometimes done in England in guild halls, at Oxford and elsewhere, it would greatly enrich the interior design of the room; and, when of some founder or benefactor of the institution, the picture might be empanelled in an architectural cartouche over a chimney-piece or in a centre, with rich effect. Such care given to these treasures would help to raise the quality of true portrait art, which is a much more complex matter than mere photographic resemblance. It is, in a measure, a responsibility of state to demand and to secure this higher work; for with the demand will surely come the supply. The fact that our great institutions accept the often less than mediocre canvases offered to, and housed by them, militates against the efforts of one of the most earnest classes of workers we have among us—our serious and ambitious painters.

In England, and on the Continent, portraits have been, and still are, effective accessories to hereditary grandeur; and with our multifarious activities, our talent for great enterprises, inventions, and affairs of state, we, too, possess the personalities, and in them we should have a wholesome pride. Would it not be well, then, if, wherever men congre-

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gate and draw inspiration for a higher and better civic and social life, good portraiture, both as an embellishment and as a record, were to abound? FRANK FOWLER.

THE newly built court-house of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court stands at the eastern side of Madison Square, and properly calls much attention to itself by the silent voice of its decorations. Without, there is much sculpture, and that by artists of rank and deserved renown; within, there are broad and continuous stretches of painted frieze and, in the great court-room, still larger panels, the work of Blashfield, Cox, Simmons, Walker—men of the first rank in our hierarchy. Significant and appropriate subjects of symbolical character, but still "understanded of the people," are embodied in large wall paintings, keeping their place and giving to the large, low room, with its necessarily awkward pierced ceiling, a character as of something better and higher than a room for the transaction of that branch or modified form of "business" which needs a judge to see that it is done honestly. It is a highly adorned hall, in the completion of which painting has played the foremost part.

So we saw the room, those of us who went at once, and eagerly, to visit the newly finished paintings. When next we went, a singular addition had been made to the room. Very large portraits of legal celebrities had been brought into it, and were set up on easels in the corners. The harsh, raking lines, first, of the gilded frames set out of plumb, as was inevitable; then, of the sloping planks which make up the easels; and the hardly less annoying perspective lines of the top and bottom bars of the frames, were put just where they destroyed the proportions of the room. And here was an object-lesson in portraiture, as it is popularly imagined: for the court-room, though lined with painting, has no home, no place, no asylum for the artistic remembrance of its presiding intelligences.

Nobody's fault! And perhaps these portraits are not there to stay! But the lesson is the same, the hint: Mr. Fowler is right; the community does not know how to deal with portrait art.

To think how much better chance the portrait would have, that also, if it were certainly destined to a permanent wall-space, and to a lasting share in the adornment of a public hall! The dark canvas which, with its colorless principal figure and its not enlivening background, stands for the common idea of a portrait—fills the mind when the word is spoken—this would tend to grow more sunny and more amusing, more rich in color, and more graceful in line, if each had to take its place and keep it. There is nothing that art needs so much as being treated with respect and with ceremonious acknowledgment of its value. And this is the point Mr. Fowler would make, that, were vacant panels waiting in a certain chamber, the portraits to be placed there would be conceived with a view to their decorative fitness; and thus become, as has been said, "more sunny, more amusing, more rich in color, and more graceful in line."

These Chambers of Commerce and Halls of Justice are permanent monuments, so to speak; and there is no reason why these painted memorials of the men whose activities have identified them with the place should not become as much a part of the building itself as the symbolical paintings on the walls.

If this order and decency should be followed in the treatment of whatsoever stands for fine art in our town, there will be no danger of defeating the purpose of an honest effort to beautify our buildings. It is so encouraging to see this effort made that, to those who are following this advancing movement in decorative art among us, a step which seems like retrogression or lack of sensitiveness to what has been well begun, is doubly distressing. R. S.

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